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BE MODERN OR BE A WALLFLOWER . . . SAYS CAROLE LOMBARD

MOTION PICTURE

NOW 10¢
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AUGUS

NRA CODE

JANET GAYNOR

OAN CRAWFORD
ELLS ON HERSELF

WILL FRED ASTAIRE GIVE UP DANCING?

PN1993
.M5

I'll never let you down

I'm your best friend

I am your Lucky Strike

For a friendly smoke—it's the tobacco that counts. I am made of fragrant, expensive center leaves only; the finest, most expensive Turkish and domestic tobaccos grown.

Copyright, 1935,
The American Tobacco Company

STILL *her* ADORER

THE years are adding up . . . soon their children will be grown . . . yet he is still her adorer . . . she holds him as completely as when they were first married. More women should know her secret.

* * * *

How wise is the woman who realizes the importance of keeping the breath always sweet, wholesome and agreeable! After all, nothing mars a personal relationship like halitosis (bad breath) whether occasional or habitual. It is ridiculously easy to keep the breath inoffensive. Simply use Listerine, that's all—a little in the morning, a little at night, and between times before social engagements. Listerine instantly halts halitosis; deodorizes longer than ordinary non-antiseptic mouth washes. Keep a bottle handy in home and office.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE halts halitosis (bad breath)

Deodorizes Longer

EMcN, 12/2/38

Discovered

IN A HOLLYWOOD PROJECTION ROOM!

Together, A GREAT STAR and a NEW STAR

The hush in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer projection room turned to a muffled whisper...the whisper rose to an audible hum... and in less than five minutes everybody in the room knew that a great new star had been born—LUISE RAINER—making her first American appearance in "Escapade", WILLIAM POWELL'S great new starring hit! It was a historic day for Hollywood, reminiscent of the first appearance of Garbo — another of those rare occasions when a great motion picture catapults a player to stardom.

WILLIAM POWELL *in*

Escapade

with

LUISE RAINER

FRANK MORGAN
VIRGINIA BRUCE
REGINALD OWEN
MADY CHRISTIANS
A Robert Z. Leonard Production
Produced by Bernard H. Hyman
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

William Powell adds another suave characterization to his long list of successes...and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer swells the longest list of stars in filmdom with another brilliant name —Luise Rainer!

Aristocrat, sophisticate, innocent — one wanted romance, the other wanted excitement — but one wanted his heart —and won it!...Sparkling romance of an artist who dabbled with love as he dabbled with paints...and of a girl who hid behind a mask — but could not hide her heart from the man she loved!

STARDOM IS WORTH IT! SAYS CLAUDETTE

To Claudette Colbert, stardom is the most precious thing in the world. But it is not the money and clothes, brought by fame, that make her think that way. Those are incidentals to Claudette! The true creators of stars are the fans . . . and she loves them, she says. Read her story in the September issue of MOTION PICTURE

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MOTION PICTURE

ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

AUGUST, 1935

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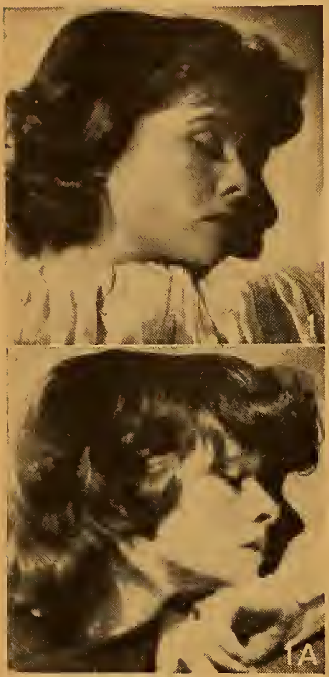
COVER DRAWING OF JANET GAYNOR BY MORR KUSNET

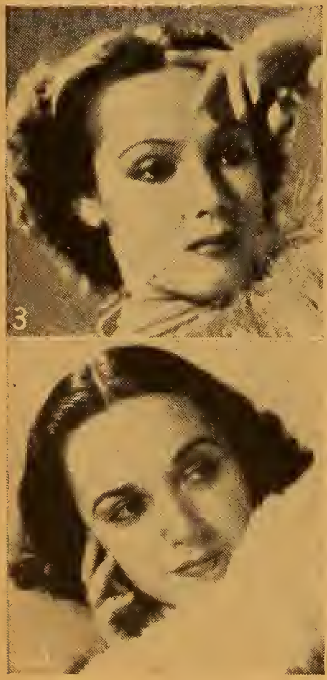
J. EUGENE CHRISMAN, Western Editor

Announcing All Winners

$500 "Do You Look Like a Star" Contest



Top photo shows Katharine Hepburn. Lower one gives a view of Thelma Miller who was given the First Prize



Dolores Del Rio is pictured above, and below, Dorothy Mosby who was given Third Prize for her photo

Lucky! Lucky! Lucky!

First Prize $250

Was won by Thelma Miller, 3463 Descanse Dr., Los Angeles, Calif., for resemblance to Katharine Hepburn

Second Prize $100

Was taken by Winolee Phillips Burke, 185 Richmond Ave., Lexington, Ky., for similarity to Jean Parker

Third Prize $50

Was given to Dorothy Mosby, Ft. Shelby Hotel, Detroit, Michigan, for her striking likeness to Dolores Del Rio

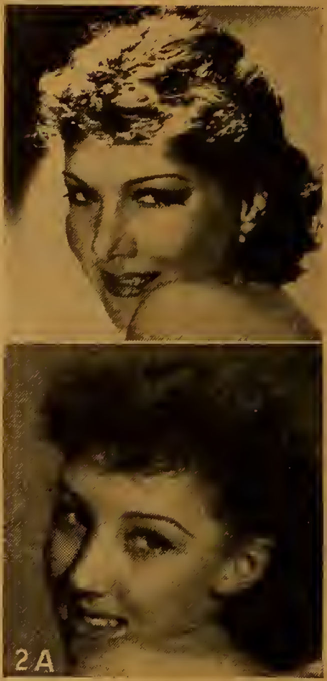
Fourth Prize $25

Went to Bernie E. Schmidt, 1935 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. Schmidt is a real double for Joe E. Brown

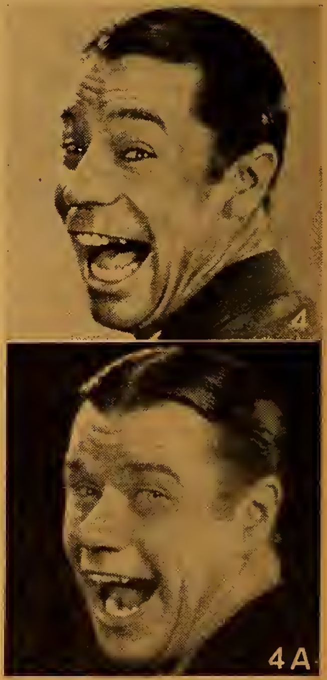
Hundreds of entries, and here are the winners! From California, Kentucky, Ohio, and Michigan they came . . . and we congratulate them! In selecting these winners the judges endeavored to choose the ones which had not only the physical appearance of the star, but also had caught the spirit of that actor or actress. They took into consideration in awarding the major prizes that two of the winners had pictures taken specially to look like the star, while the first prize winner looked like Hepburn even in a small snapshot. The editor of Motion Picture wishes you all could have won, and that the losers will realize the judges did the best they could with the pictures you entered. The stars had better watch their laurels now . . . for the judges are sure that the country is full of good-looking doubles for themselves! The prizes have been forwarded to the winners, and may they bring good luck!

Fifteen $5 Prizes

Helen Demos, 8430 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif. (Jean Parker).
Donald McNab Densmore, St. Ignace, Mich. (Will Rogers).
Georgiana Gates, 1825 S. 18th St., Maywood, Ill. (Jane Withers).
Helen Howe Gianelli, 140 E. 40th St., New York, N.Y. (Bette Davis).
Juanita Loretz, Des Arc, Arkansas, (Joan Crawford).
Jane Lyon, 5930 West Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. (Ann Harding).
Gerald Martin, Brooksmith, Texas. (John Mack Brown).
Miss Maya, 154 Sutter St., San Francisco, Calif. (Claudette Colbert).
Marion Morgan, Wacker Hotel, Chicago, Ill. (Norma Shearer).
Nina Nelson, 1177 Guerrero St., San Francisco, Calif. (Miriam Hopkins).
Nancy Nix, 218 S. Orchard Ave., Burbank, Calif. (Constance Bennett).
Olive Rannells, 855 Chalker St., Akron, Ohio. (Mary Brian).
Irene Robinson, 133 Fairview Ave., Rochester, N.Y. (Madge Evans).
Harry Van Husen, 5279 Stanton Ave., Detroit, Mich. (Sterling Holloway).
Margaret Wurmser, 716 N. Manhattan Pl., Hollywood, Calif. (Loretta Young).



At top is Jean Parker and below is Winolee Phillips Burke to whom the judges awarded the Second Prize



Above is a picture of the genial Joe E. Brown and below is Bernie E. Schmidt in photo winning Fourth Prize

"Accent on Youth"

Should a girl marry a man of her own age or should she choose a more mature husband? Can a girl in her twenties find happiness with a man twice her age? Granted that May and December are mismated; but what about June and September?

Millions of girls for millions of years have asked themselves these questions and attempted to answer them in their own lives.

Now the question—and one of the several possible answers—has been made the theme of one of the most charming screen romances of the season, Paramount's "Accent on Youth". . . As a stage play "Accent on Youth" won acclaim from the Broadway critics and tremendous popularity with the theatre-goers. Opening late in 1934 it promises to continue its successful run well into the summer of 1935.

Sylvia Sidney plays the screen role of the girl who comes face to face with this age-old question. She is adored by young, handsome and athletic Phillip Reed and she is loved by the brilliant and successful but more mature playwright, Herbert Marshall . . . Which man shall she choose? . . . That is the question around which the entire plot revolves and to answer it in print would spoil the delightful suspense which the author, Samson Raphaelson, developed to a high degree in his original New York stage success and which Director Wesley Ruggles maintains with equal success and charm in the screen play.

In the supporting cast are such well-known players as Holmes Herbert and Ernest Cossart. The latter is playing the same role on the screen as that which he created in the original Broadway stage production.

The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings-on in Hollywood

By

J Eugene Chrisman

THE OLD town has been filled with tragedy, what with an airplane wreck at Macon, Missouri, and the auto crash which took JUNIOR DURKIN, the father of JACKIE COOGAN, and two others to death. Then there has been the unexpected arrival of the RICHARD DIX twins, turning BING and DIXIE green with envy. That makes four sets of twins in the colony (CHARLEY STARRETT and LAWRENCE TIBBETT being the proud fathers of the other two pair) but when can we expect quintuplets? Hollywood soon forgets both joy and sorrow. The cameras grind on, the politicians heckle and JOE BREEN continues to put his stamp of approval on films.

POOR ISABEL JEWELL. A few weeks ago, her father, DR. E. L. JEWELL, so far recovered his sight as to be able to distinguish many objects. But now the sight is gone again and experts say it will never return. And just when the poor kid was so happy about it all. Every Talkie Town fan sends sympathy.

THERE are plenty of Kentucky Colonels, (including the Tattler) but it remained for JOAN CRAWFORD to become movieland's only Boy Scout. Was JOAN delighted when three trim youngsters in Scout uniforms walked on the set of *No More Ladies* and presented her with a two-foot bronze statue with the inscription: "To Joan Crawford, In Gratitude, Troop 175."

Rhodes

Caught here by the candid camera are Lewis Stone and his wife while dining at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles

THE LITTLE froggies in Evelyn Venable's frog pond kept Evelyn and her husband, Hal Mohr, awake far into the wee hours, one recent night. Disgusted at last, Hal went down and dipped the frogs into a pail which he carried far up the hill and set in the brush. The couple had just gone to sleep when the croaking of the frogs back in their pool, awakened them again. Once more Hal put them in the pail and dumped them into a small stream. Again, in about an hour, they awakened to the frog song. This time they dressed at four A.M., got out the car, put the finger on the froggies and took 'em for a ride.

In his wanderings about Hollywood, J. Eugene Chrisman, the Talkie Town Tattler, finds the cameraman following him. Here he is at a party, standing between William Powell (left) and W. S. Van Dyke (right) who is the host

ONE OF the most humorous newspaper headlines we ever read was when one of the great dust storms from the east was announced as sweeping toward our beloved California. A local Los Angeles paper came out with the following scarehead that evening, "DUST STORM HALTED AT CALIFORNIA BORDER!" The storm was apparently stopped by those State men who look for little bugs and fruit in your car or perhaps by a Chamber of Commerce—climate-minded.

NOW THAT the tax scare which caused the movies to threaten to move to Florida or [*Continued on page* 10]

An Intimate Subject... but thousands of women asked me to explain why Kotex

CAN'T CHAFE—CAN'T FAIL—CAN'T SHOW

"CAN'T CHAFE"

Means much on active days

To be happy and natural one must be comfortable. The new Kotex gives lasting comfort and freedom. You see, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. But mind you, sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.

"CAN'T FAIL"

Is important, too

Security means much to every woman at all times... and Kotex assures it! It has a special center layer whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. This special center gives "body" but not bulk—makes Kotex adjust itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 *times* more absorbent than cotton.

"CAN'T SHOW"

Gives evening peace-of-mind

The sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines. What an aid to self-confidence and poise. The ends of Kotex are not only rounded but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever.

IT'S only natural that women should be vitally concerned about this intimate subject. And I've discovered this: once women understand the 3 exclusive advantages that only Kotex offers, most of them will not be satisfied with any other sanitary napkin!

By reading the facts presented here, you can learn what I believe every woman has a right to know. You need never have times when you're ill at ease. For now there is a simple way to carefree, perfect poise on the days it's hardest to attain. Here's a modern sanitary napkin–Kotex–that has removed all annoyance from women's most perplexing problem.

Kotex brings women 3 gratifying comforts that you can understand by simply looking at the construction of the pad itself.

With all of these extra Kotex advantages costing so little, there's no economy in accepting ordinary kinds.

For greater protection on some days depend on Super Kotex. For emergency, look for Kotex in ladies' rooms in West Cabinets.

Mary Pauline Callender

Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

BUY THE NEW KOTEX SANITARY BELT. Narrow and adjustable. Requires no pins.

QUEST

the positive deodorant powder for personal daintiness

A new scientific discovery makes possible the perfect deodorant powder for use with Kotex... and for your every need! Quest, sponsored by the makers of Kotex, is a dainty, soothing powder, pleasant and safe to use. Quest assures all-day-long body freshness. Buy Quest when you buy Kotex . . . only 35c for the large 2-ounce can.

The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

[Continued from page 8]

New Jersey (and they meant it, too), is over the stars who had halted construction on new homes are getting busy again. CLAUDETTE COLBERT received a letter from a Chinese fan who offered to make a trip and get her one brick from the Great Wall for her home, and other local admirers are furnishing bricks which will form one wall. Stars, who are her close friends, will imprint a brick each for a special panel.

Rhodes

Six of Hollywood's most enthusiastic skeet shooters are seen in a moment of relaxation. They are, seated, left to right, Jack Holt, Fred Stone, Wendy Barrie, Clark Gable and James Gleason, with Buster Collier standing. Clark Gable, the most persistent skeet shooter of all, is the picture of content

"FOR LAND'S SAKES!" as grandma would say, is that BING CROSBY in the Paramount cafe with an entirely new suit of spring clothes? BING, who has been shocking the town lately with his sweat shirt and old trousers—is out-Oakie-ing JACK OAKIE. What brought this about is a mystery. BING, we hear, listened to DIXIE'S pleading and bought three suits at once. Then he up and told his dapper brother, LARRY, "You got to take to dressing better around here; you're a disgrace to the CROSBY family." Ouch!

THE LATEST recruit to aviation is WARREN WILLIAM who is buying himself a plane and will start at once to take flying lessons. The studios are no longer so quick to put a ban on their contract stars who wish to learn to fly, for it seems to be getting as commonplace as bicycle riding, and about as safe.

IF YOU'VE been admiring the modeling of FRED ASTAIRE'S clothes you must have guessed by this time that he has most of them made in dear old Lunnon. In the very first scene of Top Hat he wears two new English importations, a tuxedo and a top hat. FRED plays a scene with ERIC BLORE (the best of all butlers) whom you will remember as the waiter in *Gay Divorcée.*

MERVYN LE ROY who ought to know, says he can always judge the coming success of a production he is directing by the sincerity of the star who is featured in it. If the star lacks real interest, insists MERV, then it will always be a flopporino! He also gives most of the credit for his big hits to the writer. As he says: "Give any director a good story and he'll make a good picture."

THE NICE little girl, who had won the beauty contest and a studio contract, one of the hit-and-run kind, didn't want to make any mistakes which might ruin her screen career. She was asked to fill out a blank. She did very well until she came to a line which read, "Sex?" For a moment she looked puzzled, but quickly regained her poise as she looked at herself, full length, in a tall mirror. Posing her supple body in postures which showed off

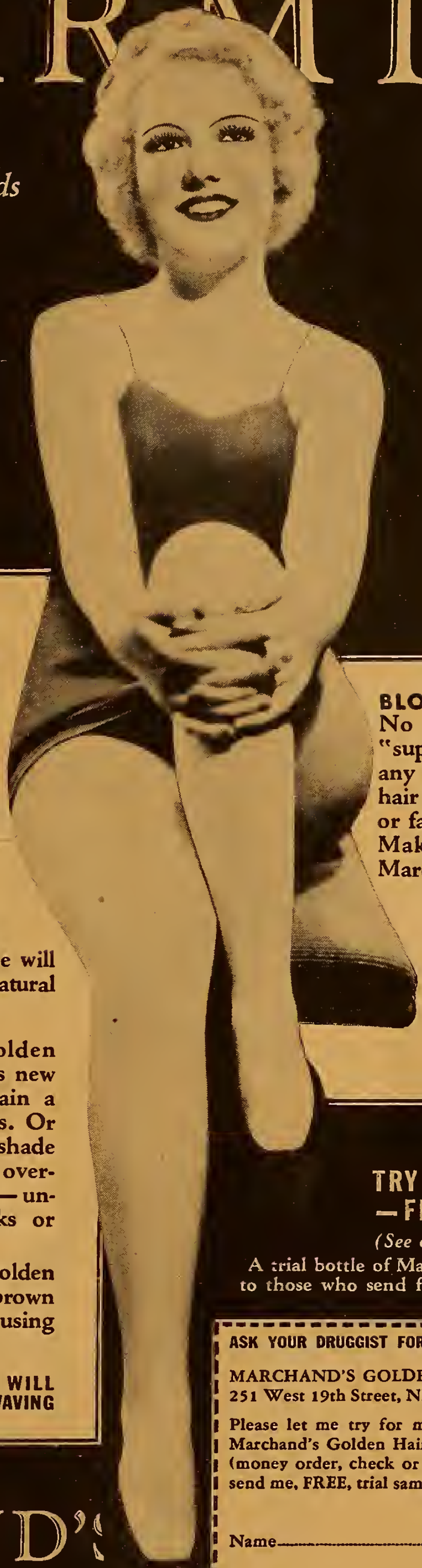
[Continued on page 13]

Rhodes

Although, as seen here, Ann Darling and Clark Williams are now riding on rollers on the concrete floor of a dry swimming pool, they will sail on water when the pool is flooded. Land or water, it's all the same to them!

CHARMING

Sunny Golden Hair!
Compliments from my friends



Lustrous golden hair softens and flatters your head and face — gives that fresh, bright clean look so admired by friends. Whether blonde or brunette, use your hair to bring out all the natural beauty and charm you possess. Rinsing with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash will make your hair the most important, most fascinating part of your attractiveness.

BLONDES — is your hair darkened, faded or streaked? Marchand's Golden Hair Wash used as a rinse will restore its former lightness and natural sunny golden hues.

BRUNETTES — let Marchand's Golden Hair Wash give *your* hair glorious new life. Rinse your dull hair and gain a sparkling sheen of tiny highlights. Or lighten it to any natural blonde shade desired. (You can do this almost overnight if you wish. Or gradually — unnoticed — over a period of weeks or months.)

Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash in the new gold and brown package at any drugstore. Start using it today.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH WILL NOT INTERFERE WITH PERMANENT WAVING

BLONDES and BRUNETTES
No longer any need to risk "superfluous" hair removal of any sort. Blend "superfluous" hair (whether on your legs, arms or face) with *your* skin coloring. Make it unnoticeable with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Only with Marchand's can you retain as Nature intends, the attractive softening effect of scarcely noticeable hair. Start using Marchand's Golden Hair Wash today.

TRY A BOTTLE — FREE!

(See coupon below)

A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo — FREE — to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE THIS COUPON

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH,
251 West 19th Street, NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. I am enclosing 50 cents in stamps (money order, check or coins accepted) for a full-sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

Name

Address

City State M.P. 835

TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

Brief Reviews of the Current Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD; AA—FAIR; A—MEDIOCRE

Here Julie Haydon meets Noel Coward in his office in *The Scoundrel.* Miss Haydon is a rising star in films

Les Misérables—AAAA—Fredric March as *Jean Valjean* and Charles Laughton as *Javert,* the relentless police inspector, are supreme as actors in this historic drama of Victor Hugo's. This picture is distinctly a classic of the screen. Rochelle Hudson, John Beal, Frances Drake and Sir Cedric Hardwicke give fine support to March and Laughton.—*United Artists.*

Goin' to Town—AAAA—Here again is Mae West, still at her voluptuous best. Although the plot is inclined to be weak, Mae, by her individual performance, brings the film high entertainment value. As in the case of a Will Rogers picture, so in a Mae West one: Mae *is* the picture!—*Paramount.*

Call of the Wild—AAAA—In filming this Jack London tale, the story is so well interpreted on the screen that it deserves to be termed one of the best pictures of the year. Clark Gable, Loretta Young and Jack Oakie enact the leading rôles superbly. As is well known, the plot revolves about the search for a fabulously rich gold mine in the Yukon.—*United Artists.*

Black Fury—AAAA—Paul Muni gives by far the best performance of his career in this story of striking miners. Frustrated lover, outcast, leader,—Muni gives life to his performance. There is vitality, power, drive in the great character portrayal that he brings to the screen here. Opposite Muni, Karen Morley gives sympathy and understanding to her rôle.—*Warner Brothers.*

Cardinal Richelieu—AAAA—A past master at bringing renowned historic figures to life, George Arliss here brings the cruel, hard *Cardinal Richelieu* to the screen. In addition to the superb acting of George Arliss, there is cast in this film another man who deserves high praise. That man is Edward Arnold, appearing as *Louis XIII.* As the young lovers of the story, Maureen O'Sullivan and Cesar Romero make a charming pair.—*United Artists.*

Love Me Forever—AAAA—Again Grace Moore appears in an outstanding singing rôle. After the striking success of her performance in *One Night of Love,* Grace Moore has a large and enthusiastic film following. Because of the introduction of new sound devices in the making of this picture, all of the fine qualities of the singing star's voice are now brought to film audiences for the first time. Leo Carillo and Robert Allen appear in support of Miss Moore.—*Columbia.*

The Scoundrel—AAAA—Noel Coward, noted playwright and actor of the stage, makes a name for himself in this, his first screen appearance. Julie Haydon, playing the feminine lead, gives to her characterization the breath of life, fine sympathy and understanding. The story is strange, dealing with revival after death. It is interpreted with great skill.—*Paramount.*

The Glass Key—AAA½—George Raft, as the shrewd, hard-boiled, tight-lipped hero, performs in a highly creditable manner in this murder mystery. There are many threads in this Hammett story, and all are woven into the entire pattern with skill and logic. Edward Arnold, as a political boss, adds much to the interest of the film by his complete mastery of his role.—*Paramount.*

Murder in the Fleet—AAA—Although there is mystery and drama and thrills in this story, there is no horror element. In fact, there is genuine comedy present, which is a pleasant surprise. The plot deals with the danger of spies in the navy. And audiences will be held breathless, waiting for the final big climax when hero and villain fight it out in a powder magazine. Included in the distinguished cast are Jean Parker, Robert Taylor, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, and Jean Hersholt.—*M-G-M.*

The Flame Within—AAA—The ecstasy and the pain that love can entail are brought understandingly to the screen in this film, starring Ann Harding, who is ably supported by Herbert Marshall, Maureen O'Sullivan and a newcomer, Louis Hayward. The story deals with a woman doctor, Ann Harding, her admirer, Herbert Marshall, and two young people, Maureen O'Sullivan and Louis Hayward.—*M-G-M.*

Werewolf of London—AAA—The story of this film is based on the legend that men with a peculiar affliction turn into wolves with the rise of a full moon. Henry Hull, a distinguished botanist, is a werewolf because, in distant Tibet, he had been bitten by Warner Oland, another werewolf. Horrors and chills!—*Universal.*

Age of Indescretion—AAA—Here again the lovely Helen Vinson is cast as an effective villainess, who nearly succeeds in ruining the character of Madge Evans, the heroine. David Holt, as the son of Helen Vinson and Paul Lukas, makes a strong bid for future starring rôles in this film, while Ralph Forbes, cast as a rather futile villain, performs satisfactorily.—*M-G-M.*

Doubting Thomas—AAA—This production is not up to the usual Will Rogers par in entertainment value. But the fact that Will is in it even though he has little to do will attract the many fans of this actor-commentator. Billie Burke, as Will's wife, carries her part satisfactorily. The best shot in the picture is one showing Will, in a marcelled wig taking part in an amateur show, and imitating Bing Crosby.—*Fox.*

Mark of the Vampire—AAA—Horror and mystery are featured in this grim tale. The scene is laid in Hungary. And a wealthy landowner is murdered. And, by vampires! Lionel Barrymore is in the cast, and so is Bela Lugosi. Also, Jean Hersholt. When you see this, you will not breathe. You will gasp!—*M-G-M.*

The G-Men—AAA—Jimmy Cagney turns from the portrayal of a gangster to that of a federal agent in this new type of screen story. Jimmy is engaged here in the government's war on crime and criminals. Margaret Lindsay, as Cagney's sweetheart, and Ann Dvorak, as a gangster's wife and Cagney's friend, give convincing performances.—*Warner Brothers.*

As Hugh Sinclair thinks of stealing his brother's sweetheart, Elisabeth Bergner smiles in *Escape Me Never*

Will Rogers appears to have been up to some mischief when Billie Burke looks him over in *Doubting Thomas*

Oil for the Lamps of China—AAA—Although it is occasionally dull, this is a powerful drama of the Orient as depicted by Pat O'Brien, Josephine Hutchinson, Jean Muir and Lyle Talbot. Two Chinese actors, Willie Fung and Keye Luke add to the interest of the film.—*Warner Brothers.*

The Informer—AAA—Victor McLaglen gives the supreme performance of his career in this story of the Irish rebellion of 1922. Although her rôle is not a strong one, Margot Grahame, playing opposite McLaglen, makes the most of it. New to Hollywood, Margot is a seasoned veteran of the British film world. Direction and photography in this picture are superb—nothing less!—*RKO.*

Brewster's Millions—AAA—In this gay comedy, featuring as it does many singing and dancing numbers, Jack Buchanan has the problem before him of spending in six months the sum of two and a half millions in order that he might be eligible to inherit thirty million more. Instead of losing money as he wishes to do, everything that he puts money into turns to gold. What a predicament! Lovely Lili Damita has the feminine rôle opposite Buchanan.—*United Artists.*

The Bride of Frankenstein—AAA—This weird tale of a monster seeking a mate, is the natural sequel of its predecessor, *Frankenstein.* Boris Karloff is convincing as the inhuman creature created by man. To increase the horror of the film, the excellent photography serves admirably. The capable direction of James Whale is everywhere evident in the gruesome story as it unfolds. Una O'Connor, as a maid, and Elsa Lanchester, as the grotesque *Bride,* deserve praise.—*Universal.*

Escape Me Never—AAA—Elisabeth Bergner, who made this an outstanding success on the stage, appears in the film version as well. Cast as *Gemma Jones,* she presents to vast film audiences a character that had previously been known to relatively few. Perhaps the most accomplished actress of the day, from a purely technical standpoint, Miss Bergner gives a highly pleasing performance in this picture.—*United Artists.*

The Devil is a Woman—AAA—Pictorially, this film comes close to the achievement of perfection. Exquisitely gowned, Marlene Dietrich presents a skilled and finished performance, as does Lionel Atwill. However, the tempo of the story is too slow to have widespread appeal. Cesar Romero gives a creditable characterization in a supporting rôle.—*Paramount.*

Party Wire—AAA—Written for laughs, and directed for them too, this story of Main Street actually gets them. Jean Arthur, a rising star in the cinema heavens, is the heroine and interprets her part well. A late call on a "party wire" starts all the trouble and strife in this gay comedy.—*Columbia.*

Men of the Hour—AA—In this attempt to dramatize the life of the newsreel cameraman, the result is not especially successful. Wallace Ford and Richard Cromwell take the parts of two cameramen, who fall out over a girl, Billie Seward. The story reaches its climax when Cromwell photographs a killing.—*Columbia.*

The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

[*Continued from page* 10]

Wide World

Ruth Chatterton is the first screen actress to fly her own plane across the country, New York to Los Angeles

her lovely curves to the best advantage, she smiled and returned to the blank. Opposite the question "Sex?" she wrote, "Yes!"

DESPITE the fact that they are costing him PLENTY and not earning much dough, either on BING'S bets or as prizes, the wealthy crooner has just added two more bang-tails to his stable. The stable, as it now stands, (or lies down) consists of Zombie, Betty T, and Uncle Gus, all 2-year-olds; Saragon who is a 3-year-old and Flint and Miss Whistle who are 4-year-olds. BING has it bad. He was at the Santa Anita track every day until it closed, and then shipped his nags to the San Francisco track.

A BRIGHT young man, carrying a huge light bulb, approached the door of the sound-stage on which GARBO was working and informed the guard not to detain him. They were waiting for that light. Once inside, his manner changed and he sat down and watched GARBO work. At last he was discovered and tossed out, but FRANK SHIELDS, the tennis champ, will have something to tell his grandchildren.

JOAN CRAWFORD, on the set at Metro, insists that the four most romantic smiles on the faces of Hollywood male stars, belong to CLARK GABLE, RONALD COLMAN, ROBERT MONTGOMERY and Oh yes, FRANCHOT TONE. She refused to pick the one smile she considered MOST romantic, but did say that FRANCHOT'S laugh was the most infectious she had ever heard.

HERE is some sort of record, morbid but interesting. EVELYN BRENT confessed to me, at Sardi's the other day, that in the silent days she played the rôle of a murderess in 18 consecutive films.

Rhodes

After making several musical shorts for B. I. P. in England, Buddy Rogers returns to star in *Old Man Rhythm*

DAVID MANNERS has at last agreed to leave his favorite desert retreat and return to Hollywood for one picture, *Jalna*, for RKO. DAVID has been so long absent that his fans will more than welcome him back again, even for that one picture.

THE CARL BRISSONS have rented a huge mansion in the hills and one room is devoted entirely to CARL'S African game trophies. There are specimens of almost every type of African game, from rhino to water buffalo and after I had pointed them out to CARL, he was almost as proud as if he had killed them, himself.

MERVYN LE ROY finished *Page Miss Glory*, starring MARION DAVIES, after only four weeks shooting. He will have W. S. VAN DYKE'S records on *Thin Man* topped if he does not watch out.

BING CROSBY, to whom his wife, DIXIE presented a hot-dog stand on his birthday, has moved it to the lot and is having a grand time, acting as chef, waiter, host and his own best customer.

ONE OF the most amazing careers that any woman has yet found in Hollywood is that of Bess Meredyth. Not only a highly successful scenario writer, she is also a portrait painter of merit, an accomplished concert pianist, a star of the screen and a playwright.

RICHARD DIX simply can't get over those twins. He calls them "his two football players" and orders two of everything for them. BING CROSBY is looking sour these days with all the competition, but DIX reminds him that so far, no star has equalled the DIONNE record.

AN ORCHID to MIRIAM HOPKINS for the boost she [*Continued on page* 68]

Wide World

Keystone comedy is on the way back with, left to right, Marie Prevost, Ben Turpin, Ford Sterling and Hank Mann

BRIGHT EYE-DEAS

by Jane Heath

SUMMER EYE-OPENERS

PROBABLY your face is a picture in your mirror at home—but how does it look on the beach in the sun? You have only to look at your friends to know! *You can't trust nature unadorned!* Sunlight makes eyes, especially, look pale, small and "squinched up." But that's easy to remedy! Slip your eyelashes into KURLASH! (It costs only $1.) A few seconds' pressure curls them into lovely fringed eye frames which catch entrancing shadows making eyes look far larger and brighter.

Sun Shades

So much color and sparkle in the sunlight! What can you do to keep your eyes from looking faded and "washed out" in contrast? This: apply a tiny bit of green or blue SHADETTE ($1) on the upper lids to reflect the colors of the landscape! So subtly, it restores the lovely color, depth, size of your eyes!

and Shadow

Beauty on the beach is simply the art of *looking* natural. Certainly eyelashes that disappear in the sun must be darkened! Liquid LASHTINT (it's waterproof) does the trick so convincingly! Use it more heavily in the evening. Black—brown—or blue. $1.

Kurlash

(Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Dept. E-8, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y., or at The Kurlash Company of Canada, Toronto, 3.

NOW YOU'LL KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS

Just Ask the Cinema Sage

Rhodes

Yes, readers Charles Farrell is still wed to Virginia Valli

Fredric March—He attended the University of Wisconsin, from which he was graduated in 1920. While there, he won his letter in football and track, and also became president of his senior class. (D. O., Little Rock, Ark.)

Katharine Hepburn—She has two sisters, Marian and Peggy, and two brothers, Robert and Richard Hepburn. Her parents live in Hartford, Conn. Her father is a physician, Dr. T. N. Hepburn. (N. A. Y., Portland, Ore.)

Elissa Landi—She speaks four languages fluently,—French, Italian, German, and English. She has appeared in foreign films made in England, France, and Sweden. (F. T. B., Lima, Ohio.)

Jeanette MacDonald—She was given her first theatrical job in a Ned Wayburn show as a chorus girl in the Capitol Theatre, New York. She was then a high-school girl on a visit from her home in Philadelphia. (K. P., Butte, Mont.)

Paul Lukas—He was born in Hungary. He was educated at the Actors' Academy, the national theatre training school in his native country. He took part in the Olympic Games in Paris in 1924 as a wrestler. (J. S. R., Davenport, Ia.)

Ida Lupino—She is a member of a famous, English theatrical family. Her father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were all outstanding theatrical personalities in London. (J. G. I., Birmingham, Ala.)

Gary Cooper—His real name is not Gary but Frank James Cooper. He changed his name soon after starting his film career. (F. A. B., Bismarck, N. Dak.)

George Arliss—This actor is now sixty-seven years of age, having been born in Bloomsbury, a district of London, April 10, 1868. (J. M., Nashville, Tenn.)

Virginia Bruce—She is five feet six and a half inches tall. At last reports, she tipped the scales at 128 pounds. (A. E. G., Atlanta, Ga.)

Jean Arthur—Yes, she has blue eyes. Her first big break in Hollywood occurred when she was given the lead opposite Richard Dix in *Warming Up.* (J. T., New Orleans, La.)

Charles Boyer—He was educated in Figeac, France, his birthplace, through the grades and high school. Then he attended the famous university in Paris, the Sorbonne. (M. G. O., Denver, Colo.)

Richard Barthelmess—Yes, his mother was a character actress of note, using the name Caroline Harris. When Richard was only two years old, his father died and so his mother had to go to work to support herself and her small son. (G. T., Madison, Wis.)

Jean Harlow—She was born in Kansas City, March 3, 1911, the daughter of a well-to-do dentist, Dr. Montclair Carpenter. She was educated at the Barstow School in Kansas City and at Ferry Hall, a fashionable school at Lake Forest, Ill. (D. L. V., Green River, Wyo.)

If you want information about a movie star, ask this department. Your answer will appear as soon as space permits its inclusion. Or, if you prefer an immediate personal reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your letter to The Cinema Sage, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Garbo is certainly glamorous and her lovely eyelashes are, by no means, the smallest part of her attraction. There's a way to make your lashes look just as long

by
Gwen Dew

Summer Charm School

WHAT'S to be done about this business of looking charming while brilliant suns beat down, offices are hot, street crowds are restless and cross, but you still want to appear cool and smart?

There *are* things to be done about it, and while I can't actually change the thermometer, I can give you a few tips about summer charm aids. A bit of perfume here . . . a new kind of powder . . . bits of information I've gleaned for you in the intriguing world of cosmetics.

FLASH! Eyelashes for you that are as long as Garbo's! Haven't you always wanted to peek demurely up through a curtain of curly lashes? And wouldn't it give you a new feeling of smartness some warm summer night to come forth with these fascinating new aids to charm? As it happens, Garbo's long lashes are her own, but we aren't all so blessed. So along came a smart girl with the idea that maybe some of the rest of us might enjoy sweeping lashes, too, and so she invented them. You've probably seen the ones that are attached, one by one, to your own lashes, but these are different, they are fastened onto strands of fine blonde hairs that are invisible when you apply them to your eyelids, and presto, chango!—there you are with alluring silken lashes that look as real as the hair on your head. Pretty slick, don't you think? Your lashes will be as long as Garbo's.

A FRAGRANT powder with the soft scent of blended flowers . . . with the price at only . . . . 50c! The box is large, attractive, and filled with a powder that gives a delicate covering to your face. It's hard to believe the price when you know the name of the powder, and try its texture . . . but here it is, and I hope you'll like it!

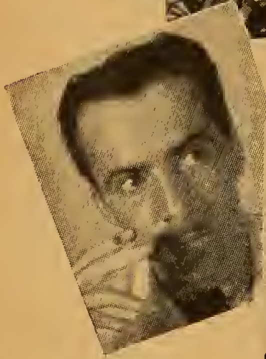
ANOTHER well-known cosmetic house seems to know how we all feel about sticky days, and our dire need of something cool and a little bit luxurious when we finally reach our tub. They have come forth with the most intriguing set of summer aids I've seen in a long time. There is eau-de-cologne and eau-de-lavande, (eau de cologne is newly smart this summer and very cooling); bath powder in a crisp, shimmering "neptune green" color scheme with cool deep-sea motif of white foam and pink starfish on the packages; and a stunning new drum-shaped bath-salt bottle. The bottles for the eau-de-colognes are so good-looking you can't resist them, for they are slim-necked frosted ones with an embossed motif of rosy starfish and leaping bubbles that could make lovely vases afterwards. One *could* eliminate such things as these from life, but when the prices range from 50c to $1.50, and they help keep your skin smooth and cool on hot days . . . well, there's only one answer. Get yours quickly.

DON'T you love to spring out with something absolutely new? Perhaps you get teased a little about it, but that's really the result of jealousy in most cases. So here is news of something stunning and last-minute. Just imagine yourself all deeply tanned, with your arms beautifully brown, and your fingernails a clean cool white! The effect is startling for beach vacations, as well as to wear with white linens and cottons, and even with white summer evening dresses. The cost is $1. There is such a satisfaction in being the girl who is first with a fascinating fashion that the price isn't so important. (Toenails look grand this color, too!) Brown arms and hands . . . white fingertips . . . doesn't it sound smart?

HAVE you ever wished for a cream that would do a lot of things for your skin at once? There's one on the market that is cleansing, nourishing and clarifying. It is a basic all-around cream for the daily care of the skin. It contains among other things the juice of fresh lemons, and the company manufacturing it assures me that it is the only cream on the market that contains actual fresh lemon juice. Many contain lemon-extract, but not this one. Perhaps you like to keep a jar of cream at your office in the summer to clean off your face during a long hard day, and to act as a nourisher under your powder. Here it is, [*Continued on page* 66]

THE MYSTERY Missing

Left, James Gleason; and shown below, Joan Blondell



Above, Bradley Page; at right, Pat O'Brien

How good a detective are you?

Do you peep at the last page of a detective story?

You can't see the last page of this! How did the necklace disappear?

Test your powers of observation and deduction
With
HOLLYWOOD'S FASCINATING NEW MYSTERY GAME!

Hollywood plays it for fun. You can have the same fun and win a prize!

An exact copy of GLENDA FARRELL'S LUCKY NECKLACE will be given as FIRST PRIZE.

In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Other prizes will be announced in the next issue of MOTION PICTURE.

GIVE A NEW KIND OF PARTY!

Prove yourself a clever and popular hostess.

Old and young enjoy this exciting new game originated by GLENDA FARRELL.

It is keeping the stars guessing. Guess with them!

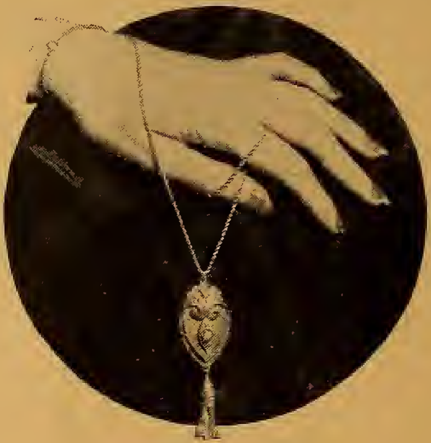
This is an UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY for readers of MOTION PICTURE.

PLEASE REMEMBER that this story, "THE MYSTERY OF GLENDA FARRELL'S MISSING NECKLACE" is *FICTION!*

HOLLYWOOD starts EVERYTHING! Here is your chance to get in on the BEGINNING of their NEW THRILL!

At left, Joel McCrea, below Frances Dee

All Photos by Rhodes



Here is close-up of Glenda Farrell's good luck necklace

At upper left, Mary Brian; upper right is Ralph Bellamy; and at the left, looking into the camera is John Mack Brown

RULES

DO NOT WRITE YOUR SOLUTION until the THIRD INSTALLMENT of this story appears in the OCTOBER ISSUE of MOTION PICTURE.

Your solution of the mystery must be written in not more than TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY WORDS, and must ANSWER the FOLLOWING QUESTIONS:

Who is responsible for the disappearance of the necklace? Is it one of the NINE PLAYERS shown at the LEFT?

What is the motive?

How was the disappearance of the necklace accomplished?

PRESENT YOUR SOLUTIONS NEATLY. WRITE ONLY ON ONE SIDE OF THE PAPER.

Mail solutions to NECKLACE GAME EDITOR, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

OF GLENDA FARRELL'S Necklace

BY
RUTH BIERY

Rhodes

Bradley Page, clad in white, standing behind Glenda Farrell who is seated, is announcing details of his game, "Gangster." Suddenly the lights go out and Glenda is thrown to the floor!

"DARLING, you are gorgeous," Joel McCrea's smile seemed as broad as his shoulders as he watched his wife come from her dressing room, her trim figure tucked snuggly into a new white satin. "That new gown's a knock-out!"

Frances Dee's eyes grew brighter than ever. "You always notice, Joel. That's one thing which makes you such a grand husband. I hope when we're forty you'll look at me like that!"

"Won't be able to help it, sweet, because when you're forty you'll be even more beautiful!"

"Flatterer!" She stood on tip-toe as she raised her lips to his. As she stepped back, he snatched both her hands, turned the little palms downward in his big ones. "But Frances, where is your ring? The little horseshoe of diamonds. I thought you never went anywhere without it. Aren't you afraid we'll have an accident on the way?" he teased.

"Oh, mercy, I must have left it in my dressing room. I'll get it and my coat." She slipped away, brought back her coat and handed it to him. "I suppose it's silly to think one little ring can have anything to do with what happens to you." She was slipping bare arms into white ermine. "But really, Joel, I was wearing it when I met you, you know. And so many of the girls do have such awful things happen when they lose their talismen, such as losing good parts and things." She kept right on talking as he led her to the limousine and tucked her carefully into one corner. "I suppose we are a little more superstitious in Hollywood than most places. But so much *does* depend on luck in this business. Oh, did you tell the chauffeur to stop for Pat O'Brien? Mrs. Pat is at Lake Arrowhead and Pat's bringing an out-of-town friend, so I asked them to ride to Glenda's house with us."

PAT O'BRIEN was ready and waiting. He came out at once with a handsome, bright-eyed man who was carrying a small overnight case. While Pat introduced him, Frances decided she had never seen anyone with so *many* twinkles in his eyes. She leaned forward.

"Pat, where *have* you been keeping him? He belongs in the movies!"

Pat laughed so long Frances wondered what she had said to sound *that* funny. And his friend laughed with him. "In a way, Bill Ryan *is* in the movies. At least, he's trying to catch up with someone he thinks is in the movies. He works for Uncle Sam, Frances, and right now he's on a man hunt. He's chased his man from Russia to Hollywood, where he's masquerading or—"

"Really, Pat!" Bill's tones were sharp and Frances noticed the twinkles in his eyes had disappeared. "I'm sorry, Miss Dee, but we don't [*Continued on page* 55]

How the Readers Rate Them!

MEN ARE BEST ACTORS

($15 Prize Letter)

WHY are men actors on the screen more convincing than women? Are they more intent upon producing drama? Is it because deeper, richer tones seem more sincere? Is it because the conventional dress for men does not arrest the eye? Or, have men more talent in conveying ideas? For instance, an inquiring glance of Adolphe Menjou's eye suffices for a long interview. An inflection of Leslie Howard's voice begs manfully that the whole situation be closed. Guy Kibbee's smile indicates the pleasure of delayed comprehension. Human sympathy comes naturally and simply from Will Rogers. And there are many men actors who possess similar gifts. Even among those cast for insignificant parts, one is astonished to see real and direct portrayals,—portrayals that carry the plot swiftly and surely, without breaking the delusion, without reminding the audience that it is "only a play." But the women! *They* have pretty faces and nondescript voices, flat and monotonous. Of course, there are exceptions. But men, I say, are far superior to women on the screen!—Mrs. Mecca M. Varney, 1945 Fifth Ave., San Diego, Calif.

Are men superior actors? Do you agree with Mrs. Varney? Or disagree?

AMERICAN FILMS PLEASE

($10 Prize Letter)

TIME was when British audiences smiled condescendingly, even pityingly, upon Hollywood's idea of their native land. Hollywood's monocled, strong, silent Englishmen were just a little too English to be true. Its English scenery was embarrassingly *olde-worlde*, its English homes simply stuffed with family portraits and heraldry. But Hollywood has changed. That time has passed. We smile no longer. Instead we marvel and envy. Lately, we have seen and applauded *Lives of a Bengal Lancer;* we have revelled in the colorful episodes of *David Copperfield*, true to every letter of Dickens' classic; and we have been delighted by Katharine Hepburn in *The Little Minister*. To see our whimsical Barrie treated with such sureness and delicacy,—that, perhaps, is the greatest marvel of all. Indeed Hollywood displays an ever-increasing skill in producing pictures which are strongly and convincingly British in spirit and detail.—Mrs. Elizabeth Myles, 24 Apsley Road, Clifton, Bristol, England.

The British like our style! But what about American history? Shouldn't we revive on the screen our own great names and deeds? Our own great works of fiction and fact?

Prizes for Letters!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over two hundred words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

One hit after another, that is fast becoming the story of Ginger Rogers. Her new starring picture is *Top Hat*

SEEKS HOLLYWOOD PICTURE

($5 Prize Letter)

I'M an American, at present living abroad. During the past few years, I have seen pictures with New York, London, and Paris as background. Now, why not one with Hollywood as its locale. We, over here, have seen pictures with a "touch" of it. But why not make an "all-Hollywood" one. And Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams would be just the author to write it. Here is my idea in brief: A young man reads an advertisement in a motion picture magazine, comes to Hollywood, tries hard to get work, gets a job as an "extra," is finally discovered and becomes a star. Show the sets and some of the actual training. Take him to the places where other stars spend their leisure hours and let us see him in company with them. Make it a picture with a real Hollywood aroma,—a picture especially dedicated to Hollywood's loyal movie fans throughout the world. In my opinion, we really deserve a picture of this kind. —Eigel Petersen, Kentiavej 4, 2. Sal t.v., Copenhagen, Denmark.

Mr. Petersen presents quite an idea. It might be well worth the producers' while to look into it.

LOVE SUPERBLY SHOWN

($1 Prize Letter)

A CREATION projected and eagerly caught by a breathless audience! So do I describe Gary Cooper's tenderly wrought *Tony* in *The Wedding Night*. Here is superb artistry indeed. The final close-up of Cooper gives one an insight into the hearts of all the men and women in the world who have loved and have had to keep locked tightly within their hearts that love forever and ever. All praise to this Bengal lancer who reaches into our hearts with his great tenderness and his unerring purpose, and with the keen accuracy of a lancer's weapon. Praise, also, to Anna Sten for her warm characterization, and to Helen Vinson for her grand portrayal of the part of Gary's wife. But, to Gary Cooper, the greatest tribute of all!—Austin Edwards, 3010 North Cissna, Kansas City, Kans.

Gary Cooper has taken his place as one of the truly great actors of his time. And it has been upon such praise as that expressed in this letter that his fame has been built.

LEDERER, REAL AMERICAN

($1 Prize Letter)

IN these days of hue and cry about un-American activities, of Nazis, of Fascists, and of Bolshevists, we owe a vote of thanks to Francis Lederer and to his picture, *Romance in Manhattan*. Every foreign-born person should see it. The sentiments which formerly brought immigrants to this country are set forth by Lederer as the Czechoslovak lad who worked and starved for the privilege of becoming an American citizen. It is time that we got back to the realization that America *does* represent freedom, hope, opportunity, and happiness to thousands of immigrants, and that ours is still a golden land for the weary, the desperate, the hungry, and the heartsick. Let's try to do our part toward making America as nearly as possible like the wonderful place, the ideal country that it is in the eyes of would-be immigrants!—Mary Irene Woodruff, 26 Monument Square, Charlestown, Mass.

There is an idea presented here that is worthy of deep thought during the troubled times of the present.

ANIMALS WIN OUT HERE

($1 Prize Letter)

EUREKA! A musical picture without the blaring of an orchestra, the crooning of a tenor, and good photography that made you forget that you were a witness to the real thing only by proxy,—that is *Sequoia*, masterpiece if there ever was one! The music of this film was the music of the soul. The sorrows, the hardships, the joys, were only those of animals but they were profound. The drama was one

[*Continued on page* 81]

In The Crusades

In this historic Paramount production, Loretta Young appears as *Queen Berengaria,* while Henry Wilcoxon is her swash-buckling, cavalier husband, the 12th century ruler, *King Richard, the Lion Heart.* Inset below shows the fiery monarch in affectionate pose with his beautiful wife. Cecil B. DeMille makes screen history in this spectacular film

Here we observe the dimpled darling of the screen in a serious mood. But like any happy, healthy child, Shirley Temple prefers to roll her hoop in playful enjoyment. Likewise, her pictures roll along, winning new friends everywhere. When you see her soon in *Curly Top* she'll capture your hearts once again!

Shirley Temple

Eleanor Powell

—C. S. Bull

Tapping her way to the top, Eleanor Powell now seeks glory in M-G-M's new *Broadway Melody of 1935*. Like Bill Robinson, and in his words, "she can pick 'em up and lay 'em down" with the greatest of ease. She is hailed everywhere as a feminine Fred Astaire, and as with Fred, her talented toes have carried her from footlights to films. You'll be seeing her "go to town."

To dive or not to dive, that is Lilian Bond's problem. Above, seated at Raquel Torres' pool, she wears a youthful Jantzen Bra-Tuck model

Follow Suit! Get in the Swim

Midsummer bathing season finds the Hollywood stars in their new swim suits

Time out for
swim, say Kath
leen Burke an
Ida Lupino (a
left). Kathlee
wears a Koo
tex one-piec
model made c
rubber fabri
while Ida's i
a Krepetex twc
piece. Bot
by U. S. Rubbe

Raquel Torres (left) is about to take a dip into her own pool, wearing Jantzen's chic, new Basque-Kerchief suit. It combines tailored trunks and uppers. Note the graceful back line with the youthful bow effect as it's seen here

Maxine Doyle goes in for fine striped effect (at left) in this Catalina suit in blending hues of brown and yellow. Note short knit skirt

Seen here in an attractive Gantner Banda-Wikie suit, Grace Bradley (above), Paramount player, toys with the idea of sitting down. Note chevron effect across the uppers

Sunning herself on the beach is Jean Chadburn, M-G-M player, wearing a B.V.D. model in brilliant kingfisher

Will FRED ASTAIRE Give Up Dancing?

By MARIAN RHEA

FRED ASTAIRE has a secret . . . a secret that is driving him relentlessly to gruelling, unceasing work. Hours of it. Hailed as the greatest dancer of the day, he has won the plaudits of kings and queens, and has the world at those winged feet of his. Now, like the leopard, he wants to "change his spots." He wants to forget he is a "hoofer," as he puts it, and become an actor, first and foremost. He wants to star in pictures in which he doesn't do a single, solitary dance step!

I couldn't, and wouldn't talk about his secret if my authority for it weren't so irrefutable. You see, his mother told me so! Mrs. Ann Astaire, about the loveliest and most gracious lady that one could imagine spent several months in Beverly Hills last winter so that she might be near her son and his wife, and I came to know her rather well. She talked to me many times about the talented Freddie, of whom she is extremely proud. But she never mentioned this astounding ambition of his until one afternoon when I happened to meet her in a shop off the lobby of the Beverly Hills hotel.

Above is Fred's mother who says that her son may soon give up his dancing

SHE was looking at scarfs and I stood around like a kibitzer. As we fingered some bright colored silks and woolens, she said, musingly to me:

"I wonder if he will ever do it. . . ."

"Who? Do what?" I asked her, curiously.

"Freddie. . . . Give up his dancing," she said.

"Give up his dancing!" I dropped the scarf at which I was looking. "Give up his dancing! Of course he won't! That would be a major catastrophe!"

"He might, you know," she answered.

"How do you know?" I insisted.

"He told me so," she said simply.

"Please," I begged, "tell me what this is all about!"

Will Freddie leave the polished floors to become a full-fledged actor? At left, he still steps!

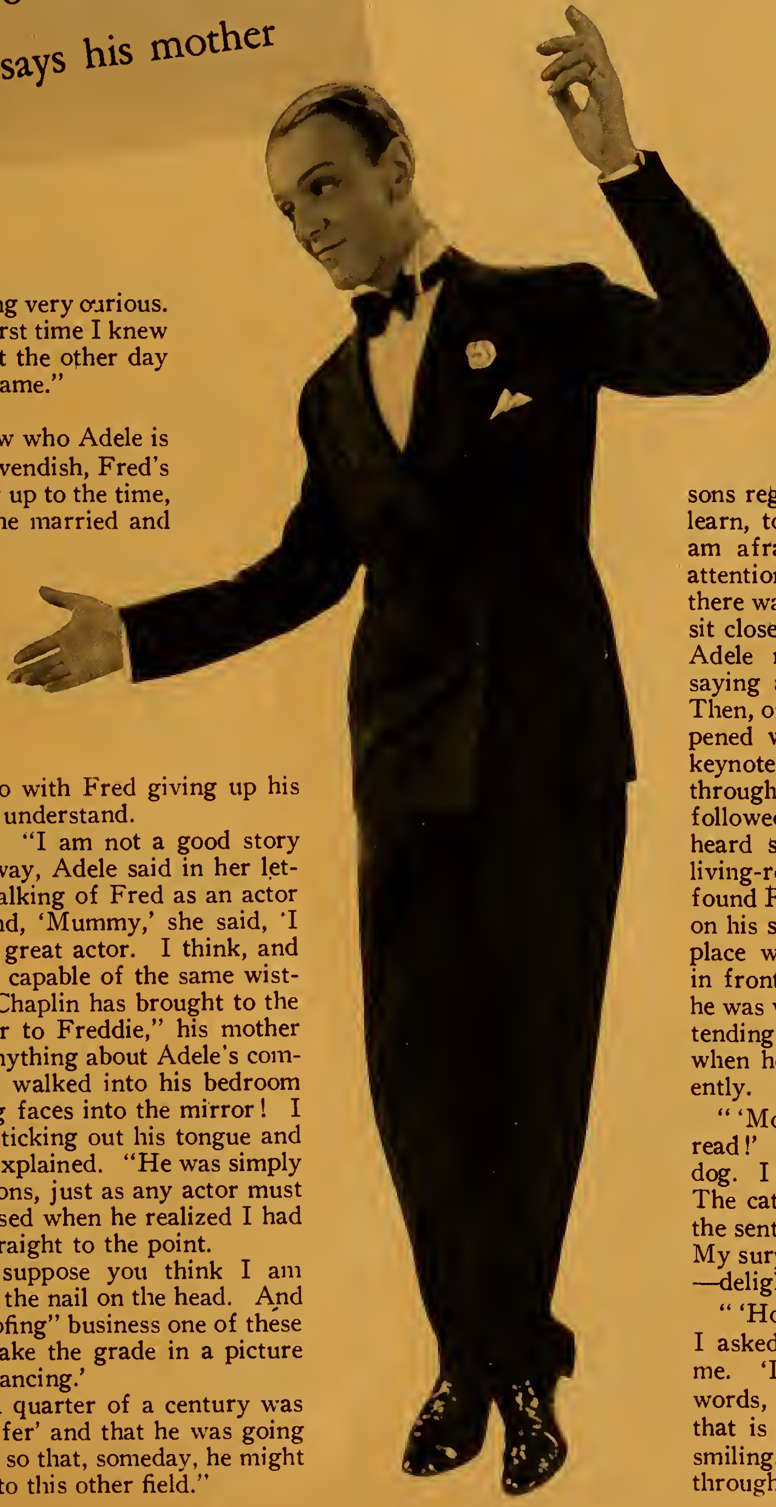
She smiled. "Don't get so upset. It won't happen unless he learns to be so much better at something else that you won't miss his dancing."

"Then it won't happen," I answered with conviction. But she shook her head.

"You never can tell. . . . You don't know Freddie. . . ."

"I know he is 'tops' in Hollywood because of his dancing. Now, you say, he wants to give it up. It doesn't make sense. What *is* this

Hailed as the screen's greatest dancer, Fred Astaire now seeks more worlds to conquer. He wants to *act*, and *not dance*, says his mother



all about?" I was becoming very curious.

"Well," she said, "the first time I knew anything about it was just the other day when a letter from Adele came."

OF COURSE you know who Adele is . . . Lady Charles Cavendish, Fred's sister and dancing partner up to the time, a few years ago, when she married and went to live in a romantic Irish castle.

"Adele had just seen *The Gay Divorcee*," Mrs. Astaire continued. "She thinks it is a wonderful picture," she added.

"Yes, I know. But what does this have to do with Fred giving up his dancing?" I still did not understand.

She looked apologetic. "I am not a good story teller, am I? Well, anyway, Adele said in her letter that all London was talking of Fred as an actor as well as a dancer. And, 'Mummy,' she said, 'I think he is going to be a great actor. I think, and so do all of us, that he is capable of the same wistful comedy that Charlie Chaplin has brought to the screen.' I read the letter to Freddie," his mother added. "He didn't say anything about Adele's comment, but that evening I walked into his bedroom and there he was, making faces into the mirror! I don't mean that he was sticking out his tongue and looking cross-eyed," she explained. "He was simply practising facial expressions, just as any actor must do. He looked embarrassed when he realized I had seen him, but he came straight to the point.

"'Mom,' he said, 'I suppose you think I am crazy. But Delly has hit the nail on the head. And I'd like to "can" this "hoofing" business one of these days and see if I can make the grade in a picture in which I don't do any dancing.'

"He said he thought a quarter of a century was long enough to be a 'hoofer' and that he was going to work harder than ever so that, someday, he might go beyond his dancing into this other field."

"FREDDIE won't want this known, I am afraid," Mrs. Astaire said a little ruefully, "and I didn't exactly mean to tell you. . . . He always wants to do things first and tell about them later," she continued.

I tried to smooth away her doubts. "Surely no ambition that makes a person more talented is one to be ashamed of?" She agreed to that, except—

"He is so reticent," she sighed. "He just can't bear so-called 'publicity' about himself. And I suppose, now, you'll write something?" she said questioningly.

"Yes," I admitted, "I had that in mind. . . ." I was afraid she was going to ask me not to and hurriedly changed the subject. "Will he do it?" I asked her. "Will he actually manage to abandon his dancing and star in a straight acting role?"

She answered me simply. "I imagine he will," she said. "He always gets what he wants because he goes after it with such singleness of purpose. He has been that way ever since he was five years old — when he taught himself to read the *Sunbonnet Primer* without help."

"Tell me about it." I suggested.

"Well, Adele, a year older than Freddie, was studying her lessons regularly. Freddie wanted to learn, too, but he was so young I am afraid I didn't give him the attention I should have. I felt there was plenty of time. He would sit close by in his little chair while Adele recited her lessons, never saying anything — just listening. Then, one morning, something happened which has seemed to me a keynote to Freddie's character through all of the years that have followed. It was very early. I heard some strange sound in the living-room and investigating I found Freddie in his pajamas, lying on his stomach in front of the fireplace with the *Sunbonnet Primer* in front of him. When I came in he was whispering to himself. 'Pretending to read,' I thought. But when he saw me, I learned differently. He could really read.

"'Mom!' he said, 'hear me read!' And read he did: 'I see the dog. I see the cat. I see the house. The cat is gray. . . . ' He rattled the sentences off for a page or two. My surprise—and it wasn't feigned—delighted him.

"'How did you learn, Freddie?' I asked him. 'I 'tudied,' he told me. 'I axed Delly some of the words, but mostly I 'tudied.' And that is Freddie," his mother said, smiling. "He has ''tudied' all through [*Continued on page 66*]

Perhaps the most highly individualistic—the most feminine of all stars, Joan Crawford expresses all the whims and fancies of women the world over

Joan Crawford *Tells on Herself*

There are not many stars willing to tell on themselves—but they don't include Joan. Here she reveals herself as her intimates know her—a capricious Crawford

BY HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

JOAN CRAWFORD, most alluring of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's bevy of feminine stars, flicked the ashes from a cigarette, wrinkled her pretty nose and grinned. Having known her for years I noticed that wrinkle in her nose and forthwith suspected she was "up to something." I likewise knew that Joan was getting more than just a trifle bored with being pictured as a very, very serious-minded young woman—a very sophisticated girl who was more than just a bit fed up on so-called intellectual chatter. So it was not the least surprising when Joan, looking unusually lovely in a blue and white bathing ensemble, crossed those pretty things we used to call legs, and—inviting me to sit down—suggested that we be neither "grave nor dignified." All things considered (particularly that twinkle in the eye), I knew it was but a matter of moments before I was going to get a brand new angle on an old friend.

"You've a confession to make," I suggested.

Joan laughed, her eyes twinkling.

"Come clean, young woman!" I said firmly.

"Well," said Joan, "I've never confessed the fact, but —do you know—at heart I'm just a practical joker. And, in addition, I'm forever doing a surprising number of amazingly silly things," she added.

IT DEVELOPED that only the day before, Miss Crawford amazed even herself. Now I know, and have known for years, that she adores fans, and that ninety-nine out of a possible hundred fans are sweet and lovely; but I also know that a few fans, especially young boys, are as fresh as the Old Nick himself. Now, on this particular day (the day before this interview), Miss Crawford was enroute home, in an open car, driven by her chauffeur, and following a day of very difficult scenes with Robert Montgomery in their new picture *No More Ladies*. She was in an especially distressed mood. On the way home her car came to a stop at a red light, right alongside an old Ford touring car which was packed full of fresh boys. The boys spotted *la* Crawford, and the fun began. A great shout went up.

One yelled: "Hey, Joan, how much the coat?"

Joan smiled sweetly, and waved.

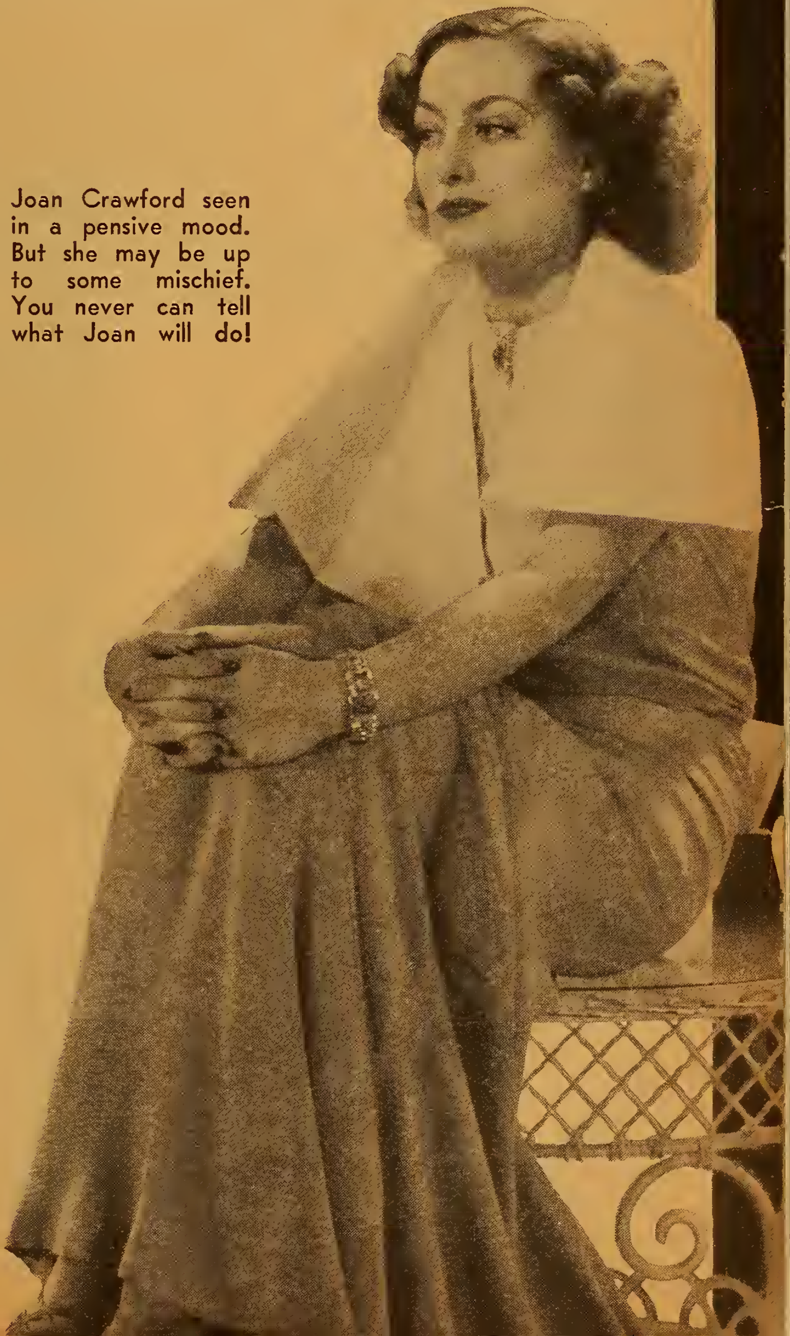
Another shouted: "How much the car?"

Joan tried to smile, but not so sweetly.

Came another voice: "Hey, Babe, you're lookin' sweet. How about chile tonight?"

As I reported, Miss Crawford was in an unhappy mood. So when the sign said "Go," her chauffeur pulled away. But Joan turned around, made a face, stuck out her tongue, and pointed it at the Ford, and its occupants, for a block,—and more.

[*Continued on page* 74]



Joan Crawford seen in a pensive mood. But she may be up to some mischief. You never can tell what Joan will do!

Be Modern or Be a Wallflower
. . says CAROLE LOMBARD

The girl of today, says the ultra-popular Carole, must have a variety of interests and keep up with the times. She must be modern enough to stay ahead of the parade instead of lagging behind—a forgotten wallflower

By
WILLIAM F. FRENCH

WE WERE talking about what it takes to put a girl up where every girl wants to be, when Carole Lombard—fresh, healthy and confident, after her two weeks rest in the mountains—aired her outlook on it all.

"No," she replied, "I don't think luck has much to do with a girl amounting to anything worth while. I think it's more a matter of alertness, of being wide-awake and alive. These days a girl has to be modern or else be a wallflower. The year 1935 hasn't time to stop and pay its respects to the old-fashioned girl who is sitting quietly in the corner. Instead of waiting to be asked, a girl has to get out in front of the parade, where she'll be seen. The time is past when a girl can attract attention being a passive verb, so to speak. She must be active, and in tune with the times. She must be modern.

"Modern girls don't have to get noisy and boisterous and cheap to get into things. They don't have to be *fast* to live fast. A hundred sensible, constructive, progressive interests are open to them. They no longer have to clamp the lid on their energy until it explodes into unhealthy channels. The up-to-date girl has a variety of interests. She rides, she drives, she plays bridge, she reads, she follows the latest plays, she studies, she goes in for sports with a zest.

In homes, as in the movies, a wallflower only picks up crumbs, says Carole Lombard

She doesn't putter. She never does things halfway. She does things with a will, never half-heartedly. Norma Shearer is an excellent example of being modern. There is nothing half-hearted about her, with her determination to progress and her score of interests. Joan Crawford is modern, knowing what she wants and going after it. Katharine Hepburn, with her independence of spirit, is ultra-modern.

"Determination, independence, health, intelligence, zest, alertness and a variety of interests. Mix well, and season with a happy sense of humor, and you have what it takes to be modern. But don't forget that seasoning. It is the thing that makes all the others possible. And you must learn to stick with a thing until you whip it. These days a girl simply must go in for sports, both for health and for popularity. Men expect girls to swim with them, ride with them, play tennis with them and even, perhaps, go fishing or hunting with them.

"I GO IN for athletics and sports as intensively as I do for work. When I took up tennis I had an instructor and, even now, though I'm rather good at it, I still coach. I'm taking up flying because I think it's part of a present-day education, and because I think we will all be flying before long.

"I can't afford not to keep up with new things. And neither can any other girl, whether she is in society or in a bargain basement. She can find time and means to keep in step with the times. She simply *must* learn to dance well, to swim, to play golf and bridge. There are ways to accomplish this, if she has the will. And if she hasn't the will, and isn't willing to pay the price in effort, she will never get the things her heart just aches for and longs for.

"Don't believe, girls, that you don't have to do the things the movie stars do in order to get what you want. You *do* have to. Because life demands the same of you as it does of them. When you hear what a casting office asks of a girl, don't marvel. That office asks: 'Can you swim, can you dance, can you drive, can you play tennis, can you wear a gown attractively, do you know how to walk, can you make yourself interesting?' Your employer and your friends may not be asking you those questions quite so bluntly. But they are finding the answer to them in their own way. And if you fall short you'll get as little notice from them as the unprepared movie applicant gets at the casting office.

"In the past fifteen years, women have gone a long way, and have claimed a lot of privileges, for which all women must pay. The progressive ones have crowded so far ahead that the ones who lag at all, are left behind and forgotten. We, as women, asked to be included in men's sports, interests, activities and even in their political problems. We got our wish. And to live up to it, we must be modern. Perhaps it is unfortunate that all girls must keep up with the pace set by the most successful ones. But I, personally, don't think so. Instead, I think it is forcing them all into broader, happier, more useful lives.

"TODAY, the girl in the Iowa village, or the Pennsylvania hamlet, must keep up-to-date on styles and in manners, because the movies are constantly showing her friends how she ought to act, how she ought to look and what she ought to be able to do. She can't hide from progress, no matter where she goes. The small city judges the girls on its local beach by the same standards as the world judges the stars at Malibu. And it has a right to do so. Don't say that you haven't a chance. Two out of every three stars in Hollywood didn't have a chance either—once. They worked in department stores, restaurants, and even in factories. They were home girls, chorus girls and starving extra girls. But they were modern, and made their 'break'.

"Being modern doesn't mean going in for fads, wearing ultra-modern or spectacular clothes, or doing strange things. The girl of today has too many interests, too much to do, to waste her time that way. She centers on efficiency. She must! But she keeps up with the latest in everything. She reads the newest and best books even if she doesn't like

[*Continued on page* 58]

Bing Crosby was in his private broadcasting station when he gave his advice on bringing up twins

Boy—What You've Got to Learn!

Says Papa Bing to Daddy Dix

BY TOM SHERWIN

"I SINCERELY hope that my old pal—that father of twins, Richard Dix, knows what he has let himself in for, but I doubt it. Anyhow, he has my entire sympathy as well as my congratulations. Because he'll need them! I'm glad, being a veteran, to give a beginner all the advice I can on the raising of twins. Still, even that won't save him a lot of grief!"

We were in Bing's own, private broadcasting station, near the Paramount studio where broadcasting hour would catch Bing within reach—although Paramount plans, next year, to build one near each race-track to make sure. It is a madhouse, if ever you saw one and the Bing seen in the broadcast studio fails to match the Bing whom you imagine as you listen over the radio. He wears an old cap, with the visor in back, a shirt which is a fugitive from a laundry and a pair of old white cords. His tennis slippers would not be too small for Primo Carnera. He jokes with everybody and approaches the mike with the nonchalance of a street-cleaner on a busy street. He doesn't mind an audience, inside, watching him but can't stand people watching him broadcast through windows so those are one-way arrangements, you can look in but he can't see out. Clever, these Chinese!

"The first thing the father of twins should remember," said Bing, "is that the wife and mother is just as much responsible as he is for this phenomenon of nature. This enables him to shift half the blame. For instance, on our chicken-ranch, Dixie has Phillip who is less damp and not nearly so loud-voiced as Dennis who is my share of the responsibility. That fellow Dennis can broadcast so that my Australian fans can hear him without a radio. And he selects the early morning hours. But that's part of the game. He does not understand the 'duck' arrangement as well as Phillip does, either, and that makes it difficult. I'll explain the 'duck' system later.

"However, Dix will have none of that baby-crooner trouble that I have. His twins will probably only give voice to the Cherokee war-whoop. By the way, another thing he should do, is to send to Uncle Sam for pamphlets on the care and feeding of infants, singular or plural. It is so well written that only a mother could have done it. I don't believe Uncle Sam is right every time, but he knows his onions about babies just the same. *Il Duce* pays a bonus for large families but Uncle Sam pays only the postage on his posters. But that's something."

BING took time out to engage in another crooning attack on his millions of avid fans and then came back.

"I hope Dix can tell his twins apart. If he can't, I'll let him in on my own formula. When I get them mixed up, as often happens, I put my finger in Phillip's mouth and if he bites me I know it's Dennis.

"The prime helper for both mothers and fathers of twins, insists Bing, is the 'duck' system. It is like a

A veteran father of twins, Bing Crosby gives Richard Dix, a newcomer, some hints on what to do when they come to him in pairs!

Richard Dix, above, became the father of twins recently. And so, his pal, Bing, hands out some pointers to him

Bing Crosby is seen here with his three boys, Gary Evan and the twins, Phillip and Dennis

kiddie-car with a duck's head carved on it, only it's a kiddie-car with a rumble seat and it is a great help when it comes to getting twins house-broken," Bing continued.

"When company comes and the twins must often be excused, it is necessary for them to know early how to say something which sounds like 'duck.' That is the least embarrassing indication they could make."

One of Bing's brothers interrupted with some business matter, connected with Crosby, Inc., and Bing walked away but he returned soon with another suggestion for Dix. And what a suggestion!

"I hope that 'Rich' won't encourage his twins to become actors. Anything—bricklayers, section hands or steel puddlers—is better. Imagine a revival of *Cimarron* and both of them wanting to be *Yancy Cravats?* I sometimes wake up from a deep sleep to realize I've been dreaming that Phillip and Dennis might introduce the duet into crooning and that would be awful!"

BING, who burned when some wag suggested *Bing-Bing* at the time ten months ago when his twins were born, tried to think up a slogan for Dix, but slogan-thinking is not Crosby's forte. He compromised on hoping some wit would do it for him.

"The strange things about babies, especially twins, amaze me and you see if they don't astonish that guy Dix. A baby will form a habit in three days that it takes three months to break him of. You can't humor him, as you do your wife. You must be the stern disciplinarian or you are sunk before you start. Take putting the twins in bed, for example. Make them know that that means go to sleep or else. In the case of twins, one always wants to play and that keeps the other awake. If nothing else will do, 'Rich,' try chloroform. But start right, chloroform or not. And don't turn down the radio or lower the tone of the voices in the other rooms. That way they get so they sleep right through anything. Am I helping you, Dix, or am I not?" he asked Dix through me.

Bing knows one child seven years old who must have the lights on, full blast, all night in his bedroom and if he has to take castor oil, papa or mamma must take some, too. Bing advises Dix, no matter what a fond papa he wants to be, not to start anything like that. Bing gave more advice, based on his own experience.

"But his real troubles won't start until spinach time in the twins' diet. I got my first experience with Gary, but I had a double fistful with Phillip and Dennis. In fact, I had two revolutions on my hands. I put it over by telling Phillip that he had better eat his because Dennis was taking his and that Dennis would grow up big and strong and could play golf with daddy, but if he, Phillip, did not eat spinach, he would turn out to be a bridge player. Play 'em one against the other, the old spirit of competition. Keep a tight rein on 'em!"

Bing concluded: "Tell that guy that if he gets stuck, to call old nursie Bing, and that I hope the twins don't turn out to be acrobats when they grow up!"

Rathbone as *Murdstone* in screen version of *David Copperfield*

In *Anna Karenina,* Rathbone is cast as Miss Garbo's husband

It's Cheers for BASIL RATHBONE *Now*

Basil Rathbone's performance, as *Copperfield's* stepfather, was a cameo of cruelty, but it made a name for him. And Garbo, recognizing genius, quickly made him her leading man

BY PAULA HARRISON

WHEN I heard that Basil Rathbone was to play *David's* sadistic stepfather in *Copperfield,* I recoiled. Not *that* attractive actor, I protested to myself, not the man who'd played the greatest lover of them all opposite Katherine Cornell. Not *Romeo* as *Murdstone,* I pleaded wildly, if silently, to the powers that be. Say it ain't so, Joe. *Murdstone* is the villainous uncle in *David Copperfield.*

Then I saw the picture and ate dirt—once in apology, once in homage to an inspired piece of casting and acting. Keener eyes than mine had seen clearly what I had missed, —that Rathbone the actor could subdue Rathbone the gallant lover, that his lean, patrician features could be hardened beyond mere strength into flint, that the fire in his eyes could be somber, and that, on the other hand, his dark charm could make credible what—to me, at any rate—had never been credible in the book: poor little *Mrs. Copperfield's* infatuation.

He smiled when I told him of my first reaction. "You and I both," he observed with an engaging blend of American idiom and British precision of speech. Talking to him is like trying to follow a plane that soars over ground you've been accustomed to plod on foot. His eager, inquiring mind leaps instinctively from the spring board of a question into the realm of ideas—and you become stimulated by new vistas and horizons of thought. Being the courteous person he is, he not only defers to your choice of theme, but manages somehow to convey the impression that you're doing him a favor by letting him talk at all. That is a strange phenomenon.

"INTERVIEWS," he assured me comfortingly, "give you a chance to clarify your own ideas. If you have any manners, you don't ordinarily talk about yourself. But an interview allows you that privilege. So, if I abuse it, stop me, will you?" Rathbone was smiling.

"I refused the part of *Murdstone* five times," he told me, "and finally took it as one takes any desperate chance—with my heart quaking and my fingers crossed. Because I'd tried the films before, you know. Or rather, they'd tried me and found me wanting."

That was a thing I couldn't understand. It happened that I'd never seen Rathbone in a picture till I saw *David Copperfield.* But I'd seen him in half a dozen legitimate plays, where he'd dominated his every scene—not only by virtue of his technical skill but [*Continued on page* 73]

The Mad *but Happy* —FENTONS

Ann Dvorak and her husband, Leslie Fenton, reside on a ranch and raise chickens. Does this make them mad?

BY ELISABETH GOLDBECK

ALONG about dusk these days, a countrified looking pair often drop into the general store in the little town of Van Nuys, California,—a man and a girl, both in overalls, hair touseled, a strange look in their eyes. These are the Mad Fentons,—Leslie and Ann (Dvorak). I know they are mad, because Mrs. Fenton says so. And Leslie, when pressed, will verify it. Mad, but happy!

Leslie Fenton was always considered an odd lad. He was known to read the classics, dabble in poetry, and talk a great deal on subjects other than himself,—adventurous, extraordinary subjects. He was conceded as being a remarkably good actor, but showed a strange preference for being a hobo or a stevedore or a starving bicyclist in Europe or the South Sea Isles. Every time his career approached the glorious peak that most young actors pray for, Leslie would board a tramp steamer and Hollywood would see him no more for a year or so—or, perhaps, even longer.

Women never quite knew where they stood with Leslie. Some of our most accomplished sirens were fascinated by him, not only for his intimate and startling tales of life as he had lived it, but for the thrill of knowing he was as likely as not to be on the high seas the next night instead of keeping his date with them. He has side-stepped many a persistent lady by that reliable refuge, the tramp steamer. In short, Leslie Fenton didn't give a fig for women, for money, or for fame. Obviously not quite "all there," according to the Hollywood standard.

WHEN Ann Dvorak married him, everyone regarded it as an act of supreme courage on her part. "How does she dare?" was the general feeling. "How can she possibly get on with that mad husband?" They didn't take into account that Ann herself is a bit mad, too. Or, at least, so she says.

The first time that Ann's madness was publicly acknowledged was when she broke her contract with Warner Brothers and went off to Europe with Leslie for a year, letting her screen career get along as best it might. People began to suspect then that she'd be able to hold her own with Fenton. They were more certain than ever, recently, that she *had*,—and nobly,—when, following the completion of *Sweet Music,* Ann and Les, "without ado over

[*Continued on page* 67]

Ann Dvorak spends many hours planting and hoeing her garden

And here are chickens in the breadline, fed by Ann, herself

ALL for the SAKE

Have you a freak talent? Can you imitate a cry or call of baby, bird, or beast? If so, Hollywood can use you!

BY GORDON CROWLEY

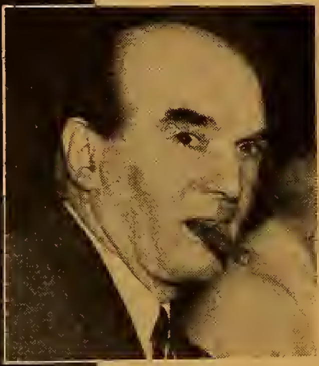
CAN you imitate the mating call of a mongoose, or wiggle your ears, or throw knives at living targets? Or are you a perfect double for Lincoln, Hitler or Lloyd George? If you can do anything which no one else can do, Hollywood can find work for you. It is a strange city where strange people find themselves doing stranger, and still stranger, stunts, all for the sake of the movies. There are hundreds of men and women whose special talents, or shall we say, freak talents, make an occasional place for them in pictures. The unfortunate part of it is, that the various studios call only occasionally for their particular talents. And, more unfortunate still, is the fact that, if a man can once find a studio which needs a rubber face, one which can be contorted like that of a rubber doll, he will forsake all other forms of remunerative activity and merely wait for another studio call—even though he and his family starve in the meantime while he isn't working.

Perhaps the strangest of the strange jobs is that of Bob Perry, proprietor of the famous *Perry's Brass Rail.* Although he is a soft-spoken man, he is a big, fighting Irishman. His side-line specialty is that of imitating crying babies, off-screen. Another of these freak talents is the property of *One Shot* Stoney who, for the sum of $25.00 will guarantee to throw any vegetable from a radish to a pumpkin, with unerring aim at any object or person. *One Shot* never misses and thus the appellative. He has worked in pictures for many years and has performed many amazing feats of accuracy as a vegetable tosser under trying circumstances.

ANOTHER strange profession is that of John Beckman. An old glass-blower, he can blow glass into any required form for pictures and without moulds. Once in a while a glass horse or other animal or some freak shape in glass is required and the studio sends for John. There is also in Hollywood, available when studio requirements demand him, a rubber man. He can, apparently, without effort, either increase or decrease his normal height by as much as six or eight inches. A more technical and far more interesting calling is that of a chap named Harry Redmond. It is his business to handle all forms of explosives for the movies. When war pictures were in vogue, he and a large force of men were kept busy, planting bombs on location battlefields and setting them off so that they would not harm the extras, employed as soldiers. He is the man responsible for the fine battle work in *All Quiet on the Western Front* and scores of other war pictures.

Another chap, whose name cannot be mentioned at the moment, is a man who is so expert with a machine gun that when—for some reason—it is necessary to use real ammunition and not the customary blanks, he is always called. His accuracy with this lethal weapon is so uncanny that one or two demonstrations will convince even the most nervous star that he can do what is required without injury. Steve Clemente, a Yaqui Indian who was a scout for Villa, is the champion knife-thrower of the movies. His accuracy is equally uncanny with a big knife or

Did you know that food has to be colored to look natural to the camera? Above is Jules Molnar who has the knack of doing the coloring. He finds plenty to do!



Bob Perry, above, a big, fighting Irishman can mimic crying babies

When they want to create war pictures in Hollywood, they ask for Harry Redmond, bomb expert

# of the MOVIES

a heavy miner's pick. He has thrown these weapons close to the body of almost every star in pictures, at one time or other, without ever causing an injury.

OF COURSE, there are scores of circus freaks, too—fat men and fat women, sword-swallowers, fire-eaters and animal trainers who are often called. But they have no place in this story. There is one man with a very unusual ability, who has devised suits by the wearing of which he can give excellent imitations of various reptiles. His name is Penny Parker and he gets a great deal of work. He can go before the camera in his alligator, crocodile, prehistoric lizard or giant frog suit. And make you believe that you are seeing the real thing! Another strange profession is that of Willie Peterson-Fagerstam, who came to Hollywood in the early silent days and has since built a reputation and a profitable business by imitating the famous jewels of the world in cheap materials. He has copied, at one time or another, every famous crown jewel on earth and his work is so realistic that he is in constant demand at studios.

A knife or miner's pick, it's all the same to Steve Clemente, above, ace knife-thrower of the movies, who was once a scout for the late Pancho Villa

Willie Peterson-Fagerstam, above, finds work making imitations of crown jewels

Rennie Renfro's dog, Buster, who has been taught all the tricks

There is an ingenious chap who owns a large bull-snake which he makes up as a king cobra with all of the skill of another Lon Chaney. The trick is done with paints which mark the harmless bull-snake's body in the skin pattern of the deadly king cobra. The trick that simulates the cobra's hood is the best of all. The snake has been trained to take an oblong block of wood into its mouth and to hold it in such a position as to imitate the cobra's inflated hood. This trained snake has doubled for many a venomous reptile that you have shuddered to see on the screen. Another firm makes a good profit by accumulating and renting to studios, obsolete and antique cars, carriages, buggies and other vehicles. The old Hispano-Suisa which belonged to Valentino was once a part of their stock and they also acquired the car in which the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria—whose assassination brought on the World War—was killed. Many other historical cars and vehicles are in their extensive collection of old and obsolete relics.

There is a firm, not quite so prosperous as in the days when war pictures were popular, which maintains a great storehouse in which sufficient war equipment for an army is kept. There you can rent anything from a Civil War canteen to an Austrian World War [*Continued on page* 59]

No Wedding Bells *for* LORETTA YOUNG?

. . She'll think twice before leaving the family fireside again!

BY KATHARINE HARTLEY

TODAY, Loretta Young looks at you with those steady blue-gray eyes, and—her lips unsmiling—she says: "I have no thought for the future except to live in peace and security. That is enough."

Only the other day Loretta had completed the beautiful swimming pool in her garden. There is also a new wing on her house, where she lives with her mother and three sisters. Her brother is at college. A few weeks ago it was announced in the papers that Loretta had put $200,000 into a trust fund as a reserve for the future. She is one of the few young stars in Hollywood who has never had a business manager, and who has always supervised her own expenditures and investments.

I mention these facts because they bear evidence that Loretta handles her own affairs. She has no plans for the future, except to carry on with her family. That extra wing on Loretta's house was not planned as an apartment for herself and a possible husband. One of the rooms is to be for her brother, John, whenever he is at home, while the other is for her little sister, Georgiana, who is now ten years old and rates a room of her own. It certainly looks as though Loretta were willingly establishing herself behind a barricade

Once, however, she did leave this happy family background. That was when she married Grant Withers. She left with high hopes, but soon came back. Then she fell in love again. No young girl of Loretta's temperament can go, dolefully, through life because of previous disillusionment. She fell in love a number of times, but she always managed [*Continued on page* 62]

Can you imagine the time when Ginger Rogers couldn't dance? But that was so! She only dreamed of dancing with Astaire. And her dream came true!

How GINGER ROGERS *Made Good*

BY FRANK EASTON

WANT to get in on some low-down? Stick around. Ginger Rogers, the "baby-talk-personality-girl" of the Balaban and Katz Circuit around Chicago, has achieved her heart's desire! Her hopes and dreams have been realized; dreams that she has cherished since she was a child—dreams that she would some day have the heavenly thrill of dancing with the greatest dancer of them all—Fred Astaire!

Back in Chicago in 1927 and 1928, Ginger Rogers was Paul Ash's "Personality Girl" at the Oriental Theatre, packing the customers in for five shows daily with her "boo-poo-ba-doop" and her "itsie-witsie" baby talk. Ginger's part of the parade was about five minutes of cute talk, followed by a cute song, and anything but a cute dance. The routine was all right, except for the dancing. That was terrible! The public didn't mind, of course, because she was clever; they loved her. But the one thing Ginger could not do well was the one thing she wanted to do best—to dance.

Since she had been a little child she had been dance mad, dance crazy. So, naturally, her ideal was Fred Astaire. He was a top-notcher on the stage at the time; Ginger was an unknown girl in vaudeville; therefore she worshiped him from afar, with awe and veneration,—like the glow-worm might worship a searchlight.

She was always talking about him; raving about some new step he had introduced or worrying about some indisposition that had prevented him from appearing at a certain performance. Nothing that he did, either in public or in private, escaped Ginger —that is, if it appeared in print. She knew all about his movements from week to week: what he was doing, how he did it; the hit he had made in some new show and how he had met the Prince of Wales in London; the [*Continued on page 72*]

An Open Letter to MAE WEST

from J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

Western Editor of MOTION PICTURE

DEAR FRIEND MAE:

Unlike Will Rogers, I know a lot of things I didn't see in the papers. One of them is that Horace Greeley was right when he said, so many years ago: "Go West, young man, go West!"

I've followed your career for a long time, Mae. I've had many a good laugh when they predicted that after *She Done Him Wrong,* you were through. I've been at the ringside on the previews of every picture you have made and I've thumbed my nose at the critics who said each would "under box-office" your first. You see I KNEW, even before your arrival how you would WOW them out here. I wrote the very first story about you to appear in a movie magazine and I'd hate to tell you, Mae, how many stories I've written about you since—you'd no doubt faint, if I did tell you.

Then I've been to the fights with you and do you recall the night we went to see *The Drunkard* and then had the chauffeur drive up and down the Boulevard while you and Mrs. Chrisman looked at the hats in the windows? You also had me up to your white apartment for the interview I did on *How Love Will End The Depression* and not many writers have been THERE! Then we are both *Kentucky Colonels,* too, and you were kind enough to let me share a small tidbit of your own fame, by posing with me holding my colonel's commission. You never touch likker or I'd make you a real, Kentucky mint julep. I've heard many people knock you in many ways, Mae, but I've always stood up for a pal. I've pooh-poohed this marriage thing, for your real friends believe you. Anyway, who cares? It is your own private business.

But of all the snappy lines you have put on the screen, Mae, my favorite is the one in *Belle Of The Nineties* when Miljan showed you the "old master" painting and your comeback was: "It looks like an old mistress to me!" Only a Mae West could put a line like that over!

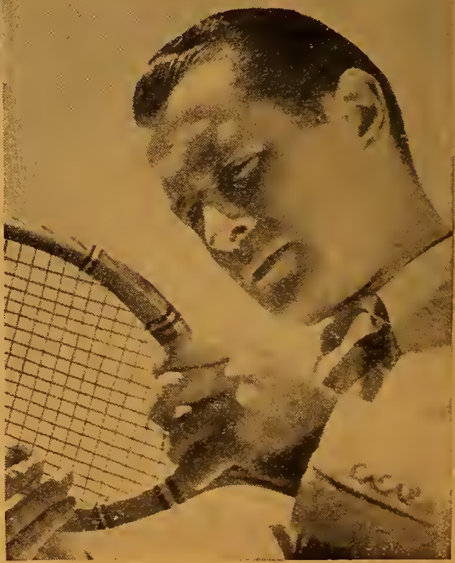
But one thing, as well as I know you, I wish you would tell me. Why is it when you go to the prize fights, you never make the slightest demonstration? You never show a moment of excitement, even when one boy almost knocks another into your lap? Why is it?

I would like to have some of the Brain Trust get out statistics showing how much you and your screen characterizations have done to keep the depression as little disastrous as it has been. I'd like to know how many hungry families you've fed and how many down-and-out pals of other days you have given a new start, but I'm not asking you. That's your affair and no one else's. I do know of many of them, but

[*Continued on page* 79]

ROBERT MONTGOMERY *answers*

MR. CHRISMAN'S JULY LETTER



DEAR GENE:

Thank you so much for getting around to me in your series of open letters. I have enjoyed them along with the rest of Hollywood as I believe them to be sincere as well as representing the pulse of the fans. First, I want to say that as far as I am concerned, there is no such thing as Hollywood ingratitude. It is like any other place in the world, one can give to it and take things from it. Hollywood has given me much and I am grateful for all of it. It is silly to say that—

"—Hollywood takes everything out of you and gives you nothing in return." That statement is attributed to me.

I couldn't have said that for I have never felt it. It gives you what you earn (of course there is such a thing as a break, but it doesn't continue for six years) and you take from it, exactly in proportion to what you have to give. Hollywood is filled with individuals who get and give what they will. I certainly cannot complain about what Hollywood has given me and I sincerely hope I have reciprocated.

[*Continued on page* 79]

A CAR-HOPPER *Looks at the* STARS

When the stars tire of butlers and butling, where do they go? Right down to the Drive-In Sandwich Stand to make those car-hoppers hop with hot dogs or hamburgers!

BY JAN MURRILL

Here Wally Hardy, car-hopper hops to serve a customer, Eric Rhodes, film player

YOU don't know what a car-hopper is? Well, she's a girl in a Drive-In Sandwich Stand, who when you drive up in your car, hops out to take your order, hops back and tells the cook, and, in a minute, hops forth again with your hamburger and beer on a tray which fits firmly to the door of your car. And you don't know what a Drive-In Stand is? It's a round open air café, built on a corner lot, surrounded by stretches of gravel, where automobiles can be driven right up to the kitchen and where you can get anything from a hot dog to a chicken dinner brought to your car.

And who, in Hollywood, keeps the car-hoppers hopping? The stars who, now and then, get tired of their butlers and candlelit dinners, and go out to eat *hamburgers!* And if you haven't seen Delores Del Rio eat a hot dog, oozing with onions, pickles and mustard, or Charles Farrell, greasy to the ears with fried chicken, you haven't seen a *thing!* Read on and learn!

Of the hundreds of Drive-In Stands in Hollywood, one of the most famous is on the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Vine Street. A few steps away is the Brown Derby, with the Russian Eagle close by. Across the street, Al Levy's Tavern serves its famous luncheons and dinners. Just a block north is Hollywood Boulevard, and Sardi's. A few minutes' drive east, and you pass the old Warner Brothers Studios—now the KFWB broadcasting station. Situated as it is in the center of Hollywood, it is no wonder that film stars drop in frequently at Sardi's for a quick sandwich or a cup of coffee. And it is no wonder that there, the car-hoppers get to know them. Hear what one has to say.

One of the most famous car-hoppers in town is Wally Hardy, young, good-looking, and extremely popular with the world's film heroes and heroines. She has interesting tales to tell of the stars she has waited on, what they eat, how they look, and how they act off the screen. One of the first stars she met was Jean Harlow.

"I HADN'T been a car-hopper long," she told me, "and so far I hadn't met anyone important. So you can imagine how thrilled I was when she drove up. She came in a big, white coupé and I recognized her instantly. She wore a white sports outfit, and I thought she was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. Her hair—well, there isn't anything like it in the world. She ordered a small glass of orange juice, and when I brought it I was so shy I couldn't say anything. I didn't want her to think that I wanted to speak to her just because she was Harlow, so I fastened the tray and stalked away. She must have thought me awfully rude. When I returned to get the tray, she insisted that I take a tip. A big one, too. Forty cents. Harlow's not stingy.

"She looks much more petite off the screen than on. When she doesn't have those long satins on, she looks like a little girl, and when she smiles—well, you just want to give her a big doll and a dozen lollipops. There isn't a flashy thing about her. She's simple, she's sincere, and she's well-bred. And those [*Continued on page* 80]

Concluding— In Person

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

Here's the triumphant close to the exciting Samuel Hopkins Adams romance—and it's rumored that William Powell will play the lead when the picture is produced by RKO! Will it win the 1936 Academy award?

Illustration by EDWARD COUSE

"I'M GOING with you!" The girl screamed.

Emory Muir, who had just completed plans to hide away in a mountain retreat due to a political plot against him, turned to look at the ugly girl who had confronted him. "I know all your plans," she said to him, "and you might as well take me along."

Unknown to Emory, this strange girl is Caris Corliss, famous screen star, who is in disguise because she has developed a dangerous nervous disorder after being severely mobbed following a personal appearance. Emory feels safe in taking her along since she is so homely. After reaching the hidden retreat, he discovers who she really is, but refuses to admit it to her. A neighbor from over the mountain, Old Man Twing, becomes involved in the happenings at the cabin, and feels that he must make the situation legal by forcing Emory to marry Caris, and brings along his friend, Elder Lunk, to enforce this. They find there also Sanderson Smalley, a political enemy, who has threatened to tell the world what he has found in the retreat, and they think that he is the man Caris should marry. Now go on to the exciting conclusion of the story:

IN DUE time Mr. Sanderson Smalley got out of his high-powered car to open the gate. Neatly they held him up, hog-tied him with cord, and deposited him in the first vacant cabin, which chanced to be Emory's habitat. Their next call was at Caris' quarters. She was gloomily packing her clothes.

"Mawnin', ma'am," they said.

"Oh. Good morning, Mr. Twing."

"Make you acquainted with my friend, Eldeh Calvehton Lunk, ma'am." Mopping his brow with his sleeve, Old Man Twing delivered the good news. "We done got him foh you, ma'am."

"Got who?" she looked surprised.

"Your young man. We cotch him outside on the road," said Twing significantly.

Caris' mind flew to Emory. These two armed and serious old birds had evidently captured him. But why?

"What *for?*" She was quizzical.

"We-all decided he's got to make your name good," declared Old Man Twing resolutely, not batting an eye. "Or it'll be the wuss for him." Bump! went the butt of Elder Lunk's shotgun upon the floor.

CARIS had heard of shotgun weddings. Here was one in plain sight. She repressed a desire for wild laughter at the thought of Emory Muir trussed up in his own cabin under constraint of marriage. She would relieve him of that situation quickly enough. But she would have a little fun with him first. What was this that the grizzled old Lunk creature was saying?"

"When the morrils of our community is threatened, ma'am, I am obleeged as an officeh of the law to say that our standahds must and shall be presehved."

"Yes, of course. You'd have to," returned Caris absently. So *that* was what they had in mind.

"As Justice of the Peace of this district I am commissioned to pehfawm the weddin' ceremony."

"But—but suppose he doesn't want to marry me?"

"Eldeh Lunk an' me has conside'd that from all sides, ma'am," put in Old Man Twing. "He's gotta."

Caris' brain was working rapidly. Grand as the joke on Emory (the grouch!) promised to be, it could be carried too far. "I think I'd better see him," she said. As she walked swiftly up the row of cottages, Caris' spirits rose, and with them that dangerous attribute, her sense of humor. Tiptoeing to the window, she chirped out: "Peek-a-boo," and then listened.

AN UNEXPECTED and pessimistic voice responded, "Peek-a-boo, yourself."

"I'd forgotten all about you." Caris was startled.

"Yes, you had!" came back Mr. Smalley with profound cynicism, then asked, "What's their price?"

"Whose price?" quavered Caris, groping helplessly.

"The gang's. I know when I'm snatched, all right. It ain't the first time I've been threatened," he added importantly, "but I've always been too cagey for 'em, till they rung in a skirt like you. What's the pay-off?"

"It looks as if you've got to marry me," said Emory to the lovely Caris as they faced the parson

ENLIGHTENMENT had come to her by now. Smalley believed himself the victim of a kidnapping plot. Well, why disabuse him? It fitted in neatly enough with a scheme which she had just devised. "You're right, Sandy. But I'm not with them. I'm for you. And I'll prove it by turning you loose right now if you'll promise me one thing: Never, on your word of honor, will you say a word to anybody about my ever having been here, or your ever having seen me or Emory Muir, so help you God." Before she could finish he was babbling oaths and promises. With a safety razor blade, she freed him and he fled without a farewell. Only the roar of his speeding car brought to her mind the sudden and blank realization that she now had no way of getting back to Lynchburg. Except Emory.

The echoes of Sanderson Smalley's departure brought the two mountaineers up at a run. They surveyed his severed bonds with stupefaction.

“How come he git loose?” they said together.

“I cut the ropes.” They were stupified indeed.

“Whateveh did you do us that way foh, ma’am?”

“He was the wrong man,” she explained calmly.

“How come, Ethan?” Elder Lunk’s face was severe as he turned to his partner. “You told me it was him.”

“*She* told *me* he was the fellah, Calvehton.”

“No; it is—” began Caris and bit the denial in two. An idea of considerable merit had popped into her mind. Emory should be brought back to her, captive and in chains. He should drive her, meekly and thankfully, back to Lynchburg, not upon her petition but of his own motion and as the price of liberty. “He’s gone,” she said forlornly, referring to Emory, not Smalley.

Unless plans are changed William Powell will play the rôle of *Emory Muir* when *In Person* is produced by RKO. And it’s certain that Ginger Rogers will portray *Caris Corliss*

“Where’s he went to?” asked Old Man Twing.

“Fishing on the East Fork.” Happily she remembered.

“Want us to get him back to you, ma’am?”

“Dead or alive,” said Caris between viciously set teeth.

MEANWHILE, Emory was sitting in a patch of shade, where the trailers found him. Old Man Twing punctiliously introduced Elder Lunk, a ceremony received without enthusiasm by the other party to it.

“The lady wants you.” Twing spoke in a matter-of-fact tone.

“Well, I’m not coming.” Emory was emphatic.

“Reckon you be, Mistah,” Twing added firmly.

Two muzzles, converging upon his abdominal center, gave force to the opinion. “My error,” admitted Emory. “I *am* coming.”

Arriving at Bluewater in his car, they entered the premises in single file, Emory in the middle. Caris was busy about the shack. Emory spoke to her. “Your friends said that I was wanted. I don’t know why,” he said slowly.

To his unbounded astonishment, she lowered maidenly eyes and murmured, “I’m sure you ought to.” The two mountaineers nodded in solemn sympathy.

“If it’s a party,” he pursued, “where’s the intellectual prodigy you invited to lunch?”

“He didn’t prefeh to marry her,” explained Old Man Twing in a puzzled tone.

“She didn’t prefeh to marry him—when it came to it,” corrected Elder Lunk.

“Will somebody kindly explain to me what this is all about?” demanded Emory in bewildered exasperation.

Elder Lunk fixed him with an austere eye. “In these mount’in’s, suh, the faih name of womanhood is respected beyond puhls an’ rubies, as the Good Book says.”

“What of it?” Emory was nonplussed.

“SHORT and straight,” said Old Man Twing, “we want to know whetheh you are aimin’ to make this lady’s name good.” Twing wasted no words.

“Leave this lady’s name out of it,” snapped Emory. “I don’t know what you’re talking about, and I don’t believe you do.” He glanced at Caris, hopeful of a clue, but was appalled to observe that whatever devil was at the moment in possession of her spirit, it had inspired her to register convincingly the appealing helplessness of betrayed and deserted womanhood.

“Are you goin’ to make this lady’s name good? Yes or no?” said Old Man Twing.

“No,” roared Emory. “I never heard such nonsense in my life. Now what are you going to do? Shoot me in cold blood?” He was defiant.

“Shootin’ in cold blood wouldn’t do no moh’n your desarvin’s,” growled Old Man Twing. “What do you want we should do with him, ma’am?”

UP TO this point Caris had greatly enjoyed in her vengeful soul the predicament of her ex-partner. Now, she began to perceive with some concern, the situation was in danger of getting out of hand. “Nothing,” she said. “He isn’t worth it,” she added harshly.

“But we brung him back heah so’s you could marry him,” protested the Elder.

“I never said anything about marrying him,” she hastily disclaimed. “Why should I want to marry *him?*”

The two oldsters stared at each other in rather piteous incomprehension. “We certainly understood theh was why a-plenty.” Strange girl, this Caris.

“Well, it is not!” declared Caris, turning red. Emory’s eye on her was getting quizzical. “I wouldn’t marry him if he was the last man in the world.”

The proponents of the honorable estate of matrimony were stricken with consternation. “She don’t aim to marry him no moh, Calvehton,” said Old Man Twing, resignedly.

“Anyway,” pronounced the Elder, “the morrils of this community has gotta be preserved.” Of that, he was sure.

“Go ahead and preserve ’em, then,” said Caris crossly. “Though I don’t just see how you’re going about it.”

“By unitin’ you-all in the bonds of wedlock.” The Elder was firm.

“But I don’t want to marry him, I tell you. I—I don’t like him.” Caris was adamant too.

“And I’m not going to marry her,” put in Emory, reddening, and feeling strangely troubled.

THE Elder flapped his hand. “Silence in the co’ht. You’d oughta thought of that befoah,” he said addressing Caris, then including Emory, he said, “We heard her say a-plenty. First-off it was the otheh fellah, and then it wasn’t the otheh fellah. And then it was you, and now it ain’t you. We ain’t got the otheh fellah an’ we have got you, an’ the morrils of this community bein’ at stake, it dee-volves upon me to pree-serve ’em. Now ma’am will you take this—”

“No; I won’t,” Caris interrupted.

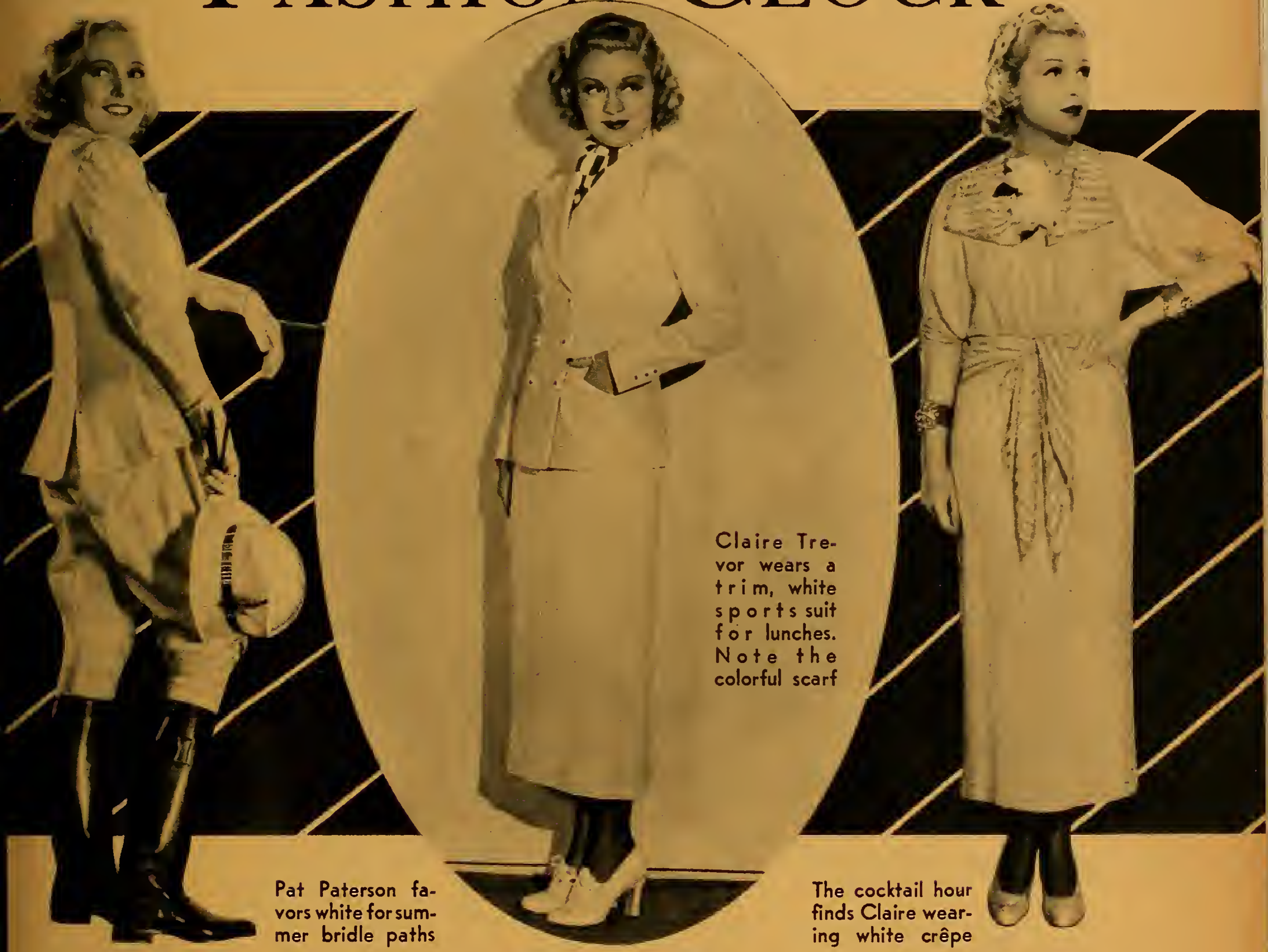
“Young man, will you take this lady—” Elder Lunk began, only to be interrupted.

“You’re wasting your breath.” Emory sulked.

“A stiff-necked generation,” said Elder Lunk. “I reckon we all betteh go into confeer-ence.”

HE and Twing walked slowly outside and whispered together for some moments. On their return the Elder delivered their decision. [*Continued on page* 64]

ROUND *the* MID-SUMMER FASHION CLOCK



Pat Paterson favors white for summer bridle paths

Claire Trevor wears a trim, white sports suit for lunches. Note the colorful scarf

The cocktail hour finds Claire wearing white crêpe

The correct summer costume for every hour is illustrated by this exclusive fashion group from the newest Fox pictures

By DOROTHY MANNERS

NO TWO ways about it . . . summer demands a more extensive wardrobe than any other season. You can bluff fall with a smart tailored suit and a couple of clever dinner dresses and one really good coat will get you nicely through the winter months. On the other hand, spring is a hangover season, anyway, with borrowings from the winter before and the summer ahead. But the sporty-beach-tennis-golfing-tea-dancing days of July and August are another story!

Any girl would feel "blue," whether secretary on vacation, or the most popular débutante in town, who cannot go smartly and appropriately to her summer engagements in her spring clothes.

It is lucky, indeed, that the season of *more* clothes should also find them most *reasonable* in price! With the shops well stocked with bargain linens and cottons so fashionable every season . . . with hat and glove counters excitingly stacked with real bargains in sport and dress wear, there is no reason why even the most limited pocketbook should feel the strain of mid-summer smartness!

This idea was never more clearly brought home than the other day when I was making the rounds of the sets at the Fox studios for fashion tips. Oddly enough, Fox must be in a perfect avalanche of summery stories for quite the cleverest models I saw on Pat Paterson, Dixie Lee, Ketti Gallian, Claire Trevor and Mae Clarke were simple, adaptable costumes . . . just the correct thing for your summer play and dress hours—just the right attire for whatever function you attend.

LET'S go around the mid-summer fashion clock on the Fox lot: first, what could be smarter for that early morning canter on bridle trails than the riding habit created by Helen Myron for Pat Paterson to wear in *Charlie Chan in Egypt?* The white doe-skin coat, with its wide-tailored lapels, moon-shaped pockets and slashed back-panels, is lined with white, red and black pinstripe silk . . . the same material as the yoked blouse with action-pleated sleeves front and back and novelty white-and-red fastening. The breeches are also white, in an imported whipcord, topped by a white suede belt. A white mannish straw hat, banded in roman-striped grosgrain, an ebony crop, matching the black calf boots, are added features completing a bridle costume as beguiling as it is practical for light A.M. wear.

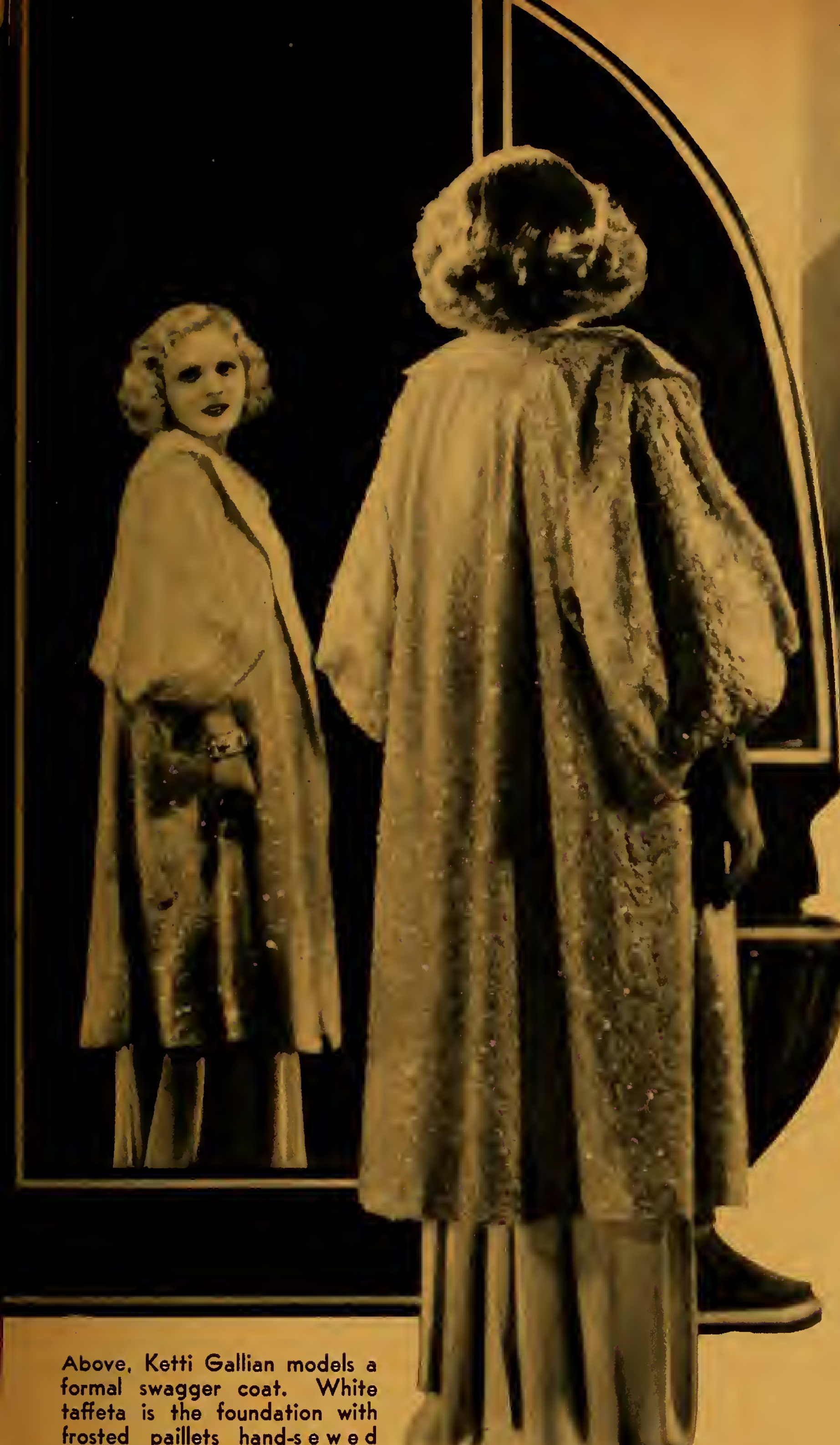
On the *Dante's Inferno* set we found Claire Trevor wearing the perfect costume for *that* luncheon date at the Beach Club. The double-breasted jacket has a yoked and belted back with two inverted pleats for action and decorative purposes. It is fastened with red-taped white catalan buttons, and a red-and-white checkerboard scarf adds a delightfully giddy touch to a perfect ensemble for the sportswear luncheon date.

Ketti Gallian, below, is attired in a formal gown of black chiffon velvet with long, sweeping train

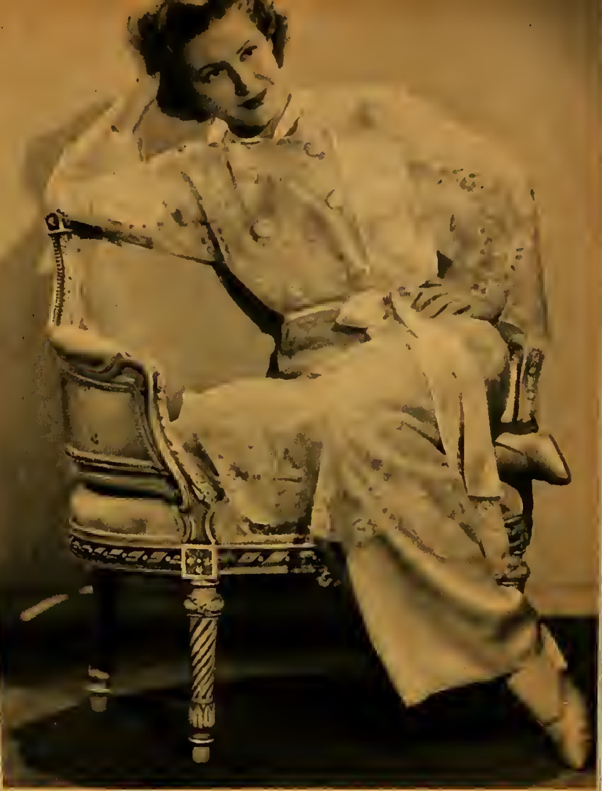
Above, Dixie Lee appears in a formal gown made of an ice-blue Celeste satin

Dancing frock of hyacinth yellow chiffon with yellow sequins shown here by Dixie Lee

OF COURSE, if you want to be a little bit dressier for that one o'clock bridge luncheon and make all the girls turn green with envy just step over on the *Redheads on Parade* set and see what William Lambert, Fox's new designer, has created for Dixie Lee. So startling is the collar treatment on this model that Mr. Lambert has titled it "Dixie's Arrow Dress." It takes its name from the decorative



Above, Ketti Gallian models a formal swagger coat. White taffeta is the foundation with frosted paillets hand-sewed over whole surface of fabric



This flesh-pink lace negligée of Russian type is worn by Mae Clarke, above. Satin is the material used for the sash

arrow in white patent leather which centers the front of the blouse and which holds the jabot of white Chantilly lace in place. The lace also adds interest to the sleeves at the cuff. The fabric of the frock is bronze brown silk crepe which blends effectively with Dixie's brand new copper-redhair. The little Breton-sailor type hat of brown Milan straw, trimmed with white grosgrain ribbon sits jauntily on her head. Brown suède pumps, with hose to match, a brown suède handbag and white kid gloves complete this ensemble that goes so excitingly with the more formal noon events.

Four o'clock on a summer afternoon . . . tea on the porch . . . Claire Trevor illustrates a fascinating "gypsy frock" created by Royer for *Dante's Inferno* . . . and your own tea hour. Here is a novelty fashion extraordinarily wearable. It manages to be gay and conservative at the same time. Of white crêpe, it boasts a wide back-pointed gypsy sash in silver-striped coral, deep-set sleeves which are slit and tied together above the elbow with striped crêpe and a collar which doubles upward, and ties at the nape of the neck. With this Claire wears wide silver mesh bracelets (the gypsy influence again, charmingly repeated) and white gardenias at the throat. Altogether, a sensational summer frock that can be worn equally well by the blonde or the brunette.

Or do you prefer cocktails in the drawing room . . . five o'clock . . . and Mae Clarke's version of the hostess pajamas she wears in a scene from *The Daring Young Man?* Nothing less than flesh-pink lace, fashions the Russian-type negligée over pink-satin pajamas worn so fetchingly by the girl who is making such a splendid screen come-back after almost a year of illness. Satin covers the buttons of the double-breasted closing and is used for the sash. Pink satin mules are worn with this charming hostess garment created by René Hubert . . . "the negligée pajama."

NOW that the day is over on our fashion-clock, let's turn to those exciting hours of the summer evening . . . waltz time . . . romance time . . . moonlight time and go party-ing with Dixie Lee and Ketti Gallian.

Lucky indeed is the girl in her 'teens who can wear the type of frock so charmingly illustrated here for those early dance hours between nine and [*Continued on page* 68]

The TALK *of*

Madge Evans looks nice and nautical in her new beach pajamas. They're silk knit

HAVE you a little starlet in your home. Samuel Goldwyn wants a little girl about six, and two little boys about eight, for his picture, *The Dark Angel.* But Sam doesn't want MUCH—listen! The little girl must look like Merle Oberon as a child, and must talk with a British accent. One of the boys must be a juvenile edition of Fredric March and the other of Herbert Marshall, and both speaking with a British accent. The three stars, Miss Oberon, March and Marshall have submitted childhood photographs in the interests of casting accuracy.

PITY poor Stu Erwin. He's always a stooge for some star. For a long time he has been playing stooge for Clark Gable and now that Jack Benny comes along and makes a picture for Metro, Stu stooges for him. The lad from Squaw Valley must get tired of being the Man Friday for everyone on the lot, especially when he's one of the best comedians in the business. Why not give him a break now and then?

RKO, after testing almost every woman in pictures for the rôle of the world's most beautiful woman in Sir Rider Haggard's *She,* which they are putting on the screen, have selected Helen Gahagan. According to the story, *She* was ageless and, to renew her youth, bathed each year in the immortal flame of Life which did the trick very nicely?

PRODUCTION was held up on a major studio film because one of the cast had contracted the mumps. Speaking of it, the director referred to the man as having the mumps. But the studio physician corrected him.

"He has them only on one side so, therefore, we refer to him not as having mumps but as having mump." Have you a little measle in your home, somewhere?

Pick your pal! Here are nine girls from the chorus of the RKO musical comedy, *Hooray for Love,* as they appear in the number entitled, *Palsy Walsy.* Ann Sothern sings

HOLLYWOOD

Who's Who in Hollywood and who is doing what? Here are all the latest, inside answers!

CLARK GABLE stated on the set of *China Seas*, a few days ago, that on May 1st, 1940, he firmly intends to turn in the key to his dressing room and leave pictures forever. "Even if I am still in demand at that time, I shall quit," says Clark. Actors have said that before but Clark has been fed up with the picture business for some time, according to his own statements and everyone believes HE MEANS IT! SERIOUSLY!

SOME time ago, five highly valued paintings vanished mysteriously from the walls of Elissa Landi's home. One night, recently, the Landi family heard an automobile drive up, far past midnight, and rushed down stairs. To their amazement, they found the five paintings hung in their original spots on the wall. Now *YOU* figure that one out!

POLLY MORAN, who has been rolling 'em in the aisles all through the East with her personal appearance in various theatres and night clubs, is seriously considering a tour of England where they think Polly is the marmalade (English equivalent of "the nerts"). Her husband, Martin Malone, is back in Hollywood supervising the final touches on their newly-launched 40-foot cabin cruiser and may or may not accompany Polly to England.

METRO is preparing a new *Tarzan* feature, despite the fact that Edgar Rice Burroughs has been making an independent on his own with another star. Johnny Weissmuller, who will never live it down, goes into the new *Tarzan* feature, but without Maureen O'Sullivan who has become too valuable to Metro to put into leopard skins again.

GARY COOPER has put the men of the picture colony on a wartime basis by the organization of the Hollywood Hussars. This is a cavalry regiment, under the command of Colonel Arthur Guy Empey, a veteran of the Canadian contingent in the World War. Now comes George Brent, who has recently become a pilot, and who is organizing an Escadrille of combat and pursuit pilots who will be able to give an account of themselves if war ever comes, and Uncle Sam has planes for them to fly. George has arranged so that

—Scotty Welbourne

No gentleman, this dog, as it tries to push Ann Dvorak, in trim satin creation, off the springboard into her own pool

—*Rhodes*

"Take it away!" says Henry Willson, holding the tray over the shoulders of his hostess, Paula Stone, at this beach party at the Del Mar Club. Left to right, the party includes Patricia Ellis, Phyllis Fraser, Bob Hoover, Ann Shirley, Anita Louise, the late Junior Durkin, Paula Stone, Henry Willson, Grace Durkin, and Gertrude Durkin. And—do they take it away!

any man eligible can learn to fly at a cost far below that of the average flying field instruction and many of Hollywood's young men are waiting for details with eagerness.

EDWINA BOOTH left Hollywood recently for a seven thousand mile race against death from the mysterious African disease which she says was a result of her expedition into the jungles with the film, *Trader Horn.* Wracked with pain from which American physicians have been unable to give her any relief, this trip to English specialists in jungle diseases, is a last despairing dash against the curse of dark Africa. Miss Booth has been ill since her return from Africa in 1929. She only weighed 48 pounds when they carried her aboard the steamer.

UNABLE to withstand the high pressure salesmanship of Will Rogers, that Old Kentucky humorist, Cunnel Irvin S. Cobb, who has recently been referring to himself as a *finished actor,* has agreed to play a rôle in Rogers' forthcoming picture, *Steamboat 'Round the Bend.*

WHEN the script called for Garbo to dance the mazurka for her film, *Anna*

[*Continued on page* 69]

Twiddle your toes, then dive! That's Dick Powell's system! As seen here, he is preparing to leap through the porthole as he approaches Venice in Warner's *Broadway Gondolier*

—*Rhodes*

Merrily they walk along, these famous youngsters. Left to right, they are Freddie Bartholomew, Mickey Rooney, Cora Sue Collins, and Jackie Cooper. But where is Shirley?

GARY COOPER—*Still Ridin' to Town!*

Riding high, and sitting securely in the saddle of success, traveling a well-paved road, Gary is still as unassuming as when he rode fences on a wild cow pony!

By JIM TULLY

HE NOW ranks with Clark Gable as the most popular actor on the screen. His rôle in *The Lives Of A Bengal Lancer* brought him the critical attention of America. It added much to his fame.

He learned to ride horses when he was literally a baby. When he was five years old he was galloping over the ranch alone. At nine he was extending his riding expeditions over many miles and, on at least one occasion, he did not return home from an afternoon jaunt until close to midnight. Through his early contact with western cattle men and close association with frontier characters and Indian trappers, Cooper learned to scorn artificiality and horses have played an important part in his life. He attained his first screen renown as a cowboy. Other types of rôles brought him to stardom, but it was as a knight of the saddle that he scored his greatest triumph in *The Lives Of A Bengal Lancer,* cast as a soldier in India.

The love for the out-of-doors that has made Cooper the "strong, silent man" of the screen is a heritage from a long line of ancestors. His grandfather, John Cooper, of Bedfordshire, England, was a gentleman farmer who raised blooded cattle and thoroughbred horses on his three hundred acre estate. For many generations Gary's ancestors have been stock men, and his father carried on the hereditary activities of his family in a new setting, coming to America and settling in the then untamed western region, Montana. There he established a big cattle ranch, dividing his time between ranching and the practice of law.

It was on this Montana ranch that Gary spent his boyhood. It was there that he learned [*Continued on page* 70]

Sylvia Sidney tells the up-to-date girl to take a last look into her own mirror before she leaves for the evening. Her "future" may be just outside

In My Mirror

As told by SYLVIA SIDNEY to KAY OSBORN

Who Gives You Her Rules for Health and Beauty

Sylvia's beauty routine includes a careful scrutiny of make-up

HEALTH and beauty are synonymous in my mind. I remember when I first came to Hollywood, studio officials glared at my plump figure. If I didn't lose some of the plumpness there would be no picture career for that little stage actress. Sylvia Sidney. Panic-stricken, I began to diet . . . strenuously . . . but nothing happened except that I grew weaker every day. I could not understand since I didn't lose much weight. After a few weeks I fled to New York. My doctor took one look at me and said that I needed an operation on my throat, but in my weakened condition I would have to wait until I had regained the strength that my dieting had destroyed. It was the dieting, as a matter of fact, which was partly responsible for my throat ailment. Whenever one's resistance is worn down by undernourishment the most sensitive and delicate part of the body is open to attack. My throat has always been my "sore spot."

Sylvia keeps her lingerie fragrant by coating her bureau drawer with perfumed lacquer

But I still could not understand why I had not thinned out, under this strenuous dieting. My doctor explained that it was not I who had thinned out, but my blood. I would have to eat—and eat properly—to get thin. He gave me a special diet, designed for my own requirements, and I came back to Hollywood and began to eat again. One of the things my diet called for, strangely enough, was lots of chocolate because of its high sugar content. I had avoided all sugar in my first attempt at starvation.

All this, I know, sounds very technical and uninteresting. But since I have become slender, many of my fans have written me asking how I keep that way. And anyone who has a weight problem to face should realize that it is a serious and important problem. Too many people are under the impression that, in dieting, they must give up all starches and fats, and eat plenty of everything else. Yet your health, and therefore, your beauty, may just happen to require a certain amount of carbohydrates for its well-being. That is why I suggest that none should ever diet without first seeing a doctor and having a careful analysis.

I am still sticking to my diet in spite of the fact I never have to get up from the table hungry. I can eat four or five times a day now and remain slender. It's all in being told what to eat. And let a doctor, not yourself, do the telling.

But to go from the serious to the delightfully sublime, here's something that I'm sure every woman with a nose for fragrance will find interesting. Personally, I'm a perfume maniac. I like it not only on me, but also on my clothes and around me. I have just discovered the most modern way of scenting my lingerie, as it lies in my dresser drawer. It is *perfumed lacquer* for coating the inside of your bureau drawer! This lacquer comes in several fragrances, but heliotrope is my favorite. It gives my clothes a faint, cling- [*Continued on page* 78]

The Picture

This month you will see new leading man, Charles Warner Baxter, Shirley

Warner Baxter fascinates Ketti Gallian in the film, *Under the Pampas Moon*

Under the Pampas Moon —AAAA—Here is a fine musical romance with a plot based entirely upon the fact that a horse is stolen and its owner, in his search for it, falls in love. With this slender story thread, Buddy De Sylva, Warner Baxter, Veloz and Yolanda, produce a picture which will please any audience from Snakebite, Arkansas, to Times Square. And the action moves rapidly.

Baxter is the hero, playing a part somewhat like those he enacted in *Old Arizona* and *Cisco Kid*. His performance proves his right to be called one of the great romantic bets of the screen.

Soledad Jiminez, as a strident old witch, will make the kiddies roll in the aisles with her droll humor, while John Miljan and Jack LaRue are exquisite as villians. Ketti Gallian, as the girl, is simply grand and this performance will advance her far on the feminine star lists. And Warner Baxter sings.

A grand rumba, unexcelled photography and direction make this film a sure-fire entertainment hit. (Fox.)

Here Shirley Temple goes to the circus with Joel McCrea in *Our Little Girl*

Our Little Girl —AAAA—This is a good picture only because it is a Shirley Temple film. Fox, it seems, fears that the day draws near when little Shirley will go the way of Baby LeRoy by growing too old to be called a child star.

Shirley is the small daughter of a young doctor and his wife. Through her childish wiles, she manages to keep her father and mother together when the doctor's work threatens the happiness of the home. Rosemary Ames and Joel McCrea are the parents, while Lyle Talbot is a modest but predatory neighbor whose hobby is horseback riding and who is willing enough to carry away the doctor's wife until Shirley's winsome ways stir his conscience. Erin O'Brien-Moore is excellent as the doctor's girl assistant who is hopelessly in love with him and realizes it.

A Scottie dog and the fine work of J. Farrell MacDonald help Shirley make this a worth-while piece of entertainment and the millions who worship at Shirley's throne will not be disappointed. Shirley is still as fascinating as ever. (Fox)

In the musical film, *Hooray for Love*, Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern embrace

Hooray for Love—AAA—Here is a film that makes no attempt at being an "extravaganza" and by this very modesty brings its many bright spots into cheerful relief. The cast is especially well balanced, each member contributing his best with little chance to dominate a picture which offers such a variety of talent, in such a variety of parts.

Ann Sothern, a cabaret singer, is the crush of the college boys, the most persistent of whom is Gene Raymond. Ann's father, a garrulous and fraudulent actor of the old school (admirably played by Thurston Hall), induces Raymond to sell his ancestral home and invest the money in a show in which Ann is to appear. The show closes twice before it ever opens. But there is the usual happy denouement with the show a smash hit and the cast fading out in a glow of success and happiness.

Ann's singing was never better and the hit song, *I'm in Love All Over Again* will long outlive the picture. Gene Raymond sings, too. And manages to be forgiven.

There are plenty of laughs and tuneful songs throughout. And the show is sure to please. (RKO)

(Other current and recent

Parade

Katharine Hepburn with her Boyer. Also featured are Temple and Dolores Del Rio

Public Hero No. 1—AAAA—This is the second film, describing the work of the G-Men, to reach the public. And it is a sure-fire hit. However, aside from the fact that this is a story dealing with the work of federal agents, there is enough drama, romance, comedy, and excitement to interest every movie-goer. To the extent that this picture deals with actual headlined events, it is based on the comparatively recent San Quentin jail break, the depredations of the so-called Purple Gang, and the trailing and killing of Dillinger.

Four characters are of major importance in this film. They are: Lionel Barrymore as the renegade surgeon; Chester Morris, a G-Man; Joseph Calleia, the chief mobster; and Jean Arthur, as sister of the gang leader. Romance is knit into the entire story and Paul Kelly, Lewis Stone, Paul Hurst and Sam Baker are excellent in their parts. Jean Arthur portrays her rôle skillfully.

There isn't a dull moment throughout this picture, and the most exacting audience will find little fault with it. (M-G-M)

Lionel Barrymore and Chester Morris see Jean Arthur in *Public Hero No. 1*

Break of Hearts—AAAA—While it is not the best effort of the charming if erratic Hepburn, this will not disappoint audiences, especially not with the new and romantic Charles Boyer as Hepburn's husband. The picture leaves those who see it not actually dissatisfied, but somehow unsatisfied. However, there are unquestionably great moments of drama between these two fine performers.

Boyer is a great musical conductor and Hepburn, a lowly waif who believes she has talent as a composer. They meet through the intervention of Jean Hersholt, an aging musical director. Boyer, a lady killer, falls in love for the first time but, after an ecstatic honeymoon abroad, he and Hepburn return to New York where Hepburn believes that her husband is deceiving her. John Beal, better than ever before on the screen, furnishes the rivalry for Boyer—but with a distinct mixture of pathos and humor.

Well-written, well-directed and well-acted, this one will click with everybody. (RKO)

Above, in *Break of Hearts,* Katharine Hepburn talks coldly to Charles Boyer

In Caliente—AAA—Although the outstanding feature of this film is its hit songs and musical numbers, there is also included sparkling comedy, delightful romance and stirring drama. Most of the scenes in this picture were made at Agua Caliente Casino, and against that as a background, Busby Berkeley arranged many fascinating dance numbers, featuring a new bevy of beautiful girls. The leading songs in the film are *The Lady in Red, Mexicano,* and *In Caliente.*

The story concerns the effort at revenge made by Dolores Del Rio, an exotic Spanish dancer, against Pat O'Brien, a magazine editor. Dolores leads Pat into a wild love affair with the sole intention of throwing him down at a critical moment. However, Dolores actually falls in love with him instead. And thus many unforeseen situations occur. In the cast of supporting players are a number of able and well-known screen personalities. These are Glenda Farrell, Edward Everett Horton and Leo Carillo.

Several interesting and novel evolutions are featured in the spectacular dance numbers. And the settings and costumes are both elaborate and lavish. (Warner Bros.)

Dolores Del Rio, Leo Carillo and Pat O'Brien in a scene from *In Caliente*

films are reviewed on page 12)

Come to my HOLLYWOOD PARTY!

A cordial invitation from glamorous Raquel Torres to be a guest in her Beverly Hills home when you come to Hollywood on the *Movieland Tour!!*

BY RAQUEL TORRES

WHEN the editor of Motion Picture Magazine told me of the exciting plans that had been made to gather a group of people and make a vacation trip by train to Hollywood, I said: "Let's have a party for them!"

"Well, and why not?" he replied. "So long, Raquel, as you do not serve that fiery tequila from your Old Mexico!" Of course, I will not do that!

Even so, we shall have our party, no? When you have seen the studios and you wish to rest and relax, we shall have our house ready and you are all to come.

My husband (he is that grand Stephen Ames) already is making plans. We have decided that since you will be here in August, it will be wonderful to sit out beside the pool and be served. Stephen is going to have the big amusement room ready, and I am planning to invite many of my good Hollywood friends to meet you when you arrive.

We shall have a grand time! Last week we baked a cake and fried some chicken, and all the staff of the western offices of this magazine came out to swim. You mustn't forget to bring suits—there are locker rooms for men and women at one end of the pool, and the water is nice and comfortably warm for bathing.

Jack LaRue and Nancy Carroll came over, then Monte Blue and Paul Cavanaugh, who is Mae West's leading man in her new picture, and Binnie Barnes and Virginia Pine dropped in (I think George Raft was busy that afternoon) and before we knew it there were dozens more at our house.

That's what is so nice about Hollywood parties. Everything is informal. You come in slacks or frilly frocks, yes, even in bathing trunks! This is such a hospitable town—it is quite like our old hacienda down in Mexico. Southern California used to belong to Spain, you know, and this land still is Spanish.

WHEN I first came to Hollywood to go into pictures, I was thrilled by everything, just as you will be. I wish I were going to make my first trip through a studio again with you—there's no thrill quite like that first glimpse behind the gates. And,

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Playing "Carlo" at Raquel Torres' house are, left to right, Mary Carlisle, Nancy Carroll, Paul Cavanaugh, Binnie Barnes and Jack La Rue

At this beach-tennis party of Raquel Torres' are, from left to right, Virginia Pine, Jack La Rue, Renee Torres, Mona Rico and Nancy Carroll

The Mystery of Glenda Farrell's Missing Necklace

[*Continued from page* 17]

talk about Uncle Sam's business."

"Oh, please," Frances' eyes grew large. "That sounds frightfully exciting. Do tell me—is he an actor?"

Federal detective Bill Ryan laughed, but threw a scowl at his pal, Pat O'Brien. "You've put me in a tough spot, Pat. I never like to disappoint a lady." He hesitated, looked into her eager, upturned face. His eyes resumed their twinkling. "Oh, well, you look like a girl who can be trusted. I don't think it'll do any harm to tell you this much. We're not sure whether he's acting or not. All we know is—he's in Hollywood and he looks like Bill Powell."

"Bill Powell!" Frances and Joel exclaimed together as their eyes locked in a quick glance of understanding. "But Bradley Page is always being mistaken for Bill Powell!" Frances was getting more and more excited. "And he's going to be there tonight. Glenda told me he was coming!"

"Oh, really?" The detective's voice was casual, as he spoke.

"Listen, you didn't have to tell Mr. Ryan that, Mrs. McCrea," Joel winked at Pat. "I wouldn't be surprised if that's the reason we're going to be honored with Mr. Ryan's company. I'm glad I don't look like Bill Powell tonight. Well, here we are."

THE other guests had arrived. As the four passed through the doorway and into the warmly lit reception hall of Glenda Farrell's new home, the detective whispered to the McCreas, "Let's forget about my job. Okay?"

When they had slipped out of their coats in the dressing room, Glenda greeted them in the softly lighted *Louis XV* drawing room. She was dressed in sheerest black chiffon, her fair skin and blond hair in exquisite contrast to the soft lace yolk which fell like wisps of gossamer about her neck and shoulders.

"Aren't you beautiful tonight, Glenda!" Frances spoke impulsively. "Oh, what a darling pendant. Wouldn't *I* love it!"

"You and everyone else," said Mary Brian, as she came up to greet the arrivals. "I wish it were mine!"

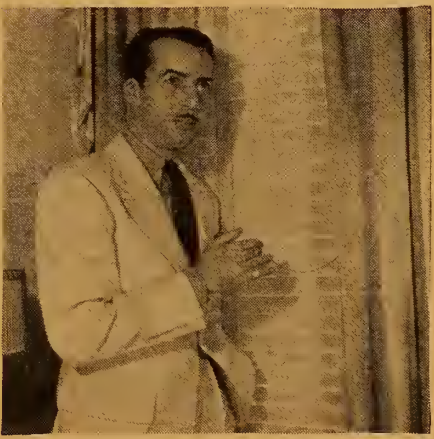
Joan Blondell's easy laughter interrupted them. "Woman's fatal weakness!" she exclaimed. "A necklace has caused the downfall of many a proud damsel. Look what happened to Madame LaValliere in those good old days when a king was a king, and women were glad of it!"

"Yezzum, Joan," remarked John Mack Brown as he joined the group. "Where would men be if women didn't go for jewelry—A sparkler makes them say yes, a gold ring, tha—at's got 'em—and a necklace—you don't have to ask, 'How'm I doin' '—you *know*."

Everyone laughed. Everyone usually does in Hollywood when John Mack slips into the use of his irresistible southern drawl.

"You know, I'm funny about this pendant." Glenda lifted the odd piece on the delicate, tiny-linked chain from which it was suspended. "I'd hate to try to sell it for fifty dollars—and still—don't laugh—I wouldn't take fifty thousand for it! Really. It's my good luck charm," she added.

DESPITE the lightness of her tone, a certain eerie undercurrent drew her guests into a circle about her. The pendant, about one and three quarter inches long by one inch wide, was in the shape of a heart, with intricate loopings of engraved gold dipping down to the center where a raised setting held the bluest and most perfectly rounded stone of turquoise. A gold mesh tassel hung from the very point of the heart, each fragile thread ending in a minute golden ball. To further prove its claim to a romantic past, the entire back opened to disclose a glass-covered casing for a tiny picture and a lock of golden hair.



"I have it!" Bradley Page shouted. "It's hanging here—on the blind!"

"Well, it *is* odd," Ralph Bellamy interposed. "Is it a turquoise?" As she nodded, he added, "I've never seen one that shade before." Examining it more closely, he asked, "Has it a history, Glenda? Or don't you tell it?"

Glenda hesitated. "I don't mind. A few of you know it. You know I was just a little girl when I joined my first repertory company. We were traveling through the middle west and points east in an *Uncle Tom's Cabin* presentation. I was playing *Little Eva*, when one day an old wrinkled lady came up to the stage door, asked for me, and from her shaky little hands handed me this pendant. She told me that she had been one of the original *Little Evas* of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, that the pendant had always brought her luck, and now she wanted me to have it—to keep it always—and that it would bring good luck to me as long as I wore it. And somehow I think it has. I lost it once." Glenda shuddered. "I can't tell you all the terrible things that happened. Then I found it—several months later. And luck seemed to break for me again immediately.

She clasped her hand tightly around the pendant. "But come on! This is a party! I have a fortune teller in the other room. Johnny Mack, how's about a dance? Jimmy Gleason's got some new stories he's aching to tell. And Bradley Page is rarin' to go on a new game. Says it's more fun than *Murder*. Johnny Mack, what say? Get goin', suh!" Glenda was gay again.

THE party was typical of formal-in-formal evenings in Hollywood. Before Johnny had finished the first routine of that special Alabam' dance of his—swaying, tapping, sliding, hither and thither, stopping its ever increasing speed every few seconds to chant, 'How am I doin', girls'; 'how am I doin'?', everyone was up and doing it with him.

Joan Blondell slipped her arm through Mary Brian's and drew her to Glenda's dressing room. "Mary, have you ever heard about Glenda's pendant before?"

"Who hasn't!" Mary smiled. "She never does anything, goes anywhere, or makes a decision without it. She carries it in a little chamois case in her bag when she isn't wearing it. Why, it's almost a—a—"

"A complex with her," Joan picked up Mary's sentence. "I don't like it. You know how I *adore* Glenda. She's the best pal I've ever had. That's why I don't like to see her put so much faith in a little piece of jewelry. An idea like that grows on you. Why, one day when we were riding to location, we lost a wheel from the car and almost lost our lives. She blamed it on the fact that she forgot her pendant! I wish she'd lose it and forget about it. I don't see that it's such a good luck charm. It seems more like a *worry* to me than anything else.

Mary laughed. "Oh, Joan. You're worrying as much as Glenda. More! Anyhow, if she should lose it, here's hoping I find it. Who couldn't stand a little extra luck?" Mary paused, "Why don't you persuade her to give it to *me!* Then you could stop worrying." There was a pause. The girls looked at each other. "Something should be done about it," Joan said.

Mary shrugged, "And maybe something will!" She was emphatic.

THE party was well on its way! Ralph Bellamy just out of the fortune telling booth, in the living room corner, was beaming, "Well, folks—here's one person who won't need any good luck piece if all I've just heard comes true!"

"Believe in your pendants, believe in your fortune tellers—I make my own luck, pal." Bradley Page had jumped up on a straight chair and was telling-

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The Mystery of Glenda Farrell's Missing Necklace

[*Continued from page* 55]

"You know, I'm funny about this pendant," said Glenda Farrell, lifting the odd piece on the tiny-linked chain from which it was suspended

ing the guests to form a circle. "Yowsuh lade-e-s and gentle-men—gather around—assemble, assemble, ye' all—and we will now engage in the most breath-taking, stupendous, colossal form of present day entertainment, none other than the brain child of that sterling actor, one Bradley Page—gangster par excellence, that cruel, vicious destroyer of homes, et cetera, et cetera —believe it or not, he's kind to his mother—and now, for that super game of all time—'Gangster'."

Everyone was babbling excitedly. Page had managed, through his barker's spiel to harness the enthusiasm of the group into some kind of spirit of cooperation. Ralph Bellamy aided Page in leading the new game in which they took the hostess "for a ride." Two occasional chairs were lined up for the "closed car with curtains drawn." A linen napkin was tied about Glenda's mouth for "the gag," after she was seated in "the car." Suddenly there was a resounding explosion as someone "popped" an air-filled paper bag. Glenda slumped and tumbled, "dead" from the car. She remained perfectly still on the floor, her "act" suddenly so realistic that Ralph Bellamy ran for a glass of water. He was half way to the door when he stumbled and fell. The room had been plunged into absolute darkness.

SILENCE which comes from a surprise which numbs—followed by the excitement of nerves returning to action! Tense laughter. Forced giggles. A wise-crack from Jimmy Gleason. "H-m-m, fishie went over dam—long time now!" And then "Turn on the lights!" It was Joan Blondell's voice which finally pierced the bedlam. "I don't think I like this game so much after all." Someone was stumbling over furniture, "Hold on everybody," it was Joan again, "I'll get those lights on. Ah, light—let there be light—"

There was sudden illumination. Everyone was blinking his eyes, looking around, and breathing normally again. "Well, one of us is certainly in a playful mood this evening," Joan said, returning from the light switch by the door leading to the hall. "Someone wanted you to feel dead in earnest, Glenda." Pat O'Brien was helping Glenda to her feet as he talked.

"I *felt* dead for a moment," Glenda laughed, her hand to her hair, brushing the ends, so seldom out of their dainty ringlets, back into place. She was straightening her dress when her hand reached her bosom. It paused, then clutched excitedly. Her face whitened slowly, and her eyes stared.

"My pendant! My good luck piece! It's gone! The lights—I remember now. I felt someone bending over me—"

"Just a moment, Miss Farrell." Bill Ryan stepped forward. "Are you sure you had it when the lights went out?"

"Why, of course. Naturally. I've been wearing it all evening."

Ryan smiled slightly. "Perhaps it came loose, Miss Farrell, and you didn't happen to notice."

"If Glenda says she had it, she had it, Mr. Ryan," Joan's voice snapped.

Ryan smiled again. "But our memories often trick us, Miss Blondell. I suggest we search the room. If it fell off unnoticed it is here."

"Of course, it must be here. I must have lost it. How silly of me to be so upset. It's probably just as you say—it fell off unnoticed. The chain's so thin the least jerk would break it. I'm very sorry to be so excited. But it is the only thing about which I'm superstitious, you see. I wonder—" She smiled brightly. "Let's play one more game before we go down to supper. Let's play, 'Find the necklace'!"

THEY searched thoroughly. Vases were overturned; pictures lifted from their pegs; cigarettes dumped from their boxes upon the tables. Even the rug was turned over. Everyone was beginning to look the least bit worried when Bradley Page strolled across the room to open a window to air the room which was stifling more from suppressed excitement than smoke. "I have it!" he shouted. "It's hanging here—on the blind!"

Everyone dashed toward him as he lifted the slim chain from the iron lift on the steel window frame.

"But that's just the chain!" Glenda continued slowly, ominously. "Where is the pendant?"

"Why that's right!" Bradley looked down uncertainly. "I never noticed. I just saw this and thought I'd found—"

"That was natural, Page." Bill Ryan lifted it from Page's trembling fingers and looked at it closely. He turned to Glenda. "Your chain has been clipped. Cut right in two. Nothing could do this but a very sharp instrument. In fact, it looks as though clippers had been used." He looked around slowly, piercingly at the startled faces. "I'm afraid this tells the story, Miss Farrell. There seems little doubt. Your pendant has been taken and—and—" he hesitated again this time to look questioningly at Miss Farrell.

"And one of us took it!" Joan Blondell's pert voice interjected. "No use trying to mince words. That is, unless there's some crazy, supernatural explanation. Perhaps the little old *Eva* lady came back in spirit to claim it. Well, I hope she did. You'll get along all right without it, Glenda!"

"Oh, no!" Glenda's cry was instinctive. "I must have it back. I must find it. Someone is teasing me. Please don't—please give it back to me.

"I'm sorry." Tears slowly filled Glenda's eyes, as she spoke. "So sorry. But I must have my necklace."

Joan laughed a little loudly. "Well, what are you going to do? Call the police? And make a nice story for the morning papers? I don't think Hollywood's three hundred reporters will believe that *ghosts* took Glenda's necklace. Not with so many live suspects present!" she added.

What happened to Glenda Farrell's pendant? How did it disappear? For what reason? Begin to plan your answers now. All the characters have been introduced. In the next issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE the game proceeds apace. Can you explain the reason for the disappearance of the necklace and identify the person who starts everyone guessing?

An exact copy of Glenda Farrell's lucky pendant will be given as first prize. Other prizes will be announced and illustrated in the next installment of MOTION PICTURE. Ask your newsdealer to save your copy now.

"YOU'RE EASY ON THE EYES, JEANIE— I COULD LOOK AT YOU FOR LIFE"

Romance comes to the girl who guards against COSMETIC SKIN

SMOOTH, LOVELY SKIN wins romance—and *keeps* it. So how foolish it is to let unattractive Cosmetic Skin destroy the loveliness that should be yours!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

It is when cosmetics are not properly *removed* that they choke the pores—cause the ugly pore enlargement, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps—that are signs of Cosmetic Skin.

Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather goes *deep* into the pores, gently removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Use all the cosmetics you wish! But to protect your skin—keep it lovely—use Lux Toilet Soap ALWAYS before you go to bed at night and before you renew your make-up during the day. 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap!

USE ROUGE AND POWDER? YES, OF COURSE! BUT THANKS TO LUX TOILET SOAP I'M NOT A BIT AFRAID OF COSMETIC SKIN

JOAN BENNETT

"DOUBLE-QUICK REDUCTION During the SUMMERTIME"

REDUCE YOUR WAIST and HIPS 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE ...or it will cost you nothing!

"I REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES," ...writes Miss Healy..."I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches"...writes Miss Brian... "Massages like magic"...writes Miss Carroll ..."The fat seems to have melted away"... says Mrs. McSorley.

■ So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle and Uplift Brassiere that we want you to try them for 10 days at our expense!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

■ Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as its gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement . . . stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny...try them for 10 days...at no cost!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 78, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name____________________

Address____________________

City________________State________

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

Be Modern or Be a Wallflower

[*Continued from page 29*]

them and doesn't agree with them. If I had a dollar for everything I've read that I don't like or don't agree with, I'd have enough money to buy a race horse. And get some change back!

"YOU aren't wearing clothes five years out of fashion, are you girls? Then why struggle along with habits and viewpoints ten years out of date? You can't get ahead by staying behind, And don't think those boys in your home town don't know what a modern girl looks like and how she acts. If they ever go to the movies they do. Your boss may look a little seedy himself. But don't imagine he hasn't been watching the modern girls on the screen, and checking you against them. He has, and if you think you can fall away below the standards set by the little shop girl or stenographer in the picture and still stand ace high in his opinion, you are sadly mistaken.

"Speaking of wallflowers, don't imagine that girls become wall-flowers because they are not beautiful. It's because they are out of everything, standing up against the wall somewhere forgotten. They are even in the shows. There we used to call them 'back-drop props.' They were put up against the backdrops because they lacked personality, because they didn't stand out. There are wallflowers in the colleges and high schools, in offices and bargain basements, and in politics and society. Only you seldom notice them. They don't count. You'll also find them in the movies and in homes, picking up the crumbs that the modern girls drop."

Carole talked easily—a slight gesture or a shrug of the shoulders emphasizing her points. She has been climbing the ladder of success and fame, two steps at a time, the past year. Particularly, since she played in *Twentieth Century* with John Barrymore, who taught her to forget herself and to put her every thought into the thing she was doing. Now she seems so much surer of herself than she did a year ago. If ever a woman has found herself, that woman is Carole Lombard.

"CAN *any* girl be modern?" she continued, in answer to our question. "Certainly, she can. And she does not have to undergo any radical changes in being so. In fact, the average girl is only a little short of being modern now. But that little is just enough to keep her from stepping out ahead of the crowd—just enough to keep her from doing something really worth while. The first step toward becoming really up-to-date is to be yourself. And, strange as it may seem, the best way to be yourself is to forget yourself. Forget yourself and just act naturally. You have a personality, a natural personality, if you'll only give it a chance. And, as in the office, the home, the movies, so in the office, the home, or anywhere else, that personality will outshine mere beauty every time, if you will only let it. If a girl is really true to herself, she will reflect her own personality—and in doing so—she will do the things that come naturally to her. And one of those things is to fight back if anyone imposes on her. The girl of today is not afraid to stand up for her rights, and to fight back. She is not afraid even to shock old-fashioned folk, if she must shock them to let them understand she is living her own life. And, in so doing, is broadening out. And also, if she is being truly herself, she will have a sense of humor, and an appreciation of others. She will have a temper, too, when a temper is in order. She will not become cantankerous or furious, but she will have temper enough to put a real cutting edge on her determination to be modern.

"SHE will have an open mind, and will not fear to ask questions. An hour a day spent in doing intelligent reading and an hour, two or three times a week, at athletics, will do wonders to brighten her both mentally and physically. She will give considerable thought to her clothes and her personal appearance, realizing that the qualities of cleanliness, good health and brightness are the greatest assets a girl can have. She will develop her native sense of humor, both for her own good and for the good of those who associate with her. She will keep repeating to herself, a hundred times a day, 'I must know what is going on, I must keep up with the times, I must be interesting.' She will keep always alert and honestly try to understand all that is going on in her world. She will refuse to admit limitations, taking example from the thousand and one girls who have proved that any obstacle can be overcome. She will remember that the modern girl must not allow any weakness. Inferiority complexes exist. You see them everywhere. The girl of today regards them as the disease that they are, and treats them accordingly. she doesn't pamper them. She rolls up her sleeves and fights them for her own salvation. I imagine inferiority complexes—shyness, timidity and lack of self-confidence—have ruined as many girls' chances in life as has plain laziness. So the up-to-date girl recognizes phobias and laziness as the twin enemies of her future—enemies that she must learn to conquer if she is going to succeed.

"Also, she has enough interests to overcome her conceit and ego. For, the more things we try, the more we discover there is room for improvement. But the more we try, fortunately, the more we depend upon ourselves, and the more willing we are to try again."

"And what are some of the other things a modern girl will realize?" I asked her finally.

"She'll realize that she has work to do," grinned Carole, rising to her feet, "And she won't spend any more time telling other girls what to do. Instead she'll be doing something herself!"

All for the Sake of the Movies

[*Continued from page* 35]

howitzer or other field piece.

A white man, who operates a shop in Los Angeles' Chinatown, is always sought when the studios require Chinese talent. He keeps a list of all the Chinese. Also he acts as technical adviser in Chinese films. Oscar, the Paramount bootblack, acts in the same capacity for the Negroes of Central Avenue and can furnish colored talent for anything from a Harlem Easter parade to a native scene in darkest Africa. There are several people in Hollywood who can put on ape or monkey suits and fool the public with considerable success. The foremost of these is Charles Gemorra, the man who appeared as the amorous gorilla in *Ingagi.*

A CERTAIN company in Hollywood can duplicate, from a vast file, a blank check from any bank on earth, a baggage label from any spot known to man. Any historic document can be made in facsimile by them at a moment's notice. They can also furnish stamps from every country, no matter how obscure. Studios, themselves, sometimes employ strange freak talent directly. There is, for instance, the man who spins the spider webs on nearly every lot. It is done with an air machine. Nevertheless it requires unusual talent to reproduce the filmy webs so that they will appear authentic on the screen.

There is Rennie Renfro who keeps a large kennel of trained dogs of nearly all common breeds. There is Le Roy Baker at Metro who is the squeak detective. It is his duty, when a squeak interferes with the "mike," to hunt it down and eliminate it. There is the shine killer who goes around with a solution which he applies to shiny objects which cause disastrous reflections in the camera eye. There is also the cloud chaser at Paramount who goes up in his plane, when locations of certain kinds are to be shot, and searches out good cloud effects for the camera.

Sets are notorious hiding places for the dreaded black widow spider of California and nearly every studio employs an expert spider killer. This is especially true when old sets are allowed to stand for years before being used again. There is the "spider" woman who makes life-like reproductions of all spiders known to science. There is H. B. Crouch who can make diamonds that fool the camera, out of broken beer bottles. There is Jules Molnar, a Hungarian aristocrat, who has the knack of so coloring food that it looks natural to the camera. He finds plenty to do. There is Dorothy Hughes, employed in the casting department at Universal, who can imitate almost any sound you can mention—this without instruments. She often does a wide variety of sounds for Universal serials and so naturally that they cannot be detected by the most

[*Continued on page* 63]

It's time for Pabst-

When in Milwaukee, visit the famous Pabst Breweries. See the laboratories and scientific control that assure and maintain Pabst Blue Ribbon quality.

When he gets home—from golf, or the baseball game—or work—give him a real Blue Ribbon welcome.

Serve the most refreshing hot weather beverages—good Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer or Ale. There's nothing better as a thirst-quencher—nothing better to smooth away the cares of the day. Serve Pabst Blue Ribbon with his meals—it will make his favorite dish taste better.

The dealer who displays the Pabst Blue Ribbon sign will be pleased to keep your refrigerator stocked with Pabst—the brew guaranteed by a more than ninety-year reputation. Phone him now—for a case of safe, cool, refreshing Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer or Ale.

Pabst Blue Ribbon

Beer and Ale

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WHAT A DIFFERENCE!

what a truly amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids do make

Do you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow scraggly brows and pale, scanty lashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature, your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids!

Simply darken your lashes into long-appearing, luxuriant fringe with the famous Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, and see how the eyes instantly appear larger and more expressive. It is absolutely harmless, non-smarting, and tear-proof, and keeps the lashes soft and silky. Black for brunettes, Brown for blondes.

Now a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids, and notice how the eyes immediately take on brilliance and color, adding depth and beauty to the expression. There are five exquisite shades of this pure, creamy shadow: Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet, and Green.

Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking, easy-to-use Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. A perfect pencil that you will adore. It comes in Black or Brown.

To stimulate the natural growth of your lashes, apply the pure, nourishing Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream before retiring.

The name Maybelline is your assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in purse sizes are now within the reach of every girl and woman at all leading 10c stores. Try them today and see what an amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in *your* appearance.

BLACK BROWN AND BLUE

BLACK AND BROWN

BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN

COLORLESS

BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

All Maybelline Preparations bear the seal of approval

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

When the time comes for making jams and jellies, "Jiffy Seal" is of great assistance to the careful housewife in sealing glass bottles

Hollywood Home Hints

SINCE there are so many women, nowadays, who use protective cushioning under their rugs, the idea of doing so can hardly be called new. However, there is still a good deal of uncertainty as to what is the best material to choose in selecting cushions.

It has been found, over a period of years, that the best protective material to place under rugs is hair, unmixed with any other substance. An interesting test was made recently which further established this fact. Under a rug were placed two cushions, side by side. On this rug was placed a chair in such a position that two of its legs would stand on one cushion, and the other two, on the other. Then a weight of a hundred fifty pounds was placed on the chair. After twenty-four hours, the chair was removed. In the case of one cushion, made altogether of hair and called Ozite, the rug over it appeared as smooth the minute the chair was lifted as it had before the chair had been placed there. In the case of the other cushion which was made of jute, there was unmistakably a slight hollow where the two chair legs had stood on the rug.

And so, because of this test and many others, there can be no hesitancy in advising the use of all-hair cushions, such as the Ozite one mentioned above.

• For the housewife who is thinking about jam and jelly-making days, there is a new invention on the market. It is called "Jiffy Seal", and consists of a transparent cellulose disc, five inches in diameter. It looks like very thick Cellophane. When Jiffy Seal is used instead of the ordinary jar cover, all you

Here is pictured a strip of the rug cushioning, known as Ozite. As stated in the accompanying article, it is useful in protecting rugs need to do is to moisten it, stretch it across the top of the jar or glass, then seal it with a rubber band. As the Jiffy Seal dries, it shrinks, forming an air-tight cover which is sanitary, attractive and easy to remove. Jiffy Seal is very reasonable in price, each set of twenty-five costing only ten cents.

- At beach houses, mountain cabins, and on camping trips, there is always a need for paper articles—dishes and table linen. Wynne Gibson finds her very complete set both serviceable and convenient. Bought in quantity, paper articles are remarkably inexpensive. And the use of them does away with the necessity of washing dishes.
- Joan Crawford suggests a way to keep your white frocks immaculate when riding in an automobile. Just pin a large turkish towel across the back of the seat in such a way that it will cover whatever part of the seat that your dress will touch.
- Another suggestion that is far from new, but about which many girls are careless, is to keep handy and to use daily a white shoe cleaner. It is far better to gloss over the soiled spots on your white shoes every day than it is to let that go until the shoes are completely soiled.
- There is a little device on the market which combines soap and steel wool and is used in scouring kitchen utensils. It is just about the last word in cleaning pots and pans easily and effectively.
- There is a "vegetable lifter" that can be purchased almost anywhere, that can be of great convenience to the modern housewife. When lifting baked potatoes out of an oven or taking any whole-cooked vegetable out of a boiling pot, there is nothing quite so serviceable as a little vegetable lifter.

Rhodes

According to current rumors, there will be wedding bells ringing soon for Virginia Pine and George Raft!

Posed by professional model

MEN WOULDN'T LOOK AT ME WHEN I WAS SKINNY

but . . .

Since I Gained 10 Pounds This New, Easy Way I Have All the Dates I Want

NOW there's no need to be "skinny" and friendless, even if you never could gain an ounce before. Here's a new, easy treatment that is giving thousands attractive flesh — *in just a few weeks!*

Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now, with this new yeast discovery in little tablets, you can get far greater tonic results—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm flesh, enticing curves — *and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe — the richest yeast known — which by a new process is concentrated 7 times — *made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is ironized with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add energy.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively. Skin clears to beauty, new health comes — you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

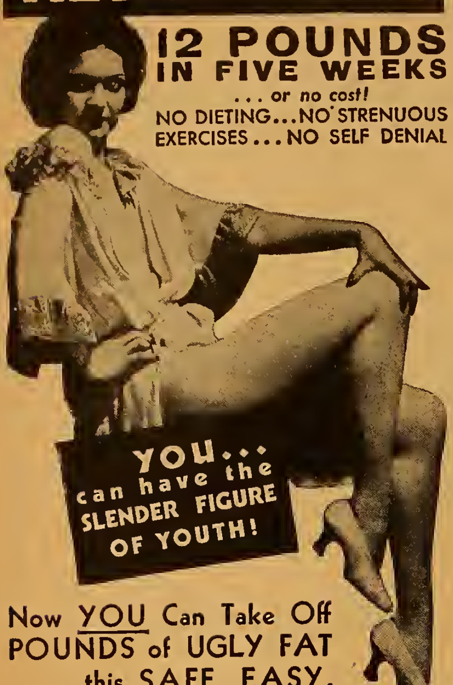
No matter how skinny and weak you may be, or how long you have been that way, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package— *or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 288, Atlanta, Ga.

GUARANTEED WEIGHT REDUCTION

12 POUNDS IN FIVE WEEKS
. . . or no cost!
NO DIETING...NO STRENUOUS EXERCISES...NO SELF DENIAL


YOU... can have the SLENDER FIGURE OF YOUTH!

Now YOU Can Take Off POUNDS of UGLY FAT . . . this SAFE, EASY, QUICK WAY!

SOUNDS too good to be true? Yet it is true. Dilex-Redusols increase your metabolism; that is, they turn food into energy instead of fat. You will be amazed at your increased vitality.

YOU MAY EAT WHAT YOU WISH AND AS MUCH AS YOU WANT

■ There is no need to change your present mode of living, yet objectionable surplus fat—especially around hips and waist—will quickly disappear.

THE DILEX-REDUSOL WAY IS THE SAFE WAY!

■ Beware of products claiming more rapid reduction, physicians agree that 15 pounds a month is the limit of safety. And, do not accept any substitute for SAFE Dilex-Redusols—the harmless capsules which reduce fat by increasing metabolism. Dilex-Redusols contain no thyroid extract or other harmful ingredient. They are absolutely safe when taken as directed.

READ HOW A SECRETARY OF STATE REDUCED 18 POUNDS IN 5 WEEKS

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9 East 40th Street, New York City
Dear Sirs:
I am very glad to tell you that Dilex-Redusols have reduced my weight 18 pounds in the past 5 weeks. Before taking Dilex-Redusols I weighed 205 pounds. I now have a fine appetite, eat 3 good meals a day, feel energetic and ambitious, and yet have reduced my weight to 187 pounds. This has been done without diet or tiring exercises . . . simply by taking Dilex-Redusols.
You may use this letter in any manner you wish.
Very truly yours,
(Signed) JOHN J. LYONS

THIS TESTIMONIAL FROM THE HONORABLE JOHN J. LYONS

—former Secretary of New York State, reflects the average experience of hundreds of users who daily send us unsolicited testimonials. Many letters on file show reductions of from 30 to 40 pounds! Why not rid yourself of burdensome FAT—Remember, you REDUCE 12 pounds in 5 weeks or it costs you nothing!

DON'T WAIT...MAIL COUPON NOW

DILEX INSTITUTE, INC.
9 East 40th St., Dept. 288, New York City.

☐ Enclosed find $3.00, please forward, postpaid, one box of 90 Dilex-Redusol Capsules in plain wrapper.
☐ Send Dilex-Redusol Capsules, C. O. D. I will pay postman $3.00 (plus 23 cents postage.)
If I do not lose at least 12 pounds after taking the first box of Dilex-Redusols as directed, you will refund my $3.

Mr.
Mrs...
Miss

Address...

City.............................State............
Orders from Canada & Foreign Countries Cash in Advance.

No Wedding Bells for Loretta Young?

[*Continued from page 36*]

to fall out, too, when she saw that the situation seemed hopeless. It is no wonder that Loretta looks around her home now, and thinks that—while loves may come and go—this single-blessedness, at least, can go on and on. What is happiness, anyway, if not contentment and security, emotional as well as financial?

"One thing I have always dreaded," she told me quite honestly, "is loneliness. It is like insomnia, harassing and fatiguing. I have experienced both. I know. And, strangely enough, the only time I was lonely was when I was married. To know what marriage could be: the close companionship, the perfect harmony and understanding, and not to achieve it—that is to know loneliness. But all that is behind me now. A family, especially a large one like mine, prevents one from becoming too self-centered. And it is only when a girl becomes wrapped up in herself that she begins to suffer."

FOR almost nine years now, Loretta has been working, making money, and growing self-sufficient. And every year since then, she has risen in the film world. There was never a year when she slipped back—never a year when she found it hard to earn an ever higher salary. Making a great deal of money and winning conspicuous success often does things to a young girl. When that girl is Loretta Young, however, it does fine things. It makes her important, yes. It gives her power. But because she is herself, she uses that power helpfully, generously, and in every direction. She employs that power to buy comfort and security and happiness, not only for herself, but for others as well.

The maintenance of a fine home, the opportunity to look after others, is an innate feminine urge which most women seek to find and express in marriage and motherhood. Loretta does not have to look outside for her outlet. She has it, right in her own home. There is no doubt that Loretta has strong maternal feelings. When you watch her at play with her youngest sister, you realize that they are more like mother and daughter than like sisters. In most cases, an older sister, (especially when she is a movie star) would find such a young girl something of a pest. Not so, Loretta. If Georgiana feels inclined to play "dress up," if she rummages through Loretta's closet and selects her very newest evening gown to pin up and drape around her ten-year-old figure, and if she ruins Loretta's highest heeled slippers by walking sideways on them, Loretta only thinks it's cute and funny. Anything Georgiana does is all right. She is the perfect child. Does that sound like a sister or like a mother!

And if Georgiana is going to the movies in the afternoon, with one of her little friends, Loretta, even in the midst of her busy day, finds time to buy Georgiana a little gardenia corsage to wear. However, Loretta doesn't like to have Georgiana come on the set when she is working because it isn't "professional." Any other time, Georgiana can make just as much of a nuisance of herself as she likes, and Loretta will not mind it at all.

All the members of her family come to Loretta with their problems. Johnny, now at Loyola University, is the latest to make a confidante of her.

And it's true that Loretta would rather stay home with them and talk over the happenings of the day, than to go to a Mayfair ball or some other social function. She has been known to turn down many a grand date because Polly Ann wanted to talk to her that evening, or because Sally had already invited her to go out with her. Thinking about marriage? It doesn't look like it. Does it?

MOST of us girls, were we making a great deal of money would be tempted to spend most of it on ourselves, so as to be more attractive in the eyes of some man. We wouldn't worry about building a swimming pool for the family. We might rather have a swank new car in which to breeze around town. Yet Loretta preferred the swimming pool to a car, and still goes on driving the old one which she bought more than three years ago. We might like to go around the world on a four months' cruise, but Loretta denies herself a vacation and goes into another picture, instead. We might not think it important to establish a financial reserve for the future. For, doesn't every one of us at some time, believe she will marry a successful man, who can worry about the future! Instead of buying an annuity, we would, perhaps, fall for a few diamonds or pearls to adorn our necks and make them more attractive. Not Loretta. She very seldom buys an expensive piece of jewelry, or anything expensive, as a matter of fact. She knows the value of money.

I shall never forget the ending of *The White Parade* in which Loretta scored such a hit. Do you remember that she finally gave up marrying John Boles in that picture, to carry on, as a bachelor girl, devoting herself to her work in the hospital? Loretta played that scene with beautiful sincerity. I think it was more than just another movie scene to her. It paralleled her own life. That was what made it so real. She loved the man. She would have made him a wonderful wife. But there was something else that meant more to her. Consecrating her life to the welfare and happiness of others.

In that picture, she was the efficient young person who must, to satisfy her inner self, bestow that efficiency on others. In her own life, Loretta has perhaps found that she can shed more happiness at home than on the perilous high seas of matrimony.

All for the Sake of the Movies

[*Continued from page* 59]

expert ear. Another chap has a butterfly zoo and I. S. Horner in Altadena has so complete an animal zoo that he can furnish anything from a tiny monkey to a sixty-five foot python at a moment's notice. There is Paramount's studio shopper who goes daily into the most expensive shops on behalf of the wardrobe department.

SOMEWHERE in Hollywood, there is someone who can, with proper make-up, double for any character in history, modern or ancient. These men and women usually have some other line of work because the demand for them is rare. Down on North Main Street is a department of the war veterans' bureau which furnishes men by the hundreds for any type of military service.

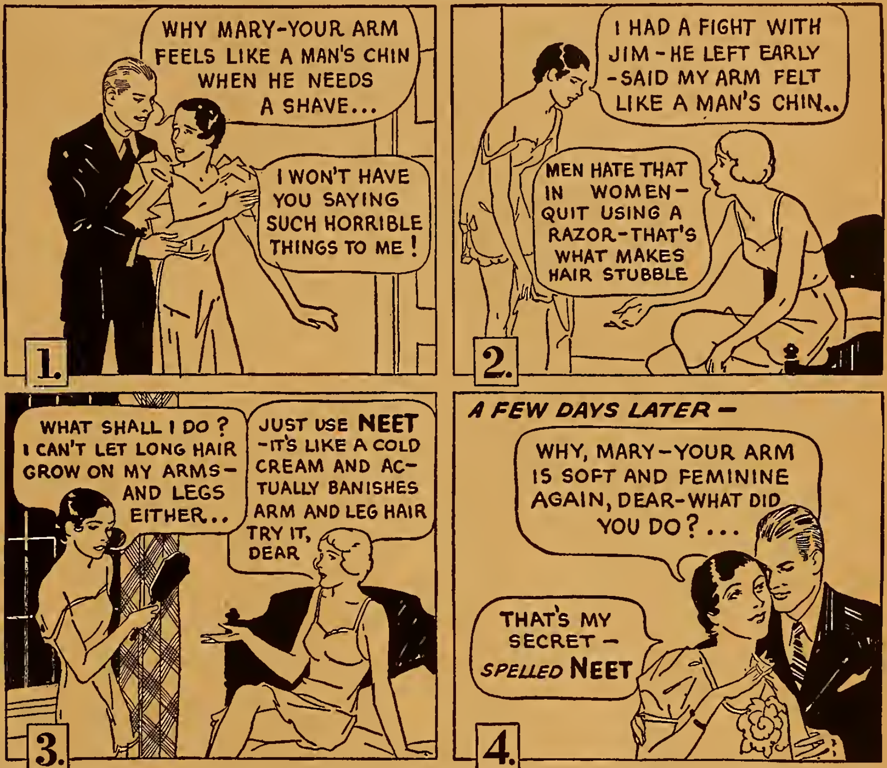
August Tollaire, the Frenchman, earns a living by bathing his luxurious white beard daily in buttermilk. Lindley Bothwell of North Hollywood collects old-time street cars, including cable cars, and makes a good living renting them to studios. Arrigo Balboni, owner of an airplane junkyard in Glendale, collects what is left of crashed planes and sells or rents them to the movie makers.

Then, there are the stunt fliers, once called the *Squadron of Death,* who still fly, if not in war pictures, then in spectacular stunts for the movies. Most of the old crowd is gone, a sacrifice to *Hell's Angels, Lilac Time* and other air epics of the earlier talkies. However, others take their places in the dangerous trade. And so, as I said in the beginning, if you can wiggle your ears, kill off black widow spiders or meow like a cat, you might try your luck in this strangest of all industries.

Wide World

Dodging reporters, Greta Garbo on way to Sweden, detrained at Chicago, saying, "I'm so tired"

WHY MARY REALLY GOT RID OF ARM AND LEG HAIR *by Wells*


WHY MARY-YOUR ARM FEELS LIKE A MAN'S CHIN WHEN HE NEEDS A SHAVE...
I WON'T HAVE YOU SAYING SUCH HORRIBLE THINGS TO ME!
1.
I HAD A FIGHT WITH JIM - HE LEFT EARLY - SAID MY ARM FELT LIKE A MAN'S CHIN..
MEN HATE THAT IN WOMEN - QUIT USING A RAZOR - THAT'S WHAT MAKES HAIR STUBBLE
2.
WHAT SHALL I DO? I CAN'T LET LONG HAIR GROW ON MY ARMS - AND LEGS EITHER..
JUST USE NEET - IT'S LIKE A COLD CREAM AND ACTUALLY BANISHES ARM AND LEG HAIR TRY IT, DEAR
3.
A FEW DAYS LATER -
WHY, MARY - YOUR ARM IS SOFT AND FEMININE AGAIN, DEAR - WHAT DID YOU DO?...
THAT'S MY SECRET - SPELLED NEET
4.

NOW! Actually Get Rid of *Arm and Leg Hair*

No Masculine Stubble—No Stiff Re-growth

Modern science has at last found a way to actually GET RID of arm and leg hair. A way that forever banishes the bristly regrowth that follows the razor. Ends the stubble that makes women lose their charm and allure; and that men shrink from when they feel it on a woman's arm.

This new way is called Neet; an exquisite toilet accessory. All you do is spread on like a cold cream; then rinse it off with clear water. That's all. Every vestige of hair growth rinses off with it. No stubble. No sharp regrowth. The hair is so completely gone that you can run your hand across your arm or leg and never feel a sign of it.

Women by tens of thousands are using it. Ending the arm and leg hair problem; quitting the razor with its man-like and unfeminine stubble. You can get a tube for a few cents at any drug or toilet goods counter. Just ask for NEET. It's really marvelous.

(See details of new prize contest on page 16)

HOTEL PICCADILLY

"PICK THE PICCADILLY"-and-WAKE UP EACH MORNING FRESH AS A DAISY!
24 Floors, 706 Rooms, Cool, Airy, Charmingly Furnished
Rates Begin at $2.50 Single
Located in the very heart of the city's most interesting activities.

WRITE FOR FREE Illustrated Booklet Tells All About N.Y.!

DINE AND DANCE
Beautiful GEORGIAN ROOM. DELICIOUS FOOD. MUSIC BY LARRI during Matinee Luncheon and Dinner. Entertainment Nightly.

NEW YORK

45th STREET, JUST WEST OF TIMES SQUARE
W. STILES KOONES, Manager

NEW KIND OF SEAL FOR JAMS..JELLIES..ETC.

JIFFY-SEAL FOR EVERY KIND OF GLASS OR JAR!

Saves Time—Money—Labor—Materials

A MARVELOUS new invention needed by every housewife who makes jellies, jams, etc. Seals any glass or jar in ½ the usual time, at ⅓ the usual cost! No wax to melt—no tin tops to sterilize—no mess—no waste. A perfect seal every time. Amazingly easy to use. Try Jiffy-Seals—the new transparent film invention. If not yet at your dealer's, send 10c for full-size package to CLOPAY CORPORATION 1445 York St., Cincinnati, O.

At All Woolworth, Kresge & Other 5c & 10c Stores or Your Neighborhood Store

In Person

[*Continued from page* 42]

"We don't understand all the ins and outs of this, but this is what it comes to; eitheh you marry this lady, suh, heah an' now, or you go to jail."

"On what charge?"

"Endangering the morrils of this commun—" Elder Lunk began.

"But you can't send him to jail for not marrying me when I wouldn't marry him anyway." Caris was confused.

"I kin. And I will. Jail's wheh he'll go." The Elder spoke his mind.

"All right," said Emory doggedly. "Then I'll go to jail."

"You'd rutheh go to jail than marry this lady?" asked Old Man Twing incredulously. "And her such a right purty-lookeh. Why, I'd a'most be willin' to marry her, myself."

"You'll go to jail all right, suh," retorted the determined Elder. "And so will you, ma'am. Both of you. In case you'd wish to talk it oveh, private," suggested the Elder "you-all can have ten minutes." Twing and Lunk withdrew. Caris and Emory were alone.

"ISN'T it awful!" Caris looked as if she might cry.

"Did you really send those mossbacks out after me?" Emory asked.

"Yes; I did. But not for what they said. Don't you dare think it," she flashed back angrily.

"I don't think anything. I'd just like to know why you did it."

"For one thing, I wanted your car to get back to Lynchburg."

"What happened to Smalley?" Emory's brows puckered.

"Oh, they brought him in first. Wanted to marry me to him."

"Why, I'd rather you married me than that flathead," he declared with impetuous ingenuousness.

"Yes? How kind of you! Well, I'm not aimin', as that old fossil says, to marry anyone."

Anxiety clouded his face. "It looks as if you might have to. The old hard-shell means what he says, Caris."

"I know he does." And that was the worst of it! And she knew it.

"All right. I'll be the goat. It looks as if I have to marry—I mean, as if you'd have to marry me,—well, anyway, as if we'd have to marry each other."

"Is this a proposal?" she chuckled.

"Well, it's—it's a proposition."

"One good thing. It'll put an end to any scandal from that loose-tongued Smalley in case he does talk. As he probably will." She knew Smalley.

"It all comes down to this," said Emory decisively. "If we've got to, we've got to." That was that!

CARIS began to laugh. "The same old headlong, neck-or-nothing suitor!" she gulped. He gave way to her mirth, ruefully at first, then wholeheartedly, thinking about their fix.

"After all, it's a simple solution," said Emory, laughing.

"Simple and painless. We can get a divorce." Which was true!

"Annulment. That's easier. And nobody the worse."

"I never expected a wedding with a moonshiner for bridesmaid, and a shotgun for best man. Can you whistle the Lohengrin March, Emory?"

"I'll do my whistling when we're out of the woods," he raised his voice. "Come in, gentlemen. It's a deal." And so they were married.

The first thing that Caris Corliss' new husband did after the solemnly congratulatory guardians of public morals had departed, was to take a look at his watch. "It's after four," he noted.

"What if it is?"

"Your Wonderfilm bunch will be getting in, won't they?"

"Let 'em wait. I thought you liked this place," she remarked.

He made a gesture of impatience. "It's no place for us now, Caris. There's that business of the annulment to keep in mind. If we stay here after nightfall,—what I mean is, if we don't get out pretty soon there might be difficulty about the annulment. The law's kind of touchy." Emory was troubled.

"As far as that goes, we've stayed here other nights," she was arguing just for the sake of arguing, to watch him flounder, to see him squirm.

"Yes, I know. But that's different. We weren't married then."

"Well, we aren't now. I mean, it doesn't count," she added.

"Of course it doesn't count. But legally, you're Mrs. Emory Muir."

"That's funny too. I don't feel like Mrs. Anybody. Well, the least I can do as a legal wife is to pack hubby's clothes for him. You can be getting the outside things ready."

"All right." He tried honestly to keep the rising desolation out of his assent, but she shot a surprised glance at him. Then she awoke to the fact that she was feeling pretty desolate, herself, over this being their last day. Their last hour in fact.

IT WAS all Emory's fault, Caris thought. They might have stayed out their time if it hadn't been that he was so stuffy about it. Not that it would have made any difference; she was going back to be Caris Corliss again and sway the world. Just the same, it was infuriatingly stupid of Emory. She went into his room and got out his sparse luggage. In the main room Emory was busy, stacking and stowing, and occasionally going out to arrange the car. As if to give him a poignant foretaste, the clatter stopped abruptly and did not resume. He looked in. Caris, with a portfolio open in her lap, was sitting idle. "Hi! Drop that," he shouted with vehemence.

She looked up, startled. "Why, what's the matter?" She was surprised.

"That's private. They're my bird-sketches," Emory lied.

A leaf fluttered out and lay face upward. The image upon it was not that of a bird. It was a sketch of her.—Caris. "When did you do them?" she asked sympathetically.

"At odd moments. When you weren't noticing." He seemed unnecessarily dispirited, thought Caris, as he spoke.

"They're lovely. Whoo! Here's one of my—my—*ouch*—face."

"That's from memory. Just for contrast, you know," he explained.

The sketches had revealed all she needed to know about his love so startlingly that she was touched. They were a complete confessional.

"I knew I ought to have run away," Emory said simply.

"When?" she asked, her voice unsteady but sympathetic.

"When I heard you singing on the path above the azalea patch. The old Judge was right. But it was too late."

"Are you sorry?" The question was in her eyes too, as in his.

"That I didn't run? I haven't had time to be yet. But, oh Lord! Tomorrow! And a lot of other days. I hate to think of that."

"Oh, you'll be all right. You said so, yourself," she reminded him.

"Yes. I'll be all right," he said dully.

OUT he went, whistling, trying to show how all right he'd be. Something queer and uncomfortable was happening to Caris too. She stepped to the low window and leaned out, looking about her at the small, intimate scene, now so dearly familiar. The scent of azalea-bloom, spiced with the essence of the mountains, made her nostrils quiver. Then came realization.

"Emory," she said in a small, uncertain voice, as she stood at the window.

The racket outside stopped. "Hello. Did you call me?" Emory queried.

"No. . . . Yes. . . . Yes; I did. Paging Mr. Emory Muir. You're supposed to answer," she continued.

"What am I supposed to say?" He smiled engagingly.

"You're supposed to say 'What is it, Mrs. Emory Muir?' "

"Come out where I can catch you when you call yourself that," he said.

After a pause which threatened but did not destroy her resolution, she said, "I don't want you to. I just want to ask you a question."

"I'm listening," he answered attentively. What would she ask?

"No—I—I guess—it isn't exactly a question after all. It's a statement. A —a formal statement."

"I'm still waiting," he answered.

Caris said slowly and not very evenly; "Mrs. Emory Muir presents her compliments to Mr. Emory Muir and would be glad to know—how many eh-eh-eggs he wishes—for his breakfast—" Then in a final, successful rush—"tomorrow morning!"

[The end]

Come to My Hollywood Party

[*Continued from page* 54]

of course, there is no studio quite so filled with sights as Universal's where you are going. It is such a huge place, just over the hill in the San Fernando valley, that they leave all those famous sets stand instead of tearing them down to make room for others as they go along.

Miles and miles of roads wind through the Universal lot, so it is a good thing you are going to ride in cars with guides to point things out. Driving over the pass into Hollywood you can look back over Universal and catch fascinating glimpses of distant castles and even a patch of perpetual snow where an Alpine picture was filmed. But of course you can see very little from the outside. And very few tourists have the chance to get into studios these days. They are very busy, very efficient places. After all, it is a business with us, you know. So you are fortunate to have all these arrangements made for you.

I have looked over that enchanting map of the trip, and how I envy you the sights you'll see! Going into pictures so young, I have been kept too busy to travel as I should like. I have been to Hawaii, on my honeymoon, and I can never tell how fascinated I was by those magic islands. But I must also admit that America has sights as charming; that drive along Sunset boulevard through the palms, the break of surf on the beach at Santa Monica, the flower garden of lights you see from Lookout Mountain at night—all right here in our backyard.

ALL ABOARD!

Raquel's invitation is one of the many hospitable gestures the stars are making to insure the success of our first Movieland Tour. It is too good to miss! The cost is surprisingly small—well within reach, since a group arrangement naturally means great economies all along the line.

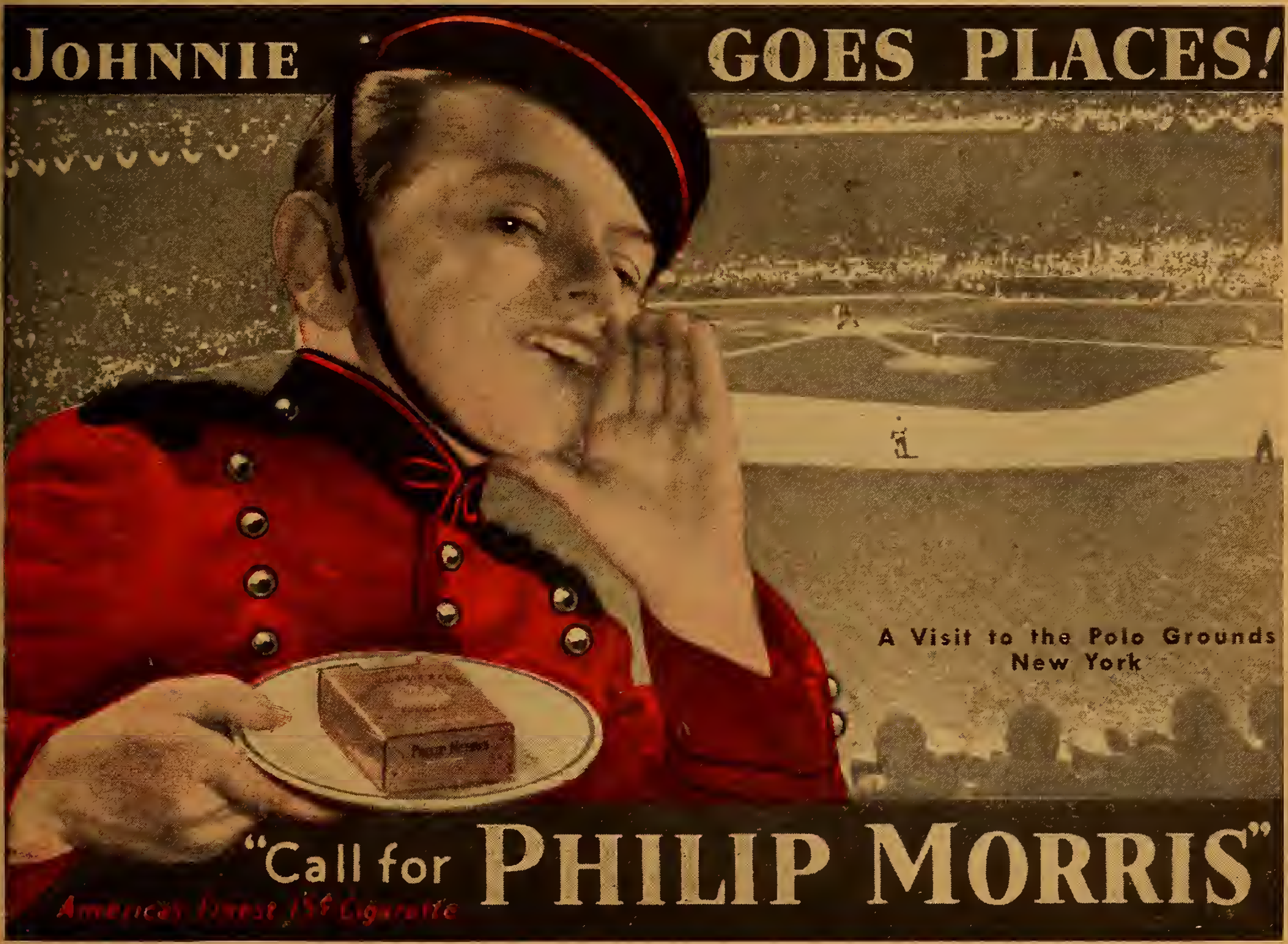
So send today for your pamphlet describing the tour, answering all your questions. Act at once—the list will soon be closed and the train specially chartered for this great outing will get up steam for its trip to Hollywood.

Just drop a card today to Joe Godfrey, Jr., Manager, Movieland Tour, 360 N. Michigan avenue, Chicago, Ill. Full details will come to you immediately. See you in Hollywood!

Then these other stops on your map—won't it be fun to see Salt Lake City—Puget Sound—San Francisco—Denver! I am told you are all going to stop at Breezy Point Lodge on your way out, to be guests of Capt. W. H. Fawcett, the publisher of this magazine, who owns the Lodge.

Captain Fawcett has invited Stephen and me to come to Breezy Point the first opportunity we have, and I'm determined to keep that date, because I've heard so much about his wonderful log lodge, with its vast dining hall, and the lovely little cottages along the pine fringed lake. How can they have modern plumbing and electric lights and even bellboys so far up in the wilderness, I asked him. He laughed and told me that it really is just a short ways from the Twin Cities, over good roads.

But I must bring my chat with you to a close. Remember, you of the Movieland Tour, that I am to be your hostess. It's a date! Hasta luego—which means in Spanish—until we meet!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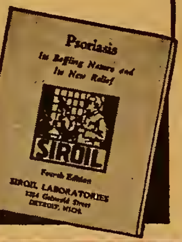

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Will Fred Astaire Give Up Dancing?

[*Continued from page* 25]

his life, until he has mastered whatever he wanted to know or do."

THERE was an aftermath, too, to that little episode as recounted by Fred Astaire's mother, which appears to me still more significant. A little later, Freddie was showing his sister how he could read and again rattled off the sentences he had learned. After the first few, however, the words grew harder and he began to stumble. Adele was matter-of-fact and positive.

"You don't know so much," she remarked. "There's lots in this book you can't read," she added.

That stumped Freddie. But only for a minute. "I will 'tudy some more," he announced. And did. He was clear through the *Sunbonnet Primer* before he was six years old. He learned to dance in secret, too. Again, it was Adele who was being taught while he only watched. But he learned.

"He would sit by the hour and look on while Adele practiced her steps," Mrs. Astaire recounted. "But I never saw him try to copy her, and really never thought to teach him. Then, one day, when she was rehearsing for a charity performance I caught little Freddie, only five years old, dancing away all alone behind the piano.

"Again, he had 'tudied all by himself until he had mastered what he wanted to do, and he was so good the director put him in the show. As he grew older, Freddie was a pretty hard taskmaster, but always for himself as well as Adele," Mrs. Astaire said. "He was never satisfied. He would work hours on some number they planned to do and then teach it to Adele patiently. This meant he really did twice the work she did, but never complained. He was a dancer and wanted to be a good one."

"AND NOW," I remarked, "at the top as a dancer, he wants to be a great actor?"

"That's it," his mother answered.

"Why?" I asked. It seemed sad to think of never seeing Fred Astaire dance again, I thought.

"I think it is because he has gone as far with his dancing as he, or anyone, could," his mother said slowly. "I am not sure that he is conscious of this, but I know Freddie pretty well and I know he has to grow to be happy and satisfied. I think that he is reaching out for new fields to conquer. I don't mean that he would never dance again if he attained the heights as an actor. I mean that he is striving to grow in this dramatic field to such an extent that he will not need his dancing to make him successful. That's all. Why, rhythm is as much a part of him as flesh and blood. He couldn't keep from dancing. Sometimes," she concluded.

Well, his mother thinks he will succeed. And I agree with her. But let's make him dance once in a while.

Summer Charm School

[*Continued from page* 15]

and the price is very low!

HOW would you like a gardenia lipstick? Doesn't that sound luscious? This one is good, smells good, and does lovely things to your lips. It is smooth, and makes your lips look fresh and natural, and its case is very smart-looking. The house that is manufacturing it has been famous for men's things for many years, and you know how particular men are about having quality products. So you know this is an excellent cosmetic. There is a yellow-red shade that is fine for summer wear when you're tanned.

NOTICE how much oftener your hair needs shampooing in summer? And I've got the answer to a quick-rinsing shampoo in a clear amber liquid. It works as efficiently in hard as in soft water, and leaves your hair gloriously lustrous, and feeling as clean as a windswept beach. It's really something special in the way of shampoos!

HAVE you ever washed your face with a brush? It's grand for cleansing after a sticky day, or to stimulate the early morning face. These complexion brushes with gaily colored backs of red, green, yellow or onyx-white, are shaped both to the face and the hand. They have soft white bristles, and really clean your face. Many a skin has gained clearness and a fresher look through the use of this brush. Use it with a bland, mild soap, and your summer face will always be fresh and clean.

KEEP bodily immaculate . . . smell sweetly . . . try a few new summer tricks to make you feel mentally keen on things, and you should find the days full of fun, and the nights romantic.

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The Mad—but Happy—Fentons

[*Continued from page* 33]

nothin'," boarded the steamer for Honolulu, stayed just two days in that Paradise haven, and returned on the same boat. But one of Ann's best friends explains it all: "Ann's excitable, and slightly cuckoo,—just enough to be delightful!" To this opinion of her husband's, Ann subscribes heartily.

"I have the grandest husband in the world," she will say without reservation. "I've never in my life been nearly as happy as I am now. We're both quite mad. We admit it. Also, we admit that it might have been awful for both of us if we'd married someone else!" Ann's vibrant manner, her supple figure and large eyes expressed enthusiasm. When asked, however, for some concrete examples of the combined madness of herself and her husband, she faltered.

"WELL, for instance," she mused aloud, "I always talk about Europe sooner or later, so you might as well hear it now. It was in Monte Carlo, I think, that we decided suddenly that we wanted to leave most of our baggage behind and continue traveling as lightly as we could. So we started off with just a suitcase apiece, going down to Rome, and to Africa, and elsewhere, for weeks, without any more baggage." Ann looked for approbation in my eyes, but I still had to be convinced.

"We had a lot of crazy experiences over there," she continued. "While Leslie was working on a German picture on a little island in the Baltic Sea, we lived the most primitive life you can imagine. No hot water, no heat, no bathroom—absolutely nothing,—except cold water. Twice, while we were away we were penniless, but something always turned up to save us. I studied a lot while Leslie was working, and I learned to speak German. I spent a great deal of time in the art galleries, too. I had never heard of any of the artists and didn't know one picture from another, but I studied until the things I saw really began to mean something to me." I was becoming more puzzled every minute, but Ann went on with her testimonial, quite undisturbed.

"We came back from the East by boat, stopping at all sorts of unheard of little places in the tropics. We landed in Los Angeles with no idea where we were going to live, and while our trunks waited on the corner of some downtown street in a van, we rushed out and found a house. Now we live on a little ranch in San Fernando Valley, near Van Nuys. We raise rabbits, have a vegetable garden, twelve mallard ducks, and a flower garden. If you've never planted any kind of a garden yourself, you've no idea how thrilling it is to watch the

[*Continued on page* 77]

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'Round the Midsummer Fashion Clock

[*Continued from page* 45]

midnight by Dixie Lee. If you are over twenty-two this charming girlish dance frock is not for you. But for the young summer girl this dainty hyacinth yellow chiffon, dotted with yellow sequins, is truly a "romance dress." Another of William Lambert's clever designs for *Redheads On Parade*, it features tiers of flounces in the bouffant skirt and a taffeta sash of turquoise blue. It is worn with a yellow satin slip and the bodice is backless, but the entire keynote of this lovely gown is its spirit of Youth . . . and lovely girls waltzing through summer evenings!

William Lambert designed several gowns for Dixie Lee to wear in *Redheads On Parade*. There is one she favors for more formal evening wear—and which is illustrated here among the other ensembles. Made of ice-blue Celeste satin it is fashioned along form-fitting lines and boasts a collar of silver bugle beads—which also form the back straps. Draped over the bodice is a silver lame scarf drawn through the collar and fastened in the back, forming a train. A short cape of the same material is also worn with it.

Last, but by no means, least, Ketti Gallian strikes the final formal hour on our summer clock . . . midnight—the hour for the sophisticate whether it is Winter or Summer. No wonder Ketti gazes into mirrors to see the effect she has created in her formal chiffon velvet worn in *Under The Pampas Moon*, and her stunning formal swagger coat from the same picture. Lovely to look at, indeed!

Designed by René Hubert, the black chiffon velvet is entirely backless to the waistline and features a sweeping train attached to the shoulders. The only ornament is a diamond clip at the center of the front décolletage. Diamond bracelets compliment the clip. Black satin pumps and flesh chiffon hose are worn.

White taffeta is the foundation of the stunning formal swagger coat upon which frosted paillets have been sewn by hand to cover every inch of the fabric. The amusing feature of this coat is that in spite of the elaborate effect, the pattern with its tailored collar and lapels might have been copied after your favorite sports coat!

The final hour on our fashion clock strikes. But with such a wardrobe what girl would need to care? The season is her's . . . !

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 13]

recently gave JULIE HAYDON for her performance in *The Scoundrel*. "She doesn't act," said MISS HOPKINS, "she just feels and listens. I try so hard to do that but she actually does it."

WELL, WELL, it isn't only the fans who ask questions about facts of the movies. On a certain major lot, the other day, a publicity man desired to know who had invented talking pictures. No one in the department knew, so a questionnaire was sent around and still no dice. When they called Information at the public library, the lady suggested that they call the very studio who had made the inquiry of her!

IF YOU are a Hollywood housewife, one of these mornings soon, you might get the thrill of your young life when HAROLD LLOYD, without his glasses and straw hat, but clad in the immaculate whites of a regular milkman, delivers a quart of milk at your door. HAROLD plays that type of rôle in *The Milky Way* for Paramount and is doing his stunt to get practical experience.

AFTER twenty-three years devoted to the screen, LEWIS STONE has signed for another three years with M-G-M, but he has also issued a statement to the press that these will be his last three years in the public eye. With his beautiful young bride, he will retire to his rancho and spend part of the time on his big yacht, the *Serena*, cruising the waters of America and the tropics. Had it not been for STONE'S long friendship and great admiration for LOUIS B. MAYER, executive head of M-G-M, friends say he would not have signed for even an additional three years.

GEORGE E. STONE tells REINE DAVIES, sister of MARION, that he is glad he is not a CLARK GABLE and that as a character actor, he will continue to shine on the screen, long after GABLE, MARCH, and the other screen Adonises are gone and forgotten. Mebbe GEORGE is right.

WHO said that JOAN BENNETT wasn't a brave little trouper? With the disaster of the Paramount location troop in the headlines, another group of actors in an air crash, and dust storms hiding the beacons on the airways, JOAN was so anxious to get home to GENE MARKEY that she left her train in the Middle West and took a plane, arriving home two days ahead of schedule.

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 48]

Karenina, she demanded that screens be placed around her so the extras could not see her perform. Metro wanted to use a *double* for the dance but Garbo insisted that she do it, personally.

THE BARRYMORES, science recently proved, even have appendixes which are different from those grown by ordinary people. When Ethel Barrymore Colt, daughter of Ethel, the First, was operated on not long ago, the doctors saved her appendix for further examination which proved it to be not the ordinary or common garden variety of the general run, but something entirely new.

MARY PICKFORD will go to England next month to do a picture providing present plans work out. She denies a romantic interest in Buddy Rogers but Hollywood knows differently. The movie crowd is from Missouri!

THE GREAT ZIEGFELD goes into production soon at Metro with William Powell playing the leading rôle. Metro is now casting many of the old Ziegfeld stars to play themselves in the film. Hope they don't forget Marilyn Miller.

AFTER being forced to postpone her birthday party, Shirley Temple held it and invited the children of movieland to help her celebrate. She cut the big cake herself and Will Rogers, as master of ceremonies, kept the kids in an uproar of laughter.

ALL HOLLYWOOD is laughing at the song parody which Mae West has composed about her recent front-page marriage rumors. It's a wow and not for public consumption.

THE PICTURE, *A Tale of Two Cities,* from the famous old novel by Dickens will be one of Metro's most pretentious productions. The plans were for Ronald Colman to play a dual rôle as *Carton* and *Darnay,* but they have now been changed to where two English actors to be selected later, will play these parts separately.

THE DAYS of dizzy diets are gone in Hollywood. The stars are eating and how! Del Rio goes for chops, green vegetables, pie, salad and tea at lunch. Clark Gable mangles steaks. Even Loretta Young, who usually eats like a sick bird, has developed a country appetite. Of course Joan Crawford hasn't had a full-blown meal since Hec was a pup, but she is indulging in chops today.

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Gary Cooper—Still Ridin' to Town!

[*Continued from page 49*]

to play alone, developed self-reliance and acquired that silent, strong nature that is a natural heritage from the western cattle country. It is, too, the imprint of this early environment, coupled with his good looks that have won him high place in the screen world.

HE was born in Helena, Montana, his father at that time being a State Supreme Court Judge. At nine years of age he was taken to England, where he went to school for three years. At thirteen he was injured, returning then to his father's cattle ranch in Montana.

He is quiet, well-mannered, and good-looking. The long awaited answer to the prayers of maidens and moving picture producers—a Zane Grey hero come to life. He is natural, without pose. Vaulted suddenly into the saddle of success, he rides as easily as if he were on the back of a mustang, or in his twenty-thousand-dollar automobile. He is tolerant and kindly toward others, and honest as concerns himself. An inarticulate fellow, there is more in him than the maidens surmise. Success may spoil him in time. Lanky, slow-moving, shy, he is, at present, as clean as the wind that blows over his Montana acres.

He went to college at Grinnell, Iowa, for two years. Returning to Helena, he remained seven years, during which time he tried to be a newspaper cartoonist. In 1924 he came to Los Angeles, his sketch book with him. Failing to get a job on a newspaper, he sold space for an advertising firm. Without money, and in desperation, he heard of a moving picture company who wanted men to "ride horses." He got a job as extra. For a year he was a member of the vast horde in Hollywood who talks much and eats little. Then a foreign gentleman by the name of Hans Tiesler, an independent producer, hired him to play opposite Eileen Sedgwick in a two-reel film. For his work in the film, he received little money and less glory. But, all unknowing, the lanky boy was riding down a well-paved road.

THIRTEEN months after his entrance into pictures, Samuel Goldwyn signed him to play the part of Abe Lee in *The Winning of Barbara Worth.* Mr. Goldwyn was very kind to him. He realized that he was very young, and that too much salary at once might prove a temptation beyond the will power of a lone young cowboy. So he gave him fifty dollars a week, the wage a carpenter could earn, to play opposite his stars. Gary Cooper was decidedly confused. The reputations of Banky and Colman and the deft politics of films frightened him. So he did the only thing he could do—act naturally. When it came time to release the picture, it was found that Gary dominated the film. A scout inferred that Gary, who was broke, as usual, might be willing to sign a contract with Mr. Goldwyn at a small salary.

The good-looking Westerner went to Goldwyn. Though he was discouraged and willing to sign at fifty dollars a week, Mr. Goldwyn still dallied. Then B. P. Schulberg got a tip that a tall gawky boy by the name of Gary Cooper had "stolen" a film from the Goldwyn, Colman, Banky outfit.

Mr. Schulberg sent for Mr. Cooper, who signed a contract with Paramount, —*without a camera test.* His first film was *Wings.* It was followed by *Children of Divorce, Legion of the Condemned,* several westerns and other types. Then *The Virginian, The Spoilers, Morocco,* and *Fighting Caravans.* The rest is financial history,—for Paramount. It was one of the shrewdest moves ever made by a film executive. And it is probably one of the reasons why Schulberg receives eight thousand dollars a week even in rainy weather.

A SPLENDID horseman, Gary has been cast in a succession of pictures giving him little opportunity for the display of other ability. He has none of the healthy swaggering obviousness long considered essential for a hero of the great open spaces. By striding across a room he can suggest diffidence, fear, and anger with greater dramatic effect than many another gentleman actor. Directors realize this fact. His films are filled with scenes displaying his entire figure. And his is the most come-hither-maiden walk, in motion pictures, that has ever been seen.

He is the embodiment of that feminine ideal,—"the strong silent man." His fight scene, in the early part of *The Spoilers* was a delight. Without knowing the identity of his opponent or the worthiness of his cause, he threw himself into a brawl merely for the physical stimulation of the combat. With feet planted far apart, he delivered blow after blow with the regularity and force of one who knew how to fight. Later in the picture he engaged in another fight, this time unaided, with the villain of the story. It is one of the best-known descriptions of fistic encounter in popular fiction. Audiences shouted aloud in triumph as he stood blood-stained and tattered, above the body of his defeated opponent. During the fight a lamp was broken, and much of the action took place in a dimly lit room.

IN *The Spoilers,* he contributed a scene of great poignancy and strength to the screen. In it he stood above the dead body of his best friend. Gathering the man into his arms, he walked in silence from the group of onlookers. At the door he met the woman he loved. He believed her responsible for the murder. Their eyes met. He went, still in silence, into the Alaskan night, carrying his dead comrade. By not acting at all, he endowed

It's Cheers for Basil Rathbone Now

[*Continued from page* 32]

also because of a glowing personality. And if he hadn't registered in pictures, I was there to proclaim that the fault lay with the cameras or the Kliegs, the scenarios or the script girls or the spooks that haunt Hollywood studios—with anyone, in short, but Basil Rathbone. Of that, I was sure.

The movie moguls must have reached the same conclusion during the two weeks he played Los Angeles with Katherine Cornell. He couldn't be overlooked any more than you can overlook a patch of crimson on a sandy hill. His phone began buzzing with inquiries as to when he'd be free, and what his plans were. His plans were to continue with Miss Cornell. Nothing else.

"You see, I'd been grooved," he explained in those pleasant, clipped accents which are just British enough to fall kindly on the ear and not British enough to be incomprehensible. "I'd been grooved as a drawing-room actor, a fellow who knew how to kiss ladies' hands and tell them sweet nothings, but wasn't up to much else. I didn't want to go back to the films in that kind of part. I'd had my fill of them, and apparently so had the public. I wanted something different—and I got it—*with a vengeance*," he murmured, his brows tilting, "when they began bombarding me with requests to play *Murdstone*."

Five times he wired back an uncompromising "No." "You can't play a part you loathe," he kept telling himself and his wife. "You can't play a man who's poison to you."

BUT finally he closed his eyes and jumped into *Murdstone*. And from that day to the day he left the studios, he never knew a peaceful moment. "I was in one long state of perpetual revulsion," he told me. "You've seen little Freddie—you've seen him in the picture at any rate. Then you know how difficult it must have been to look at the child as though you disliked and resented him, when your whole heart reacted in just the opposite way. He's a grand little boy—normal, well-balanced—he understood perfectly what it was all about. He'd look up and smile at me before we went into one of those vile scenes—and thus making it all the harder for me to go through with it.

"When I saw the first rushes, I wanted to give it up. To this day I don't know how they made me look so cruel. I hated the thought that I *could* look so cruel. I hated the whole damned thing from start to finish!" He spoke with a kind of fierce intensity that seemed to relieve him of all his pent-up loathing. "I even hated George Cukor at times—childishly, illogically—for the things he made me do. And this I want to say. Whatever credit's due belongs not to me, but to him. I know it's the fashion to say pleasant things about one's director, but believe me, this has

[*Continued on page* 76]

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Joan Crawford Tells on Herself

[*Continued from page 27*]

"It was silly," Joan confessed, "But doing it made me feel a whole lot better," she continued, smiling.

NOW, speaking of silly things, would it surprise you to learn that to this day Miss Crawford gets wet palms, and weak knees, every time she goes into a big scene? And again, it may sound surprising, but this gorgeous young woman, who has been so often pictured as so very dignified, gets a terrific kick out of smashing eggs, or tumblers. Particularly, eggs. She loves banging 'em against a wall. Doing just that, once got her into trouble. I'll tell you about it. It was during the making of *Dancing Lady*. There was a bar on the set and on that bar was a bowl of eggs. Joan had a strong desire to get her hands in that bowl. She wanted to squash an egg! She wanted to throw it against a wall, to hear it crunch, to watch it go "blah." She had this yen for days. When she could stand it no longer she went to Director Bob Leonard and asked: "Pop, can I break an egg." Director Leonard was a bit bewildered, but answered in the affirmative and Joan walked over to the bar, selected an egg, treasured it in her hands, walked over to a wall, rubbed the egg like a pitcher in the box rubs a baseball, and heaved it. In Joan's language "it went blah!—all over the wall." And Joan, contented, went back to work. A few minutes later a property man spoke to her. He was very serious.

"You know that egg—"he began.

"Which egg?" she asked innocently.

"The one you smashed on the wall. Well, a lot of extras had their hats hung on a rack just under where you splashed the egg, and it splashed all over 'em," he explained.

So Joan had to pay for her fun!

RIGHT here I want to tell you about the time that Joan set out to play a practical joke on Director Clarence Brown, and how Brown "topped her gag." They had been working together on a number of pictures, but, being separated for the nonce, and Joan, having arrived at the M-G-M lot a bit too early to go to work, she felt it her duty to seek out the Brown set and see what mischief she could do. In other words, Joan, the practical joker, wanted to do Brown a bit of dirt, to ruin (if possible) his initial "take" of his first scene that morning. Joan found Brown's stage, and, without being seen (she thought!) looked about a bit.

Joan found an old lady who was to walk out on the stage with a tea tray,—out on a stage where Phil Holmes, Elizabeth Allan and Lewis Stone were working. Joan talked the old lady into letting her (Joan) take the tray. The old lady thought Miss Crawford was "nuts," but finally consented to the arrangement. Joan listened to the rehearsal, and heard Brown call "Turn 'em over." The old lady nudged her and said "Your cue." The lovely M-G-M star, in the rôle of an extra, walked out on the stage with the tray, planning to spoil Brown's shot.

Brown, taking a look, yelled—loud and long. Joan, excited, and a bit bewildered, dropped the tray,—and *ran!* Brown continued shouting. Joan was upset for an hour. Then she learned that Brown, tipped off that she was coming out with the tray, had topped her gag!

SHE was beautifully framed, too, during the shooting of *Chained*. Now, for your information, the big and handsome Clark Gable is a wonderful shot, a great hunter and nemesis of all game fish, fresh and salt water. But he's a poor swimmer. And Joan, who can swim like a fish, doesn't know the difference between the safety catch on a shotgun, and the safety chain on your back door. So big, he-man Gable made a deal with lovely little Joan—he'd instruct her in the fine arts of the skeet gun in return for swimming lessons. The way in which she was framed was this: During that sequence in which Gable was treading water (in eight feet of water!) Joan was all but hysterical, laughing at his efforts. And, at this same time, it was her turn to use the shotgun—before the camera.

"I tried to do my stuff," said Joan, "But I couldn't. The gun wouldn't work. I aimed, and pulled the trigger, but nothing happened."

Gable examined the gun, and told her to try it. She did. BANG! The gun was quite all right. No doubt about it.

Joan pointed to the roof and fired. BANG! Then, to her amazement and horror, a huge and lovely bird came hurtling down from above.

"A wild duck," Gable shouted.

Joan looked again. It was true! She was furious and in tears when she discovered then that the wild duck was a stuffed decoy, and that a stage hand had tossed it from overhead. Then she started giggling. And for an hour she couldn't hold the gun straight!

ONE of the very silly things Joan does is to go shopping for presents for friends, and getting interested in shopping, forgets all about the friends, and buys a lot of stuff for herself. That's Joan's story. Don't believe it. The truth is that she goes shopping, buys dozens of gifts, and then goes home to Brentwood and spends hours trying to make up a list of friends long enough for the presents she has purchased. Her problem is not to find gifts enough for her friends, but to find friends enough for her individual gifts.

Silly things? Listen: Not so long ago your friend, Joan, developed a yen for raisins. Believe it or not, she stopped in a grocery store each day for a week and bought a loaf of raisin bread, just to pick out the raisins, before it occurred to her to buy raisins by the box. And that's on the level!

ONLY recently the lovely Joan played, upon a friend, a "joke" which later, Joan, herself, thought was cruel, but which, really, was a very grand prank. Joan has a habit of dashing behind counters and waiting upon herself, for she is always in a hurry, even when she doesn't need to be. But there is a certain saleswoman in a certain store on Wilshire boulevard, whom Joan knows, and who knows Joan. In the department of this very especial friend of Joan's was a certain blue enamel dressing set. Joan desired that set—but didn't buy it. Everytime she went into the store she would go to that particular department and ask her particular friend: "Still got it?" And the saleswoman would whisper: "Yes."

Now that saleswoman knew that Franchot Tone was the very good friend of Miss Crawford, and she was not at all surprised when Franchot purchased the blue enamel set which Miss Crawford had so long coveted. A few days after Franchot made his presentation to Joan, she came back into the store. She could not resist the temptation. She went to the department, found the saleswoman in smiles, and before the young woman could say a word, Joan asked: "Still got my treasure?" Joan will never forget the look that came over the countenance of her friend, the saleswoman. It was a combination of surprise, amazement and disappointment, even horror.

"N—n—ooo," the girl answered, hesitantly, uncertain what to say.

"Who bought it?" Joan asked, affecting astonishment.

The saleswoman hesitated. She didn't know what to say. Then, Joan, realizing she was playing a cruel joke, began to laugh, and told her how pleased she was with Franchot's gift!

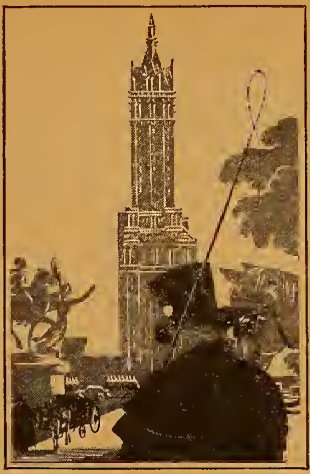
ALL of which brings me up to Joan's very latest sally. It was upon a recent night. She decided to go to the Cocoanut Grove, with Franchot Tone.

She and Franchot were having a delightful time when Joan heard a woman, at an adjoining table, ask a waiter: "Are there any picture people here tonight." Joan heard the waiter whisper "Miss Crawford and Mr. Tone are right beside you—to the left." The woman arose from her chair and walked over for a good look at Miss Crawford. But because of the picture hat, the stranger could not see Joan's face. However, the curious lady, not to be outdone, squatted in front of Miss Crawford and looked up under the large brim of her hat. The irrepressible Crawford, not knowing what possessed her, looked out under her hat and said: "Won't you join us?" The stranger did not accept! But Joan was happy.

Joan, puckering her nose again, turned to her colored maid and asked: "What other silly things do I do?" The maid giggled, looked mischievous.

"Ah can think of some, Miss Crawford," she answered, "But does you want 'em published?"

And that was that!



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It's Cheers for Basil Rathbone Now

[*Continued from page 73*]

nothing to do with fashion. He can get anything out of anyone—the tenderest sentiment, the bitterest cruelty. He wanted cruelty from me and he got it. He was the whip. He stood over me like a circus-master over a trained seal."

BASIL finished the part and went back to a New York season with Miss Cornell. He tried to stop thinking of *Murdstone,* since all his thinking brought him up against the same blank wall of doom. The picture broke in New York while he was playing *Romeo.*

"There was a break for me," he went on, his face brightening. "With *Murdstone* in *David Copperfield* at one theatre, I was playing the most beautiful love scenes ever written at another. I think it saved me in New York. It saved my peace of mind, at any rate. When *Murdstone* glowered, I'd push his ugly face away and say to myself: 'To-night I go out and play *Romeo.*'"

But *Murdstone's* face, ugly as ever, lost some of its sinister quality one night when a wire from David Selznick came to the theatre, asking Mr. Rathbone to play the part of *Karenin* opposite Garbo. An excited consultation was held after the performance. Miss Cornell insisted that nothing should stand in the way of this opportunity—not even his contract with her. "And here I am," Rathbone agreed.

"In the promised land?" I reminded him, smiling mischievously.

"I don't know yet," he admitted candidly. "But at any rate, I don't seem to have broken my neck." He felt of it to make sure. "I still hate the *Murdstone* rôle, mind you. I won't compromise on that point. But in all fairness, I have to acknowledge that he's been instrumental in getting me *Karenin,* and *Karenin's* been instrumental in getting me the *Marquis* in *Tale of Two Cities. Murdstone* brought me no friends—that's hardly surprising—but perhaps he *did* make people conscious of me," he said, his lightness masking a note of real feeling, of genuine emotion.

"Karenin," he continued, "is a human being—a man whose point of view you can see even though you don't wholly sympathize with it. To me he's an even more tragic figure than *Anna*—for there's no greater tragedy than that of the person who feels, but is so bound by convention that he can't give expression to his feeling. I can understand him. I can put myself into his shoes as I couldn't into *Murdstone's,* and I've never been so happy or at ease in any picture," he added contentedly.

I TRIED to lead him by what I flattered myself was circuitous routes to the forbidden shrine. But the forthright Mr. Rathbone put me and my guile to shame by coming straight to the point.

"You want to know about Garbo! Well, I'll tell you all I know myself—that since I've played with her, the heavens themselves could shriek sphinx and enigma without shaking my conviction that she's one of the simplest, most genuine people ever born. There's a kind of simplicity you can't be fooled by, and that's her kind. She may be puzzled by life, she may be torn by inner doubts—but her attitude toward the world is honest—no publicity stunt—no bid for attention—but the natural result of her natural inclinations. There's not a drop of the fake in her." For myself, I needed no persuasion; but the sourest Garbo-skeptic, watching the thoughtful face of this man of wide background and experience, hearing the quiet certainty in his voice, would have been convinced in spite of himself.

I asked about Freddie, who's playing his son in *Anna Karenina.*

"We're buddies," he informed me solemnly, "and settle the world's affairs together." He leaned forward suddenly, his hands between his knees, his face lighting up till it looked not much older than Freddie's. "As a matter of fact, he's spending next Sunday with me. We've just come out of a series of important conferences on the subject of dinner."

It was a pleasant picture he'd left with me—of a little figure and a tall one, cantering side by side, swimming in a sunlit pool, romping with the dogs (all five of them), facing each other over their native roast beef—two English gentlemen, spending a day together: the child whose *David* won him the heart of the world—the man whose *Murdstone* may have made him no friends but, if there's any virtue in signs and portents, will make a real name for him in films.

Dressed here in old clothes and tennis shoes, Dick Powell is energetically working in his yard

The Mad—but Happy—Fentons

[*Continued from page 67*]

plants come up in the spring."

THE "little ranch" in San Fernando Valley is all of sixty-eight acres, —mostly walnut groves! The house is the most unusual in the Southland, and its origin typical of the Mad Fentons. You see, when they bought the property, they planned to build it into a large estate, a guest house and all. In the meantime, they moved into the homely little shed which had been included in the property, and soon became so comfortably settled in it that they suddenly gave up the idea entirely of building a great estate. Instead, they started pushing out walls! Certainly that was characteristic of this mad pair! But you should see the result. Today their home is a rambling Spanish-type, with rooms, walks, and arbors branching off here and there and everywhere, from the original shed. And the guest house they had planned has been turned into a garage and servants quarters. Because they decided that they never really wanted sojourning guests *anyway!* Not at any time!

You've no idea how transfigured the Fenton faces can become when talking about rabbits, radishes, or tractors. They have purchased a tractor, and often Leslie may be found running it over the ranch. Or else he can be seen irrigating walnut trees almost any afternoon when the saner young men of Hollywood are at home worrying about their box office appeal. Ann can run the tractor, too. Or, more accurately, did so once, —just long enough to make it a true statement! However, she much prefers working in her lately constructed green-house where she has planted every conceivable type of flower, most of the names of which she has forgotten after having thrown away the seed-packages. Orchids, no less, are her favorite flowers! And,—if you can bear this,—she is also studying bacteriology in a laboratory beside the green-house! Think of that!

JUST recently, these two mad people resolved that the real charm of a country place such as theirs lay in the acquisition of an aged appearance. They did not want to wait for the long years to do the work, however, so at this writing they are spending their days evolving new ways and means to make the place look ancient. To date, they have sprayed the brick walls with white paint, transported green moss from its natural habitat, and are contriving by every means to "grow" natural rust on the metal works! Which is hard to do!

In the evening, when really normal actors are preparing to go to the Mayfair, Leslie and Ann are sitting at home,—Leslie reading while Ann plays the piano. Not content with her natural gift for playing, Ann is taking music lessons and also studying with serious intent to be a song writer (a lyricist as well as composer).

"We very seldom go out," she says, "and don't even have people in very often. We study a great deal—music and languages, art and history and other things that we began in Europe," she continued.

Also, a secret informant tells me, they work at a sign language of their own, employed exclusively for social obligations, when the hour grows late, or the conversation boresome. You can see they're quite, quite mad, can't you? But Mrs. Fenton has still more proof to offer. "If there's a war," she says with intensity, discussing the European situation, "we're going immediately to the South Seas. I wouldn't allow Leslie to go to war. I love him too much, so it's unthinkable. But I'm sure we could surely find a safe refuge in one of those little islands." Except that the islands might be rather overpopulated with people with the same idea, Ann's suggestion is a good one!

IN SPITE of their pre-occupation with farm life, the Fentons seem to get right along in pictures. Leslie recently played a leading rôle in *Stolen Harmony* at Paramount, and Ann is busy at work in *Broadway Joe* for Warner Brothers.

"I am happier in my work today than I have ever been," says Ann. "I have a different feeling about it now. I know that back of it all, there's Leslie. That, no matter what would happen to me in pictures, I would still have our marriage. And that's really the most important thing of all—*much* more important than pictures. Leslie has proved many times that pictures aren't the most important thing in the world to him. And I'd give up my career any day for him, if I had to make a choice."

And there you have the Mad Fentons! Should the fine irony of this tale have escaped you, it might be best to come right out and say that it's a sad commentary on Hollywood, this case of the Mad Fentons. Almost anyone else in the world could tour Europe with one suitcase, or dig in the garden, stay home nights, and even run a tractor, without being given a second look. But because a couple of actors travel without seven trunks, wear overalls, and don't believe in war, and are not so dazzled by kleig lights that they can't see any of the world beyond,—in short, because they act like two utterly normal and ordinary people, they are considered about ready for the psychopathic ward. It takes a case like this to make you realize it's Hollywood that is quite, quite mad after all! Not the rest of the world! While the rest of Hollywood steps out, the Fentons stay at home.

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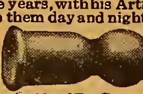

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In My Mirror

[*Continued from page* 51]

ing fragrance which is delightful. In fact I have gone a step further. In my bedroom, and in my library, too, I have painted the underside of little cigarette tables and end-tables with it, so that the minute you step into these rooms, you catch a dainty whiff of the heliotrope. Incidentally, one coating of the lacquer remains fragrant for months.

Speaking of fragrances, one of my favorites has always been the soft, delicate scent of baby powder. It gives you a fresh, dainty fragrance. Many men I know object to strong, overpowering perfume—so if your man is that type, try a little baby powder on him!

As for skin treatment . . . my skin has always been very fine and delicate and sensitive, so I have never been able to use harsh towels. I use absorbent cotton to remove my cleansing cream and to cleanse my eyes. I also often use cotton to apply powder and rouge.

One thing I have always had against a long, full bob, is that the back of the neck is so often neglected because of it. For this reason I have made a little law for myself. I never wash my face with soap and water or cleanse it with cream, or apply nourishing cream, without first pinning up the curls at the back of my neck—then I have no excuse for *not* giving my neck the same treatment.

MY beauty paraphernalia consists mostly of brushes . . . strangely enough. There are two hair-brushes (which I use at the same time, one on each side of my head, thus cutting my brushing time in half), two tooth brushes, which I use alternately, an eyebrow-brush, a mascara brush, a lipstick brush, a complexion brush, a powder brush for blending the powder, a scrub brush for my nails and hands, and a back brush for my body . . . all probably familiar to you except perhaps the lipstick and powder brush. My powder brush is round and soft, and after I have powdered generously, I use it in a quick circular motion, to remove the excess powder and to blend the face powder with the rouge, and to see that the powder is carefully applied in those two indentations at either side of the nose.

As for the lipstick brush—well, I used to envy the way actresses applied their lipstick with such art that it always covered their lips evenly, even into the corners. And then, when I went on the stage I discovered the reason. They—almost all of them—use a small camel's hair brush for applying lipstick. This enables you to draw the lipstick in a very fine line, right to the corners of the mouth. You know I even carry a small one in my hand-bag. If you try to use such a brush, remember to keep it clean and smooth by soaking it occasionally in olive oil.

When people ask me how I keep my hair so glossy, and so alive-looking, I usually just answer that "I hate hats!" It's true I seldom wear them, and it's my main secret for hair beauty. Plenty of fresh air and sunshine will do wonders for your hair. Hats that are worn too tight tend to smother the hair by taking the elasticity out of it.

I have several special little problems about making-up, and also about jewelry—which you and I may have in common. And perhaps my solution to these problems will help you. First of all, my face is rather round and broad, so to give it a longer, more oval appearance, I wear my hair off my forehead. Bangs or waves, placed low on the forehead, just aren't becoming to me. Also, for this reason I never wear rouge spread out far on my cheek-bones, but keep it well in toward my nose. If you do arch your eyebrows, keep them quite high to add length to the face.

Since I also have quite a short neck and broad shoulders—these two things, strangely enough, usually go with a round face—I cannot wear long earrings, for these only emphasize the shortness of my neck. Neither can I wear short-length, choker beads, for these have the same effect. Small, turban-shaped hats, or hats with small brims that can be turned up away from the face, are also more becoming than large hats with droopy brims.

Incidentally, if you are going to show your ears, or call attention to them with earrings, it is well to give them a little extra attention. Cold cream makes them smooth and youthful. And here's something I have discovered. There is a cuticle cream that I use on my hands which is a pale pink shade. Occasionally I dab a bit of this on my ear-lobes to give them that "shell pink look."

Make-up for hands is something that should receive more attention than it does. All of us have made manicuring pretty much of a habit, but how often do you cream your hands and powder them? You may think of this when togged out for the evening, but why not make a daily habit of it? As a matter of fact, it is when you go dancing that you should *not* powder your hands. But, if you are going just to dinner, or to the theatre, you can use a good liquid powder on your hands—in a shade to match your own skin.

This is the way you apply it: After washing your hands with soap and water apply a bit of cleansing cream to soften them. After you remove the cream with tissue, apply a bit of good hand lotion, and then apply the powder.

One of the most important parts of any beauty routine, is that last minute check-up before going out. And a last look in the dressing table mirror is not enough. Face facts clearly by daylight, too . . . examining your make-up critically, in the strong light at the window. And don't ever go out wearing too much make-up, or too much perfume, and excusing it with the thought that "Well, it'll all wear off after a little while!" Remember that you *may* meet your "future" right outside your own front steps!

An Open Letter to Mae West

[*Continued from page* 38]

I'm not telling about them here.

SOMEONE once wrote that you are just a parody of Sex, but I know that not a leading man, from Cary Grant to Cavanaugh, have come away from even almost making love to you without being affected. I know that you are the very Queen of Sex, no doubt even greater than Cleopatra who was just a girl who took boat rides on the Nile, thousands of years ago.

We recently sent a typical Mae West hat, one of those wide, flouncy babies, back for an exhibition at Macy's in New York and word comes that it was the greatest attraction of the display. How you get to people, Mae, is nobody's business! It makes me marvel.

Hollywood would like to lionize you, Mae, but you won't let them. I don't think you ever quite got over the hurt at the premiere of *She Done Him Wrong* and I can't blame you. You know all the answers and that's enough for me.

What have you in mind for your next picture? I know you are already working on it. But you really should have a long vacation, a quiet rest in a mountain resort, where they never heard of Mae West, or would you be forced to wait until you can go to Mars? You must be tired, Mae, for flesh and blood—even yours—can stand only so much. So why not take a vacation?

Ed Churchill recently got a story from your old friend, William (Bill) Le Baron. It appeared in the July MOTION PICTURE. If that story hasn't done more to reveal the REAL Mae West, than anything else ever printed, I'll eat your new costumes. Bill Le Baron adores you and lets the world know it—and I'm proud of him.

I hope, Mae, that you will keep on knocking 'em cold. No matter what ever happens now, you have etched your name on the fame roll of screen history. Women may come and women may go, but there will never be another Mae West. I hope you will give me a frank answer to print on this, Mae. Let's have some of the famous West wit to liven it up! When your fans and friends read the answer they'll shout! *More power to you and long may you wave.*

Always your friend,

J. Eugene Chrisman

Robert Montgomery Answers Mr. Chrisman's July Letter

[*Continued from page* 38]

It has been a lot of hard work, but I knew that before I started. I chose acting as my life's work because I loved it. True, there are long hours and many times I have wanted to get away. That is only natural.

You asked me if I am thinking of leaving the screen soon. I believe that the ideal existence for any actor is to play on both the screen and the stage. I believe that in order to progress as an actor, it is necessary, now and then, to play to an audience. I love the theatre and always will. I started there and feel a sense of loyalty to it. I do not plan to leave the screen, however, but would definitely like to do some of each. Your saying that my leaving would disappoint my fans was nice of you. I hope it is true and I am grateful for everything they have done for me. They are certainly necessary to any actor, whoever he is.

You said you would like to see me in the part of the English hero of *The Tale Of Two Cities*, also that you would like to see me revive *Scaramouche*. I do like to do things of that kind, but I have found that the longer one is in pictures, the more difficult it becomes to change the type of parts one plays. I like a wide range because that means advancement in my chosen career.

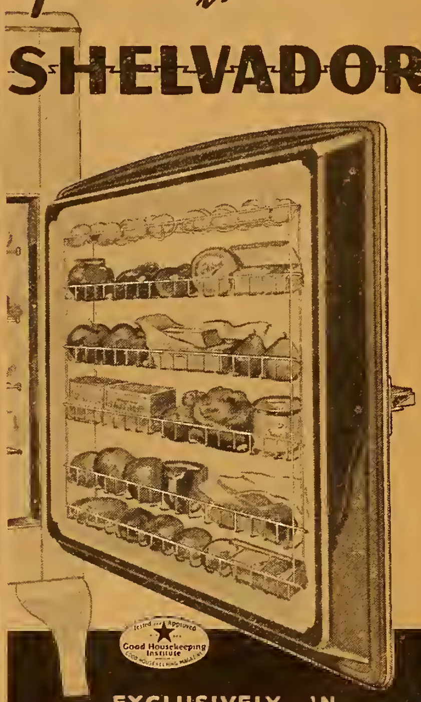
YOU mentioned in your letter that I have changed off the screen since you first met me, six years ago, but that I am the same on the screen. I have learned a great deal about the business and about people and things in general. The world has changed, important things have happened and these things interest me intensely. I think I am far more serious and more appreciative of the real things that matter. My rôles have not changed much, because I am always cast in parts without any great variation. I hope that I have progressed a little at least.

Hollywood has not made me bitter, as you suggested. Why should it? Certainly no one is entirely pleased, no matter where he lives. Naturally I love my farm; it represents the freedom toward which I am working. Right now I'm looking forward to spending three months there and then back to work.

Thank you again, Gene, for your letter. I appreciated it and I hope I have given you a satisfactory answer.

Best regards,

Robert Montgomery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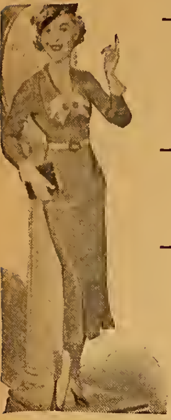

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A Car-Hopper Looks at the Stars

[*Continued from page* 39]

are the things that matter," Wally added.

"I'LL tell you who's the most fascinating man to a car-hopper. That's George Raft. Every time that big sedan of his roars in, all the girls are thrilled to death. He's the perfect man about town, if you know what I mean. He looks just like Fifth Avenue. There isn't anyone who can equal him when it comes to clothes, and I don't think he's ever met a wrinkle face to face. He's so very good-looking with a slightly sinister expression that makes you wonder, and his teeth are so white that they almost blind you when he smiles."

I asked her what this sinister sophisticate ordered, and Wally said: "Nothing but orange juice. I guess they all have to watch their diets," she continued. "George Raft leaves nice tips, twenty-five and thirty cents. And he's always swell to wait on. His chauffeur is nice, too," she sighed. "I wish he'd come more often."

Wally has only seen Constance Bennett once or twice at the Stand, and doesn't know much about her. She said that she wouldn't dare talk to her. She comes in a high-powered black sedan, driven by a chauffeur who is grand, according to Wally. His name is Cliff and he is supposed to be the best-dressed chauffeur in town. *La* Bennett consumes barbecued sandwiches and leaves good tips. "She's so lovely," says Wally. But there's such an unnecessary dignity about her—such a complete, lofty reserve that I'm not as thrilled at seeing her as I am some of the others.

"NOW take Bing Crosby, for instance. Once he had two pork sandwiches and a glass of milk. He autographed my menu and left a big tip . . . fifty cents. I bet he would have sung if I had asked him. He's what every American man ought to look and act like," she added firmly.

I asked Wally who was the most "difficult" star that she had served. Her answer was prompt. "Spencer Tracy. He comes in late at night and there are always two men with him. Maybe his chauffeur and bodyguard. He never has any girls with him, and he and the men sit around for an hour or more. His favorite game is knocking the trays off the car doors, which isn't so funny to me. Then, too, he demands a lot of attention, and he blows his horn continually. He doesn't leave much of a tip, either. But he comes back all the time and, of course, that's the important thing," Wally said resignedly.

"Helen Hayes gave me a picture," she continued proudly. "It happened several months ago. I was waiting on a colored woman. She was awfully nice and after we had talked a little, I found out she was Helen Hayes' maid. She said that if I wanted to write a note to Miss Hayes, she'd be glad to take it to her. Did I *want* to! I missed two cars writing that note. I didn't expect anything to come of it, so imagine my glee when, a few days later, the same maid's Ford drove up and there was Miss Hayes with the maid. And what's more, she brought me the autographed picture. It's my most cherished possession. She's wonderful. I remember she ate a hot dog, and I thought that was so funny. That magnificent actress eating a hot dog! And after the hot dog she had some blackberry pie. And that's a combination!"

I DEMANDED more details, and Wally laughed and said, "Oh, so many come in, I can't remember them all. Adrienne Ames with Bruce Cabot. They're a good-looking couple. Margaret Sullavan came in late one night, and had orange juice and chili. And there's another combination for you! Eddie Cantor comes in once in a while in a large green car—simply filled with Cantors. You couldn't fail to recognize him. His eyes look as if they might fall out any minute.

"Every time Jean Parker comes, she hates to leave. She says car-hopping fascinates her and the questions that that girl can ask! She keeps me busy for an hour telling her about the job. Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller appear frequently. They either read the paper or fight," she said significantly.

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I asked Wally who was the biggest eater among the stars. "Frank Morgan," she replied with no hesitation. "Like Mr. Cantor, he always brings a party with him. And the fried chicken they consume! Mr. Morgan eats more than all the rest of them put together. He's lots of fun, very friendly and democratic. He usually appears in the evening, and he and his friends eat fried chicken until the cook has hysterics for fear there won't be any left for anyone else who might come along."

NATURALLY my next question concerned who ate most sparingly. That brought forth a barrage of superlatives that formed a glowing halo around the head of Katharine Hepburn. She, according to Wally, is the most wonderful, fascinating, and beautiful person in the world. She's been in twice," Wally said. "Once in the afternoon and once in the evening. In the afternoon she had on brown slacks and ate a huge bowl of chili and insisted that it be 'heavy with onions.' It certainly was, after the cook got through with it. I don't know how she stood it, but she said it was very good. That is the largest meal I've ever seen her eat. The time she came at night, she had a small orange juice. She's fascinating. Her diction is so clear and decisive that she makes others sound as if they had mush in their mouths. She has a very severe face and a defiant mouth, but her eyes are the friendliest in the world."

WALLY never will forget Clark Gable's first visit. "He ordered a hamburger with onions and a cup of coffee. I didn't recognize him at first as he had a month's growth of beard on his face. He was a sight. He said to me: 'I'll bet you think I need a shave.' I told him I certainly did. 'Well,' he said, 'you just wait and hour and see.' He finished his hamburger, gave me a swell tip and drove away. I was quite busy and forgot all about him, but in less than an hour he was back, beautifully shaved and immensely pleased with himself. I don't know why he went to all that trouble, but it was a cute thing to do. He said he wanted me to know that once in a while he managed to look quite respectable.

"Fred Astaire is another actor who eats hamburgers. And Oliver Hardy usually eats three at one sitting. Ricardo Cortez comes in an imported car and leaves a dollar tip. Robert Montgomery drives a big foreign car and never says a word more than he has to. Virginia Cherrill is just the opposite. She'll chat for an hour and ask me all about my work. She said she was going to try it some day, but when I told her we didn't get any salary, but had to depend entirely on tips, she changed her mind!

How the Readers Rate Them!

[*Continued from page* 18]

showing their sacrifices, their kindred loves, and their fear of man. The real stars, Malibu, the deer, and Cato, the mountain lion, knew their cues. They put all they had into their rôles, and it was more than we had dreamed they had. And, then too, who could have been more convincing in the part of a "dyed-in-the-woods" outdoor girl than lovely Jean Parker? Time, money, and effort were surely well spent on this marvelous picture.—David McNeil, 5340 Wakefield St., Philadelphia, Pa.

High praise has been given the new type of entertainment represented by the picture, Sequoia, *and its human star, Jean Parker. And the animals in it, too!*

SHE KNEW GAY NINETIES

($1 Prize Letter)

MAY I express my admiration for the West girl who came from the East to teach us the fallacy of false modesty? To do this she has chosen the most self-conscious, superficial of periods, the gay nineties, from which has come, most surprisingly, our modern generation, a generation that is not afraid to look life in the face. Having been a child myself in the nineties, and having watched the hourglass figure in the making, I can appreciate that Boom-de-Aye period which Mae West portrays. Although she seems to exploit men—and women too—(in pictures!) there is underneath that diamond-tinseled philosophy of hers, true religion. Whatever she is, she's honest, and in that she expresses the modern age. I am glad that I have broken down any prejudice I may have had against her for she has a deep moral sense, a feeling of tragedy in glamorous living.—Laura Brey, 2446 Estes Ave., Apt. 3, Chicago, Ill.

There have been many comments made upon Mae West, many favorable. Undoubtedly she is a unique character in the film world. Her new picture is Goin' to Town, *differing somewhat from her others.*

Write a Letter! Win a Prize!

MOTION PICTURE gives cash prizes for letters printed in the department entitled, "How the Readers Rate Them!" Just sit down and write a letter, giving your opinion of the stars you like or dislike, of the pictures you have seen, of ideas that you may have for the improvement of the films. Read the instructions that appear on page 18. Then send your letter to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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PEDS, Hollywood's shoe-hi stocking-savers have fast become the favorite summer hose of thousands! Amazing "stocking-ettes" that keep feet coolly protected from hot shoe leather—so unbearable to dainty women! Now, thousands of women, in homes and at business, wear Peds every day! Wear Peds over or under stockings too—end rubbing and friction of shoes—cut hosiery bills in HALF! End drudgery of mending toes and heels. They do not show above shoe tops.

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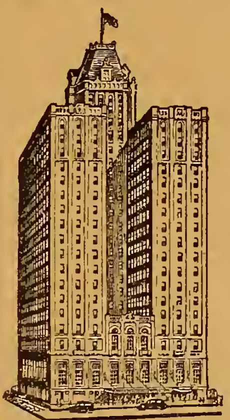

Between Ourselves

YOU can forget the NRA decision—well, temporarily anyway. You can even stop wondering (as you pick daisies out of the air) why you haven't received anything back from those chain letters. Garbo has gone home and natural-color films are here!

There have been pictures in color previous to *Becky Sharp*. As long as fifteen years ago, Technicolor was tried out and was used intermittently through the years; a few years ago, soon after talkies arrived, there was a regular flurry of color pictures; and for the past two years Walt Disney's *Silly Symphonies* have been photographed in color. But *Becky Sharp* is the first feature-length picture to use the *new* Technicolor process. That's why it is stirring up so much comment.

If it goes over, the whole film industry will be taking to color—just as it took to talkies after the success of *The Jazz Singer*.

And the more you think about it, the more certain you become that this is going to happen, that *Becky Sharp* is another movie milestone.

FOR one thing, there has been tremendous advancement in the past two or three years in color photography—with Technicolor experimenting in. large-size film, and the Eastman Kodak Company experimenting in the home-movie size. Independently, they have made such valuable discoveries that they have arranged a cross-licensing of patents, to make sure that every new development is immediately available to all movie photographers, whether professional or amateur.

Early color photography employed a dense film that dimmed the whites and made an enormous amount of light necessary when pictures were made. The new method prints whites on practically clear celluloid, requires no more light than ordinary prints, and gives a luminosity that was lacking in the earlier fuzzy and garish color films.

Moreover, the item of color's cost no longer is so important. The printing cost for early color films was twenty cents a foot; today it is down to five and one-half cents a foot; and the price will go down still further with quantity production. That takes care of—and minimizes—the expense angle.

THEN, of course, there is that other important consideration: Will color kill off most of the present-day colors and call for new types, repeating the debacle in the ranks of stars that occurred when talkies arrived?

Robert Edmond Jones, noted stage designer, expert on colors and the man who planned the color effects of *Becky Sharp*, says "No." He points out that artists do not paint just one type; they are not limited to blondes, or brunettes, or titians; they know how to paint them all. And artists will play a tremendous part in the new era of color, because of their knowledge of color harmonies.

Nor is Jones just being a guessing optimist. Before he ever started work on *Becky Sharp*, he saw color tests of Katharine Hepburn, who is titian, and Dolores Del Rio, who is brunette. He knew already how Miriam Hopkins, who is blonde, would photograph in color. And seeing the results of tests of contrasting types, he cast his lot with color films, devoting solid months of work to this first, pioneering picture.

IT STILL is a question whether or not the public—you and I—will insist on color, as we insisted on sound and conversation, once we had had a reel taste of them.

Jones says that we do not live in a black-and-white world, and asks how we can be content to see a black-and-white world when we go to the theatre—after we see life there in natural colors.

John Hay Whitney, of the Park Avenue and Wall Street Whitneys, is not a gambler. He did not form Pioneer Pictures with the idea of producing color pictures, or buy fifteen per cent of the stock of Technicolor, just on the chance that they *might* be winners. He was convinced that color had to come—and he was willing to devote his resources to bringing it. If *Becky Sharp* has seemed slow in reaching your screen, it is only because Whitney was making doubly sure that it had what he hoped it would have.

And if you don't think color is here to stay, ponder this thought: Television is just around the corner, and will heave into sight just as soon as they find a way to "telecast" farther than twenty-five miles; but when it comes it will be in black and white. If the movies are in color—vivid natural color—they still will have more to offer the eyes than Television will!

AFTER *Becky Sharp* gets around, the Letters to the Editor will probably be ninety-per-cent color-conscious. But this month, like the month before, the big topics of conversation among moviegoers seem to be Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald, and *Naughty Marietta*. Enthusiasm for the two stars and their first picture together doesn't seem to be waning a bit.

And a curious thing about the majority of the letters is that the writers divide the credit for the thrills of that operetta equally between Nelson and Jeanette. Nelson is new, inspiring and exciting; but Jeanette has revealed new abilities, new charms—and with them she is just as exciting and inspiring. The public is clamoring to see them together in a series of operettas. And if Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's mail is as full of that suggestion as MOTION PICTURE is, I hope they do something about it. Even if it isn't, I hope they do something about it!

Larry Reid

4. Aug.

MOTION PICTURE

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PRINCESS CHARMING (UNTIL SHE SMILES)

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A WOMAN smiles—and her face glows with a touch of splendor.. (*Dazzling white teeth set in firm, healthy gums help create that lovely moment.*)

Another woman smiles, and her charm vanishes before your eyes.

(*Dingy teeth and tender gums halt your attention with an unpleasant jolt.*)

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" IS A WARNING

The explanation of "pink tooth brush" is remarkably simple. It's because almost no one nowadays eats the coarse, fibrous foods so stimulating to the gums. Our modern, soft-food diet allows them to grow tender through sheer inaction. And that's why the warning tinge of "pink" appears so often—why modern dental science urges Ipana and massage.

Dental science says you must massage the gums as well as brush the teeth. So rub a little Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth. Ipana, massaged into the gums, helps restore healthy firmness.

Change to Ipana and massage. For, with healthy gums, you have little to fear from the really serious gum troubles—from gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea. And the brilliance of your smile, the whiteness and beauty of your teeth, will make you wish you had changed to Ipana and massage long ago.

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If you like, send for the trial tube. But why not begin today—now—to secure the full benefit of Ipana from the full-size tube? It gives you a month of scientific dental care . . . 100 brushings . . . and a quick, decisive start toward healthy gums and brighter teeth.

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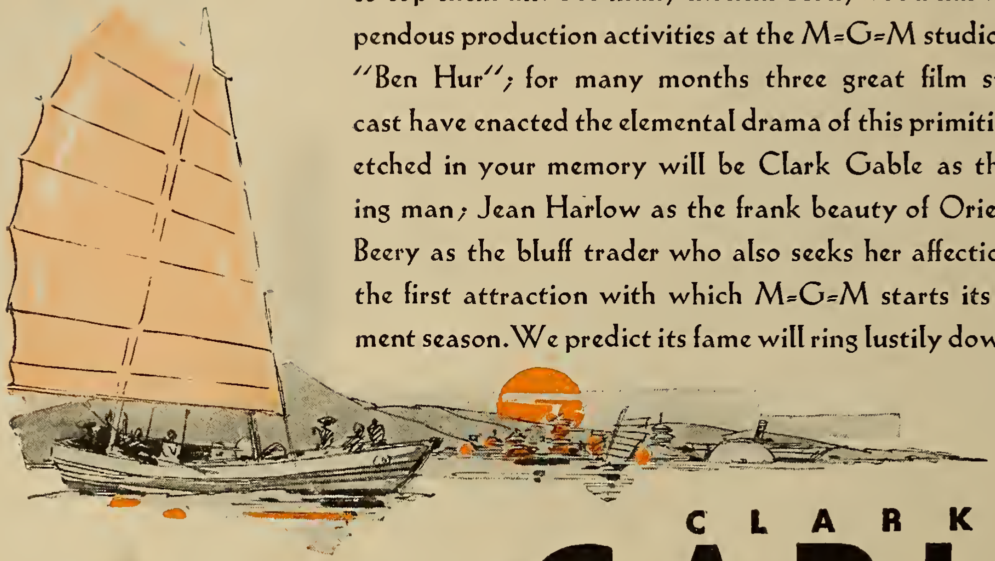
A CHALLENGE TO ALL SCREEN HISTORY!

Think back to your greatest film thrill! Recall the mightiest moments of romance, action, soul-adventure of the screen! A picture has come to top them all! For many months Hollywood has marvelled at the stupendous production activities at the M-G-M studios, not equalled since "Ben Hur"; for many months three great film stars and a brilliant cast have enacted the elemental drama of this primitive love story. Deeply etched in your memory will be Clark Gable as the handsome seafaring man; Jean Harlow as the frank beauty of Oriental ports; Wallace Beery as the bluff trader who also seeks her affections. "China Seas" is the first attraction with which M-G-M starts its new Fall entertainment season. We predict its fame will ring lustily down the years to come!



CLARK

GABLE

JEAN

HARLOW

WALLACE

BEERY

CHINA SEAS

with

Lewis STONE • Rosalind RUSSELL

Directed by Tay Garnett • Associate Producer: Albert Lewin

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

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"I'M NO LADIES' MAN! SAYS CLARK GABLE

"I'm more at home with men than with women," says Clark. "But I think most men are. When a man talks, he means just what he says. When a woman makes a remark, she may mean a dozen things!" Read Clark Gable's story in the October issue of MOTION PICTURE

MOTION PICTURE

ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

SEPTEMBER, 1935

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If you are a blonde as Anita Louise is, at right, you must restore hair color as she has to do

You shouldn't try to lose a suntan in too great a hurry if you want as soft a skin as Anita Louise's

Beauty for Autumn...

by Denise Caine

EVEN though you are still very tan as to skin and summery as to clothes, hasn't your woman's eye already noted those black velvet hats and new fall dresses in every shop window? And hasn't your woman's intuition whispered to you that you'll have to do something about your summer-ravaged skin and hair before you can expect to look like anything but a bedraggled gypsy in dark velvets?

It isn't a bit too early to start getting yourself in trim for the autumn social whirl, because bleaching the skin and reconditioning sun-dried hair just *can't* be done overnight! If you've been a wise little person and used the proper preventive measures, your end-of-the-summer beautifying won't be such a trial; but if you've nonchalantly neglected to apply your sunburn lotion and to protect your hair from the sun, wind and salt water, you're going to have to spend more time and effort in repair work...

After a summer vacation, blondes like Anita Louise, for example, usually find their hair two or three different shades because they insisted on cavorting about in the sun bareheaded. For sun in excessive amounts has the same power as that mysterious concoction they use in beauty shops and call "white henna"—it bleaches!

The most effective method of bringing sun-dried and sun-bleached hair back to its proper glossiness and evenness of color is to give it hot oil rubs twice a week. This practice restores the oil which the sun has thoughtlessly removed; and when the hair has its proper quota of lubrication uniformly distributed over the full length of each hair, its life, lustre, and color become normal. You can use warm olive oil for this purpose if you don't mind the dreary task of removing the oil with several soapings and rinsings, but if you want to achieve the same effect with less wear and tear on your disposition, you should use an oil shampoo. It works marvels.

BEAUTY ADVICE

Are you sick of your suntan and longing to be pale as a gardenia? . . . Then write to me for information on bleach creams . . . And include all your other troublesome beauty problems, too. I'm always glad to advise my readers. Address Denise Caine, Motion Picture Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City, and please don't neglect to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for my reply.

ONE that has been used with a great deal of success in reconditioning badly treated hair prior to permanent waving is olive oil, chemically treated so that it is soluble in water. That means that, unlike pure olive oil, it rinses away in plain water in a split second...

To give yourself a professionally thorough treatment with this oil, try the following procedure: Brush your hair determinedly for three or four minutes, with a stiff-bristled brush. Massage your scalp briskly for another three or four minutes, holding the thumbs at the temples and rotating the fingers all over the scalp, so firmly that you can feel the scalp move under them. Apply the hot oil generously, saturating the hair and scalp with it and then wrap your head in steaming hot towels for about five minutes. The steam helps to force the oils into the shaft of each oil-starved hair, you see. Try it.

After removing the towels, give your scalp another brisk massage and then rinse the hair in lukewarm water... After your hair is dry, you [*Continued on page 66*]

until death do us part

Gary Cooper and Ann Harding in a scene from the Paramount Picture "Peter Ibbetson" directed by Henry Hathaway

Romeo and Juliet!...Antony and Cleopatra!...Tristan and Isolde!...Dante and Beatrice!...Heloise and Abelard! ...Lovers all—out of the scores upon scores of lovers who down through the ages have fired the imagination and the creative artistry of bards and minstrels, poets and playwrights, painters and writers.

Without end are the enduring love stories of the world —those transcendental, inspiring romances that reach into the hearts, souls and minds of people—to lift humans out of themselves for one brief, thrilling instant in the scheme of things and make them kin to the gods in Paradise!

Taking its place alongside the immortal love romances of all time is the touching, tenderly beautiful story of Peter and Mary in Du Maurier's glorious tale, "Peter Ibbetson." Here was a love truly beyond all human understanding—a love that endured through childhood, manhood and old age—a love that flamed with a brilliant intensity—a love that burned even beyond the grave.

As a novel, "Peter Ibbetson" left an indelible imprint on all who read it. As a stage play, and then again as an opera, idealized with music, it entranced those fortunate enough to have witnessed its performance. Now it is being brought to the screen by Paramount, with a devotion to casting and direction that promises to further deify, if possible, what is already recognized as an immortal work.

Gary Cooper has been chosen to portray the sincerity and manly manliness of Peter Ibbetson, while Ann Harding has won the coveted role of Mary, who was the Duchess of Towers. The screen play has been placed under the lucid and understanding direction of Henry Hathaway, who guided the destinies of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

As a living, breathing canvas that recreates the glamorous scenes and the passionate interludes of Du Maurier's story, the photoplay "Peter Ibbetson" gives every promise of presenting another screen masterpiece in this story of a love that will last through all eternity.

The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings-on in Hollywood

By

J. Eugene Chrisman

Lorraine Bridges sang so ably at one studio party that she received a singing rôle before being given her screen test!

YOU can't get around Hollywood these bright midsummer days without fairly stumbling over interesting news items, at least not the beagle-hound of Hollywood (the old TATTLER, to you). While over on location at Catalina Isthmus with *Mutiny on the Bounty,* spearing flying fish from the dock at night (they make swell eating), I saw GABLE without his mustache, and although FRANCHOT TONE and JOAN are working in different companies, they managed to have dinner at the St. Catherine Hotel at Avalon each night.

Stardom for Bruce

SINCE BRUCE CABOT'S performance as a Public Enemy in *Let 'em Have It,* a picture of the G-Men, Metro, to whom he is under contract, plan to make a star of him. The boy was fine in the rôle of the gang leader, and is photographing better than ever these days. Both he and his lovely wife, ADRIENNE AMES, have been doing splendidly since returning from England.

Fade-Out for Cupid

LONA ANDRE'S marriage to EDWARD NORRIS didn't take. They eloped to Tia Juana and were married, but after four days of it, Cupid fled and now LONA is asking for an annulment.

A Sunday Text

SOMEONE asked the famous shouting evangelist, BILLY SUNDAY, who had just visited MAE WEST on the Paramount lot and had his picture taken with her, what he thought of the curvacious MAE. "She convinces me that sin isn't as unattractive as I thought it was," he smiled, "that is, not her kind of sin."

They Can Win?

WHO said the gangster story was dead? Now that the G-Men films are hitting general releases, Warner's plan to co-star PAUL MUNI, *Scarface,* and EDWARD G. ROBINSON, *Little Caesar,* in the Satevepost story, *Doctor Socrates.* It's packed with thrills

[*Continued on page* 10]

Wide World

When the blonde film actress, Esther Ralston, married Wilburt Whitfield Morgan, young singer, Cupid scored a touchdown. They first met at a studio

They
HAVE ALL GONE GB

Individuality is what gives vitality to pictures. ¶These stars are now with GB . . . because GB Productions have individuality, glamour, and a tone all their own.

Watch For These Pictures!
- THIRTY-NINE STEPS
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- TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL
- THE KING OF THE DAMNED
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- KIPLING'S SOLDIERS THREE
- PASSING OF THE 3RD FLOOR BACK
- MODERN MASQUERADE
- SECRET AGENT
- DR. NIKOLA
- KING SOLOMON'S MINES
- FIRST A GIRL
- BORN FOR GLORY
- ALIAS BULLDOG DRUMMOND
- A GEORGE ARLISS SPECIAL

GB TOPS 'EM ALL

*By courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

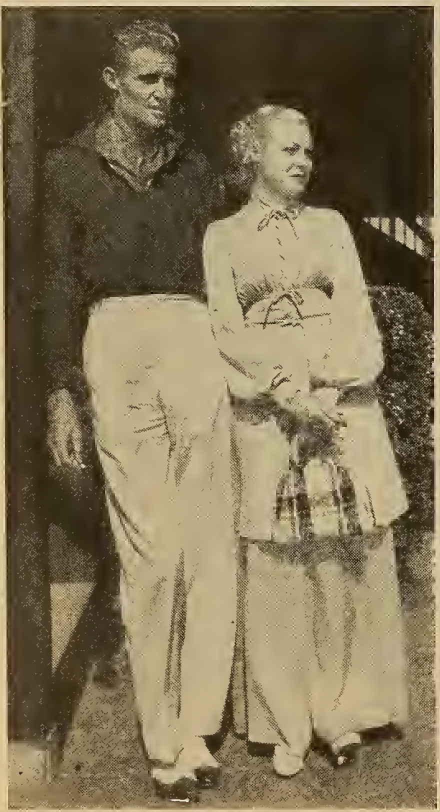
[*Continued from page* 8]

and the rattle of machine-gun fire. Gangster films, in some form, are not going to die off any easier than the gangsters do. ROBINSON, incidentally, thought that *G-Men* in which JAMES CAGNEY played the leading rôle, was not a sufficiently good character for him to put on the screen. Now that the nation is raving about it, he's one sorry actor.

What Are the Old-Timers Doing?

EDNA PURVIANCE, who was the glamorous star of Chaplin's *Woman of Paris*, is still in Hollywood. She is as beautiful as ever and still remains on CHAPLIN'S pay roll at a salary of $300 a week, a sum which she has drawn all the years, as a mark of CHAPLIN'S gratitude.

THEDA BARA, the silent film vamp, and the great star of her day, is married to CHARLES BRABIN, the director. Her only contact with the films is a social one but she occasionally goes on the set when her husband is directing a picture—for just a peep!



Two champions! Lester Stoefen, ace tennis player, and Ruth Moody, top-notch chorus girl. They're engaged

Wide World

It was the first Sunday in June when Lona Andre, screen siren, and Edward Norris, young film actor, eloped. Lona was one of the very first of the many June brides! But, somehow, Cupid failed. After four days, she sought annulment

Randy with Katie Now

RANDOLPH SCOTT is at last finding his talent recognized, and it looks like he would hang his chaps on a line in the future—and forget them. He was to play opposite MARGARET SULLAVAN but now gets the job of HEPBURN'S leading man in *Alice Adams*. Everyone likes RANDY and it's O.K. by all of us to see him getting ahead.

Vesuvius Will Pour

WHAT a spectacle, LORD LYTTON'S book, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, is going to be when finished! It is well under way at RKO with JOHN BEAL in the leading rôle and HELEN MACK as his leading lady. PRESTON FOSTER, ALAN HALE, LOUIS CALHERN, GLORIA SHEA, JASON ROBARDS and the youngster, DAVID HOLT, are in the cast. The destruction of the old Roman pleasure resort, by the eruption of Vesuvius will be told to the last graphic detail.

Polishing the Pearl

NORMAN FOSTER, who is billing and cooing with SALLY BLANE, sister of LORETTA YOUNG, is planning to finish the underwater film he started, while touring Tahiti last year, right here in Hollywood with cutting and process shots. He already has $10,000 invested in it and doesn't want to lose it. The story, of which NORMAN is the author, tells of the life of a pearl from the time it is found until it goes through various ownerships.

They're All the Same to Grace

DID YOU KNOW that when you get all bothered over GRACE MOORE'S voice in her next picture, *Love Me Forever*, you will hear her sing a hot number for the first time since she became an opera star. It is called, *Whoa, You've Been Stepping High* and the charming MISS MOORE puts the old pep into it with a vim!

From Caddy House to Studio

YES, Hollywood is still the land of the Aladdin's Lamp. When JUNIOR DURKIN was killed in an auto accident, Director CLARENCE BROWN did not know whom he could use to replace DURKIN in *Ah Wilderness*. But in driving past a golf course, he spotted a hand-

[*Continued on page* 15]

Binnie Barnes . . . in Universal's Production "DIAMOND JIM"

Do You Know

What Shade of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick Will

Accent Beauty in *Your* Face ?

★

POWDER

Max Factor's Powder makes your skin satin-smooth....its subtle color harmony shades add alluring radiance. Protects as well as beautifies; aids your skin to be fine-textured and young-looking.

★

ROUGE

The flattering color harmony shades of Max Factor's Rouge are light-tested... maintain their true color. Blends easily, smoothly; gives your skin a delicate, natural glow that lasts for hours.

★

LIPSTICK

Being moisture-proof, Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick may be applied to the inner as well as the outer surface of your lips giving them an even, harmonized color.

★

DO YOU know how red a rouge, and what shade of red will accent youthful beauty in your face? Do you know what shade of powder will enliven your skin and give it new alluring beauty? The answer lies in a secret known to lovely screen stars, and a discovery of Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up. From his vast experience in creating make-up to meet the exacting demands of the camera, Max Factor has developed the new art of color harmony make-up consisting of powder, rouge, and lipstick blended to emphasize beauty.

Color harmony make-up will accent beauty in your face just as it does for glamorous red-haired Binnie Barnes and other beautiful stars. If you are a blonde, it will give your face an exquisite romantic charm; if you are a brunette, it will make you fascinatingly beautiful. Color harmony make-up is as effective on one type as another, and may be used with enchanting results by the girl of fifteen, or the matron of fifty.

Would you like to see for yourself what an amazing change color harmony powder, rouge, and lipstick will make in your face? Would you like to have Max Factor give you a personal make-up analysis, and send you a sample of your color harmony make-up? Would you like a helpful illustrated book on "*The New Art of Society Make-Up?*" Just mail the coupon below, and all of these will be sent to you.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP—*Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony*

You will find Max Factor products at your favorite store. A large box of Max Factor's Face Powder is only one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge is fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Use Max Factor's Make-Up and discover what the loveliest women in the world already know.

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Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"* . . . FREE.

5-9-96

NAME ______

STREET ______

CITY ______ STATE ______

COMPLEXIONS	*EYES*	*HAIR*
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES (Color)*	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	

TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

Brief Reviews of the Current Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD; AA—FAIR; A—MEDIOCRE

Ian Hunter is the lively Bette Davis' husband in *The Girl from 10th Avenue.* Here, they kiss and make up

Call of the Wild—AAAA—This faithful interpretation of the familiar Jack London story is one of the outstanding pictures of the year. In the search for a rich gold mine in the Yukon, about which the plot revolves, Loretta Young, Clark Gable, and Jack Oakie play the leading characters with great skill.—*United Artists.*

Under the Pampas Moon—AAAA—Although the plot is based upon a very slight incident—the stealing of a horse and its recovery—this is a pleasing musical romance. Warner Baxter, as a romantic Argentine *gaucho,* and Ketti Gallian, as a famed French night-club entertainer, make a delightful team.—*Fox.*

Public Hero No. 1—AAAA—In spite of the fact that this film follows the initial popular picture, *G-Men,* dealing with the careers of Federal agents, it is a real hit and should have even a wider appeal than its predecessor. Chester Morris, Joseph Calleia, Lionel Barrymore, and Jean Arthur deserve high praise for their capable performances.—*M-G-M.*

Break of Hearts—AAAA—It is largely because of the conviction with which dramatic crises are brought to the screen by Katharine Hepburn and Charles Boyer that this picture is appealing to film audiences. John Beal and Jean Hersholt add much to the interest of the picture by their accomplished characterizations.—*RKO.*

Our Little Girl—AAAA—If Shirley Temple had not been the star of this picture, it is likely that it would have been neither important nor would it have had an especially wide appeal. However, Shirley *is* very much in it. And, not only is she her familiar and charming self, but her performance is touching.—*Fox.*

The Scoundrel—AAAA—Already famed as a playwright and as an actor on the stage, Noel Coward wins further laurels as a cold-hearted publisher in this, his first film appearance. Julie Haydon, who has the feminine lead, is assured of stardom as the result of her sympathetic portrayal of a woman whose heart is broken.—*Paramount.*

Hooray for Love—AAA—Because of the comedy and the songs, this picture will please many a movie fan. Ann Sothern, as a cabaret singer, and Gene Raymond, as an embryo theatrical producer, make a charming pair. Maria Gambarelli, noted ballerina, does a toe dance, and Bill Robinson, the colored dance expert, does some rapid-fire tapping.—*RKO.*

In Caliente—AAA—Although hit songs and lavish musical numbers are the leading attraction in this film, there is also plenty of romance, comedy, and drama to add to its interest. Dolores Del Rio, as a Spanish dancer, and Pat O'Brien, as a magazine editor, play the principal rôles. Glenda Farrell, Edward Everett Horton, and Leo Carillo are in the supporting cast.—*Warner Brothers.*

Werewolf of London—AAA—There are many weird scenes in this story dealing with the lives of two men whose careers are ruined by a strange malady. When the moon rises, they change from men into wolves, and like wolves their instinct leads them to kill. Warner Oland and Henry Hull furnish the chills and thrills.—*Universol.*

Doubting Thomas—AAA—Since Will Rogers' admirers go to see him rather than the particular character that he might be bringing to the screen, they will be happy to see him again in this picture. Will's imitation of Bing Crosby is something that will bring a laugh even from the most serious fan.—*Fox.*

Oil for the Lamps of China—AAA—Gripping drama in the wastes of China is presented in this story of the Orient. The impact of a giant corporation on its employees is also portrayed. In the able and distinguished cast are Josephine Hutchinson, Pat O'Brien, Jean Muir, and Lyle Talbot, as well as two Chinese actors, Willie Fung and Keye Luke.—*Worner Brothers.*

Escape Me Never—AAA—Beautiful pictorial effects are achieved in this screen version of the famous stage play of the same name. Opportunity is given Elisabeth Bergner to express a wide range of human emotions as the outcast, *Gemma Jones.* Words are inadequate for the description of her superb performance. The weakness of the story is its trifling plot.—*United Artists.*

The Girl from 10th Avenue—AAA—Bette Davis has a rôle in this film which gives her a good chance to express a variety of emotions. And she does excellent work in her part. As a poor girl who establishes herself in the esteem of the elite, Bette *is* the show. Supporting her are Ian Hunter, Colin Clive and Alison Skipworth.—*Warner Brothers.*

Let 'Em Have It—AAA—In this picture—another in the G-Man cycle—there is further description of the way in which Federal agents are trained. However, there is plenty of action. Both Richard Arlen, the hero, and Bruce Cabot, the villain, furnish plenty of action and thrills. Virginia Bruce has the feminine lead.—*United Artists.*

No More Ladies—AAA—After marrying a playboy whose weakness is women, Joan Crawford, makes him mend his ways. Robert Montgomery is the culprit who reforms. Franchot Tone is in the cast, as is also Charles Ruggles. Although some of the comedy is of a rather subtle kind, there are still enough laughs for everybody.—*M-G-M.*

Calm Yourself—AAA—Here, the plot is unimportant. The incidents are everything. And it is in the presentation of those incidents, that the fun starts and ends. There are plenty of laughs throughout the picture. Robert Young, as manager of "Confidential Services, Inc." plays the male lead. Madge Evans and Nat Pendleton are in the cast.—*M-G-M.*

Joan Crawford is not happy with her play-boy husband, Robert Montgomery, as seen in *No More Ladies*

Bruce Cabot makes a big hit with Dorothy Appleby, as seen here. He is the villain in *Let 'Em Have It*

Stranded—AAA—George Brent, as a bridge engineer, and Kay Francis, as a Travelers' Aid employee, present a dramatic story in this film. There is also a number of comedy situations, particularly one in which four immigrant brides ride in a taxi with George and Kay. A threatened walkout by an entire bridge building crew furnishes the basis for the plot.—*Worner Brothers.*

The Clairvoyant—AAA—Claude Rains and Fay Wray are merely quite an ordinary vaudeville team at the beginning of this picture. However, suddenly, Rains finds himself possessed of genuine prophetic powers. He foretells a train wreck, predicts a derby winner, a mine disaster. Fay Wray is convincing as Rains' wife. A scene in the London fog is very realistic. Jane Baxter is in the cast.—*G-B.*

April Blossoms—AAA—This film is distinguished by the presence of the famed European tenor, Richard Tauber, who enacts the life of Franz Schubert. Although Tauber appears as an unsuccessful lover might well look, the popular appeal of this production would have been superior if there had been a man such as Nelson Eddy in his part. Jane Baxter plays the feminine lead.—*B.I.P.*

College Scandal—AAA—There is murder and mystery in the story that unfolds here. But there is also abundant comedy. As the film begins, a student dies on a college campus after having gone through a stiff initiation ritual. Then two others die. Murder and more murder! But there is laughter between the tears! Arline Judge, Kent Taylor, and Wendy Barrie are in the cast.—*Paramount.*

Paris in Spring—AAA—Here fans will hear the lovely voice of Mary Ellis, featured in three songs. Then there is Tullio Carminati who starred with Grace Moore in *One Night of Love.* With a delightful setting in Paris, with gay comedy and singing, this film should please everyone. Ida Lupino, Lynne Overman, and James Blakely play supporting parts.—*Paramount.*

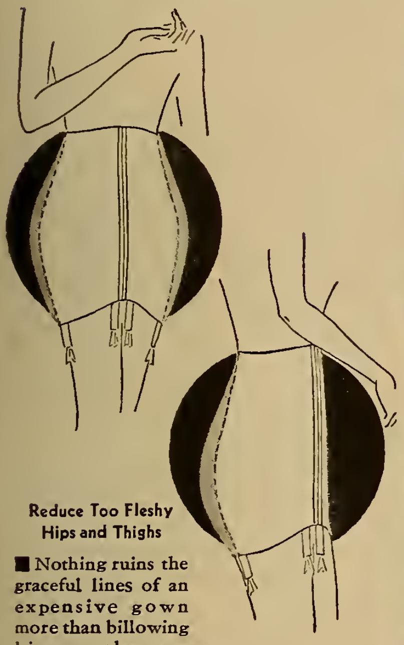
The Healer—AAA—A high light of this picture is the filming of a scorching forest fire. Ralph Bellamy, as a country doctor, brings a thoroughly likable character to the screen here. The saving of Karen Morley from the fire in the forest is one of the most dramatic sequences ever brought to the screen. Judith Allen, as a rich girl with designs on Bellamy, is convincing.—*Republic.*

The Arizonian—AAA—Although this is somewhat above classification as a cowboy picture, it has many of the characteristics of such a picture. What makes it interesting is not only the swift action, of which there is much, but the fact that there are a number of very able actors featured, among them, Richard Dix, Margot Grahame, Preston Foster, and Louis Calhern.—*RKO.*

Charlie Chan in Egypt—AA—The type of story which is brought to the screen here is familiar to most movie-goers. Warner Oland, as usual, is the sleuth, but this time in the tombs of ancient Egyptian kings. Suspense is well sustained until the climax is reached. Pat Paterson plays the leading feminine rôle.—*Fox.*

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS

Perfolastic not only CONFINES . . it REMOVES ugly bulges!

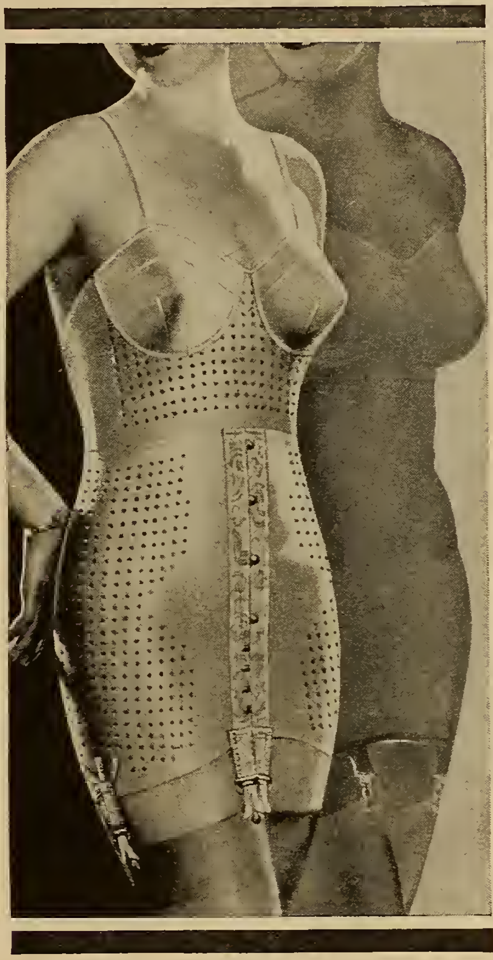


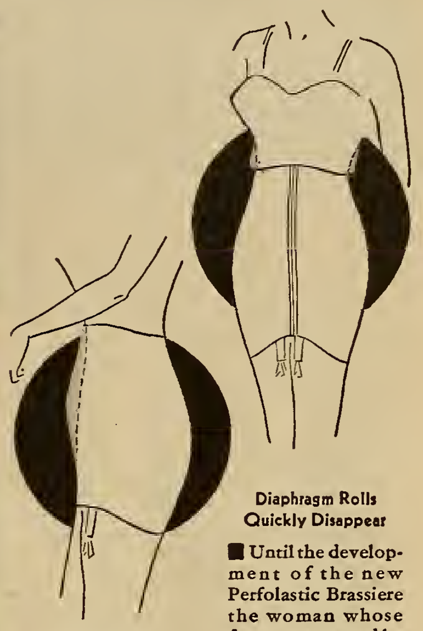
Reduce Too Fleshy Hips and Thighs

■ Nothing ruins the graceful lines of an expensive gown more than billowing hips . . . they are quickly brought back to beauty with the gentle massage-like action of the Perfolastic Girdle.

The Bulge "Derriere" Reduces Quickly

■ It is so easy to overcome the after effects of too healthy appetites . . . simply don a Perfolastic Girdle and watch the curves smooth out at the spots where Fashion says reduce.





Abdominal Fat is Most Common of All

■ Prominent "tummies" are almost universally due to relaxed muscles and resulting fat. Perfolastic will correct the appearance at once and then surely and safely reduce it, without dieting.

Diaphragm Rolls Quickly Disappear

■ Until the development of the new Perfolastic Brassiere the woman whose figure was marred by unsightly "rib-rolls" had to reduce by expensive massage. Now the massage-like action does it.

Reduce your waist and hips 3 inches in 10 days . . . or no cost!

Thousands of women today owe their slim, youthful figures to the sure, safe way of reduction—Perfolastic! Past results prove that we are justified in guaranteeing you a reduction of 3 inches in 10 days or there will be no cost. We do not want you to risk one penny—simply try it for 10 days at our expense. You will be thrilled . . as are *all* Perfolastic wearers.

APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

■ Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable you cannot realize that every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing . . and at *just the spots* where surplus fat has accumulated—*nowhere* else!

NO DIET . . . DRUGS . . . OR EXERCISES!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

■ No longer will surplus fat sap your energy and steal your pep and ambition! You will not only be gracefully slender, but you will feel more like doing things and going places!

MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION ACTUALLY REMOVES SUPERFLUOUS FAT!

And how is it done? Simply by the massage-like action of this wonderful "live" material. Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear.

"REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES" WRITES MISS HEALY!

■ "Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "From 43 to 34½ inches", writes enthusiastic Miss Brian; Mrs. Noble says she "lost almost 20 pounds with Perfolastic", etc., etc. Test Perfolastic yourself at our expense and prove it will do as much for *you!*

DON'T WAIT! SEND TODAY FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF PERFORATED RUBBER!

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks! You risk nothing . . . we want you to make this test yourself at our expense. Mail the coupon *now!*

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 79, 41 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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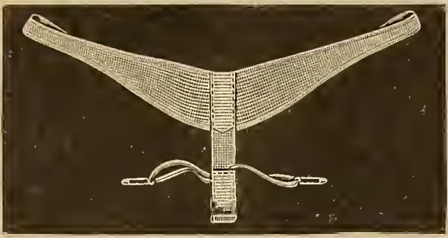
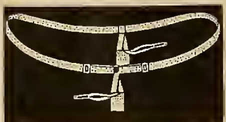
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

WELCOME AIDS FOR Difficult DAYS

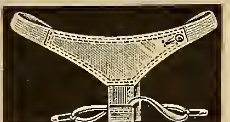


Siluette belt by Hickory—STYLE 1300

The Siluette Sanitary Belt by Hickory, by a patented process, is permanently woven to shape on the loom to make it conform perfectly to the figure. Siluette cannot bind, curl, irritate or slip. You'll find it delightfully soft, light-weight, comfortable and dainty, yet dependably secure. Its easy-stretch, fine quality Lastex wears and wears. Can be boiled, washed, ironed—65c



STYLE 1340
The Hickory Petite—adjustable—narrow boilproof Lastex; Satin Pads, perfectly comfortable and secure 35c



STYLE 1387
A popular Hickory Shield Button Style—combination satin and boilproof Lastex 50c

Sanitary Belts by
HICKORY
Made in a wide variety of styles . . . . 25c to 75c

If your dealer hasn't the Hickory Belt you want, send us his name with your remittance. Please state style and desired size: small, medium or large

A. STEIN & COMPANY
1157 West Congress Street, Chicago

You'll like HICKORY DRESS SHIELDS, too

NOW YOU'LL KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS

Just Ask the Cinema Sage

Miriam Hopkins starred in first color feature, *Becky Sharp*

Shirley Temple—This charming tot's lovely hair is naturally curly. She does not wear a permanent, as you thought that she does. (A. M., Fargo, N. Dak.)

Charles (Buddy) Rogers—He was born at Olathe, Kans., Aug. 13, 1904. He is six feet tall, has black hair and brown eyes. His new picture is *Old Man Rhythm*, made by RKO. (D. I. L., Lincoln, Nebr.)

Anne Shirley—This petite star, who won a large following as a result of her performance in *Anne of Green Gables*, has been an actress ever since she was fourteen months old. She was born in New York City, sixteen years ago. Swimming is her favorite sport. (A. R., Des Moines, Ia.)

Carole Lombard—This blonde star was born at Fort Wayne, Ind., Oct. 6, 1909. She is five feet, two inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, has golden hair and blue eyes. Yes, she was at one time a bathing beauty on the Mack Sennett lot. (K. B., Helena, Mont.)

Fred Astaire—Yes, he once owned a racing stable in England. His birthday is Nov. 26. Fred has been famous for many years as one of the greatest dancers in the world. Now, he is also considered one of the best light comedians on either stage or screen. (G. B., Walla Walla, Wash.)

Nelson Eddy—Among this singing star's ancestors is Martin Van Buren, eighth President of the United States. His grandmother was Caroline Kendrick who won fame as a singer in her day. (W. L. T., Santa Monica, Calif.)

Franchot Tone—Yes, this actor is a college graduate. He attended Cornell University 1924 to 1927, receiving his degree with distinction in the latter year. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, honorary scholastic fraternity. (M. T. A., Tucson, Ariz.)

Miriam Hopkins—Yes, the attractive Miss Hopkins is a Southerner by birth. She was born at Bainbridge, Ga., Oct. 18, 1902. It is probable that her name will be long remembered in film history as the star featured in the first three-tone Technicolor picture, *Becky Sharp*. Her first appearance on Broadway in New York City was as a member of the chorus of the first *Music Box Revue*. (N. T. M., Birmingham, Ala.)

Gene Raymond—His real name is Raymond Guion. His first picture was *Personal Maid* with Nancy Carroll, made in 1931. He spends many leisure hours, studying French and German. He is five feet, ten inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, has blue eyes and golden hair. He was born in New York City, Aug. 13, 1908. (B. N., Denver, Colo.)

Will Rogers—He learned to rope and ride as a natural part of his work when he was a ranch hand in Oklahoma. Born at Oolagah, Indian Territory, on Nov. 4, 1879, he was educated at Willow Hassall School, Neosho, Mo., and at Kemper Military Academy, Booneville, Mo. (G. B., Fort Worth, Tex.)

Randolph Scott—He first entered Georgia Tech, intending to study textile manufacturing. After spending his freshman year there, he transferred to the University of Virginia as a sophomore, spending his next two years there. After that he spent a year in European travel. (L. A. P., Santa Maria, Calif.)

Cary Grant—His real name is Archibald Leach, and he is an Englishman. He first appeared in English carnival shows and acrobatic troupes as a stilt-walker and acrobat. (N. L. B., Spokane, Wash.)

Ginger Rogers—Yes, she plays the piano and does so well. Her preference is for classical music. (W. C. A., Tucson, Ariz.)

If you want information about a movie star, ask this department. Your answer will appear as soon as space permits its inclusion. Or, if you prefer an immediate personal reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your letter to The Cinema Sage, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 10]

some young caddy packing for a pal. Now RICHARD MURRAY has a contract for the pictures and is hoping he will never carry another golfer's bag.

Salting a Salary

JACKIE COOPER receives a salary of $1300 a week and has been placed under the legal guardianship of his mother and Mr. CHARLES BIGELOW. He is permitted to spend but a small percent of his income, the rest being saved for his later years.

Taking London Over

WHAT a reception GRACE MOORE received when she sang *La Bohème* at Covent Garden in London recently. Although it was pouring rain and the wind was freezing, a long line of would-be spectators at the gallery entrance, were in line thirty-two hours before the performance. In vain the bobbies tried to tell them that it was against the law, but they remained just the same.

A Heroine Returns

ALICE TERRY, heroine of *The Four Horsemen*, is back in Hollywood to settle her mother's estate and is as charming as ever. REX INGRAM, her husband, sends her two long cables each day, so it must be love.

Thank Thelma

THE latest Hollywood cocktail may be obtained only at THELMA TODD'S cafe and is called The Joya and retails at $2.50 per copy. It is made of champagne, peaches, and a little grenadine and three will put the most hardened cocktail-gulper under the daisies for the night. Roland Young is the inventor.

The Very First Double

DID you know that director EDDIE SUTHERLAND was Hollywood's first *double?* EDDIE came to Hollywood when his aunt, BLANCHE RING, came to Los Angeles to appear in *The Yankee Girl.* EDDIE got a job at the studio where HELEN HOLMES, a star of the early serials, was doing *The Girl and The Game.* But one day when MISS HOLMES did not feel well, J. P. McGOWAN asked EDDIE to put on a wig and costume and play her rôle. Thus the first Hollywood *double* was born.

Mundin's Molars

OVER on location with *Mutiny on the Bounty* at the Catalina Isth-

[*Continued on page* 83]

Why Ex-Lax *is the* Ideal Hot *Weather* Laxative!

VACATIONS are made for fun. Every moment is precious. But often a change of water or diet will throw your system "off schedule"...and you need a laxative.

Ex-Lax is the ideal summer laxative for the following reasons given by a well-known New York physician:

1. In summer you should avoid additional strain on the vital organs of the body, even the strain due to the action of harsh cathartics. Ex-Lax is thorough but gentle. No pain, strain, or griping.

2. In summer there is a greater loss of body fluids due to normal perspiration. Avoid the type of laxatives that have a "watery" action. Don't "dehydrate" your body. Take Ex-Lax.

And Ex-Lax is such a pleasure to take—it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

So be sure to take along a plentiful supply of Ex-Lax. Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store.

**When Nature forgets—
remember**

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Preview

from the latest hits of

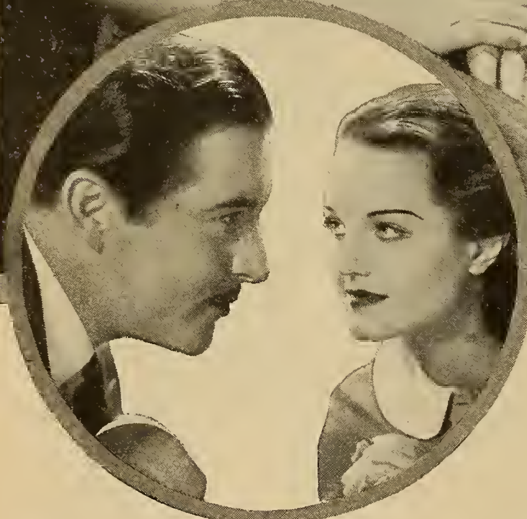
"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley! SHE DANCES AGAIN . . . SHE SINGS 2 SONGS in this excitingly different story!

"SURPRISE!" SHIRLEY SEEMS TO SHOUT GLEEFULLY. For what a joy package of surprises this picture will be!

"Curly Top" is completely different in story and background from all the other Temple triumphs. This time, Shirley plays the mischievous, lovable ringleader of a group of little girls, longing for happiness and a home. Once again, she dances—she sings—in that winsome way which captured the heart of the whole world.

And . . . SURPRISE! . . . Rochelle Hudson, as Shirley's faithful sister, sings for the first time on the screen, revealing a rich, beautiful voice in a song that will be the hit of the year. Her song duets with John Boles—their wealthy and secret benefactor—lead to a love duet that ends in perfect harmony!

"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley . . . and that means tops in entertainment *for the whole family!*



"All my life, I've had a hunger in my heart . . . a hunger to love and be loved."

You'll cheer these 5 HIT SONGS
by RAY HENDERSON
America's Number 1 Songsmith!
"When I Grow Up"
"Animal Crackers In My Soup"
"The Simple Things In Life"
"It's All So New To Me"
"Curly Top"

Shirley TEMPLE
IN
'CURLY TOP'

with
JOHN BOLES
ROCHELLE HUDSON
JANE DARWELL

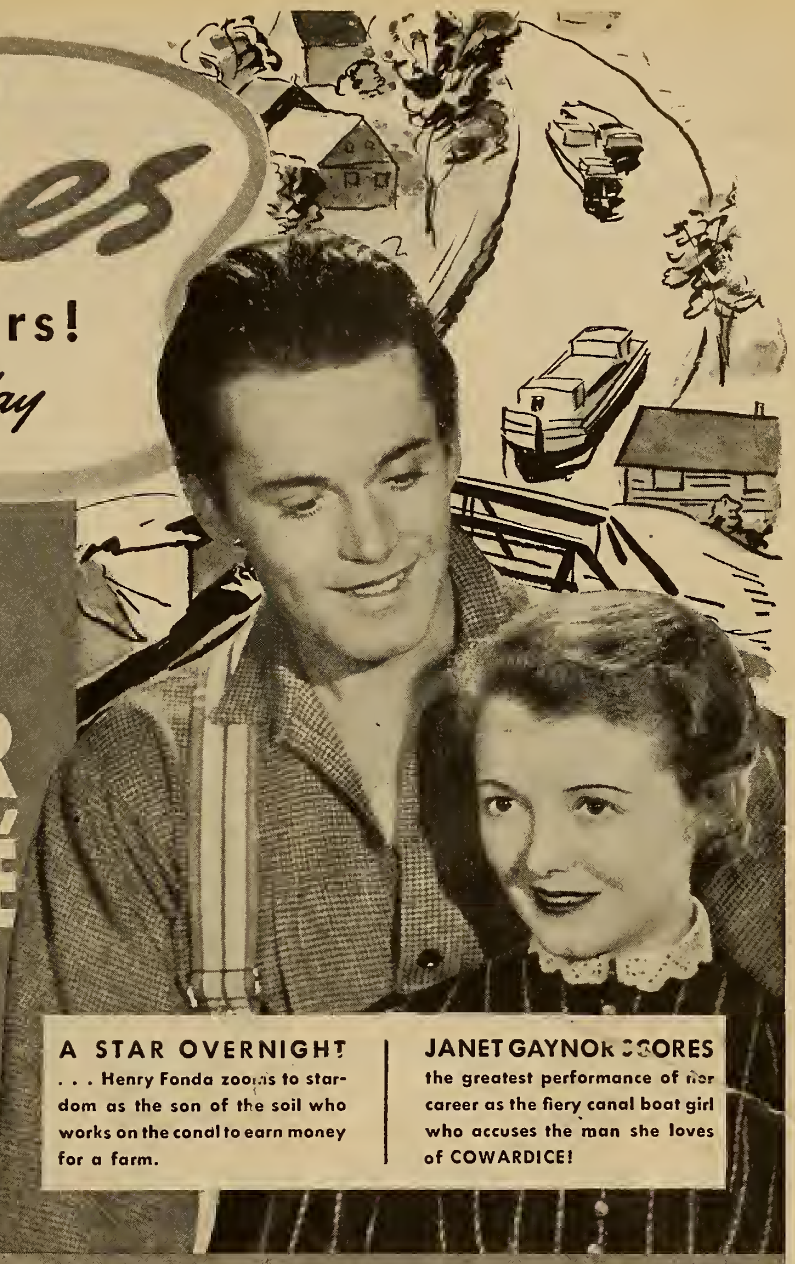
Produced by Winfield Sheehan
Directed by Irving Cummings

"Spunky—if you don't stop sneezing, you're going to catch p-monia. You really ought to have a hot lemonade."

Flashes

your favorite stars!

by Jerry Halliday



JANET GAYNOR
AND
HENRY FONDA
IN

The FARMER TAKES a WIFÉ

Charles Bickford	Roger Imhof
Slim Summerville	Jane Withers
Andy Devine	Margaret Hamilton

Produced by Winfield Sheehan
Directed by Victor Fleming
Screen Play by Edwin Burke
From Max Gordon's Stage Play • Authors Frank B. Elser and Marc Connelly • Based on the novel "Rome Haul" by Walter D. Edmonds

A STAR OVERNIGHT . . . Henry Fonda zooms to stardom as the son of the soil who works on the canal to earn money for a farm.

JANET GAYNOR SCORES the greatest performance of her career as the fiery canal boat girl who accuses the man she loves of COWARDICE!

YOU . . . who loved "State Fair" . . . HAVE ANOTHER TREAT COMING!

Set in a dramatic, colorful era of American life now shown for the first time . . . when the speed of the railroad doomed the picturesque waterways . . . this story is a refreshingly new, vital, heartwarming tale of simple folk on the great Erie Canal, when it was one of the world's wonders, the gateway through which civilization took its Westward march . . . when its lazy waters rang with the shouts of swaggering boatmen, bullying their women, brawling with their rivals.

Through it all threads the romance of a kissable little miss who hides her sentimental yearnings behind a fiery temper . . . while a dreamy lad, homesick for the soil, contends for her affection with the mighty-fisted bully of the waterways.

Ask your theatre manager when he plans to play it!

How the Readers Rate Them!

STAR TOO PERFECT

($15 Prize Letter)

A WAVE of cool reason cleared for me, once and for all, the thick atmosphere of my distaste for Claudette Colbert. She is perfect. But I do not like her. To be perfect (in the movies) is divine, but to err (on the side of reality) is human! I might be one of the many worshippers at her feet, if only they were clay. If her voice would crack a little at the height of emotion; if only her hair were ever so little dishevelled (naturally); if her nose were to shine (without beauty) occasionally, or her head turn awkwardly, or her face be filmed unbecomingly, she would be more like *me*, like my neighbor, like any one of my friends, and therefore a better actress!—Rosa Hart, 829 Common St., Lake Charles, La.

More humanity and less perfection is what Miss Hart wants. Do you?

FILMS HAVE FLAWS

($10 Prize Letter)

WHY is it that even the best pictures often show a lack of attention to small details, which, to the discerning observer, stick out like a sore thumb? For instance, in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, one of the finest pictures ever filmed, Gary Cooper offers a cigarette to Franchot Tone. Gary's cigarets are not only American which would be unlikely, but are in the original paper package: British officers do not carry cigarets in the original package, because they would make a bulge in the pocket, which would constitute "improperly dressed," according to Army regulations. Cigarets are always in a case; if British cigarets, they are in a cardboard box, but as stated, would not be carried that way. In *Sorrel and Son*, a fine reproduction of a busy London thoroughfare was ruined for one who knows, by an American mailbox, instead of the British pillar box.—Donald S. Milne (formerly with the British Army), 73 Pine St., Ashland, Ore.

Even the greatest films have flaws. But often it takes an expert eye to detect them!

GARBO NEEDS SOLITUDE

($5 Prize Letter)

WHY is there so much discussion when Garbo is seen in public? Why do we hear sarcastic comments? If she has appeared, is it not because her managers, hoping to increase box-office returns, have insisted? Or because she herself has yielded to that occasional craving for gaiety which even the most reserved of persons knows? I cannot believe that she would deliberately parade herself in the public spotlight. To me, who judges her personality only from her pictures, Miss Garbo is the most fascinating and yet most modest of actresses. Dignified and reserved, playing her parts with sensitiveness and a proper restraint, and showing always a great beauty of soul, she is the very antithesis of the vulgar limelight-seeking individual. Why does the world not understand that natures such as Garbo's need to be alone with themselves to come to full perfection? That the loveliness and bigness of her soul—a thing so rare that even a materialistic world calls her "the divine, immortal Garbo" —would fade under the scorch of public curiosity? Let her alone! Let her live the life she chooses! Then we shall see her greatest portrayals.—R. B. G., 1427 Belle Plaine Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Do you agree with R. B. G.? Do you think the public is entitled to its curiosity about the stars?

Prizes for Letters!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over two hundred words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

GREAT FILM SEASON

($1 Prize Letter)

WHAT an amazing variety of exciting entertainment the screen has offered this season and what a challenge it has been to those persistent critics and fans who are constantly finding fault! Not a cycle of screen material, "no oases in a desert of mediocrity," no deluge of typed rôles, but a splendid well-balanced group of pictures has been offered. History became glowingly alive, full of drama and color as the famous figures of Time marched before our eyes. Sparkling musicals offered tunes, girls, dancing, and gay romance woven in a lavish pattern. Comedies, sophisticated and slapstick, gave us smiles and laughter. Pages from masterpieces of literature presented famous characters of fiction and all their human pathos and emotions. Stories of mystery rose to new heights with sensitive direction and sympathetic adaptation. Dignity, quality, and good taste have been the keynote of these pictures. They have been pictures to entertain, teach, and instruct; pictures with body, strength, and depth to their characterizations. Truly, it has been a most varied and balanced season of screen entertainment.—Floyd Miller, 149 Guys Run Rd., Harmarville, Pa.

With the years, pictures steadily improve. Now with the successful use of three-tone color in Becky Sharp, *that improvement should be greater still.*

WANTS MORE EDDY

($1 Prize Letter)

JUST a suggestion for that wonderful new star, Nelson Eddy. Nelson is one star in a hundred who is really at his best in costume pictures, and his chance for *real* success would be ruined if he was removed from them. He would really be a hit in a screen version of *The Desert Song*, with of course, Jeanette MacDonald as the feminine lead. (It would certainly be a tragedy to separate such a natural team as Jeanette McDonald and Nelson Eddy in future pictures, after they have just shown that they are a second Gaynor-Farrell team.) Nelson would make the grandest *Red Shadow* that I could imagine and with Jeanette MacDonald as the inspiration for his songs once again, the picture would make even a greater hit than *Naughty Marietta*.—C. E. Whittington, 3624 Oakmont Ave., Baltimore, Md.

If we should print all of the letters in praise of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, we would have room for nothing else in the entire magazine!

POWELL, REAL VILLAIN

($1 Prize Letter)

EVEN in the face of his recent brilliant performances with Myrna Loy in *The Thin Man* and *Evelyn Prentice*, I believe that William Powell is wasting half his talent by confining himself to the rôle of film-hero. There are many excellent film heroes in Hollywood, but Ricardo Cortez is the only film-villain who could ever be as restrained and yet as sinister as was William Powell in 1929 as the chief racketeer in *The Drag-Net*. How refreshing, not only for the star himself but also for film audiences, would be another such performance beside the blustering melodrama of Claude Rains, the lack of finesse of Jack LaRue, the somber gloom of Boris Karloff and the essentially good-natured 'dese' and 'dose' of Nat Pendleton. Though it would be madness, in view of his present popularity, for William Powell to revert entirely to sinister rôles, does it not seem a pity to lose forever the perfect villain of the screen?—R. N. Salveson, 19 Chesterton Rd., Cambridge, England.

Should Bill Powell turn villain? What do you think?

LIKES DOUBLE BILLS

($1 Prize Letter)

MANY people have been complaining lately about double bills. I wonder if they stop to think what a blessing

[*Continued on page* 88]

Margaret Sullavan

Now that she has returned from her honeymoon trip abroad, Margaret Sullavan has established herself in a picturesque Monterey home. This intimate pose of the star, indicates that she is sensible about the midsummer sun of California by going typically tropical in linen jacket and shorts. If you've been missing her lately on the screen, you'll be interested in her next film, *So Red the Rose*, and, after that, *Next Time We Live*

Marion Davies

Star of more than a score of pictures, long a favorite with the fans, Marion Davies has just finished her first film for the Warner Brothers' studio. The title of this delightful comedy is *Page Miss Glory*. And the versatile Marion brings all of her mirth-provoking qualities into play. It's all in fun!

Rochelle Hudso

Here is dark-eyed Rochelle Hudson, sitting on the sand, enjoying the sun and the sea breeze. And the bathing suit, in which her lovely figure is clad—she knitted with her own hands! The new picture, bringing the charming Rochelle before admirers, is the Fox film, *Curly Top,* in which the petite Shirley Temple plays the title rôle

SPORT *is the* THING!

The canvas on the springboard may be rough. But Jimmy Cagney (below) likes it that way. It fits him for film rôles

Table tennis, or ping pong to you, uses up a lot of Bill Gargan's leisure moments. And Bill, left, plays a very skillful game

When Mary Carlisle (right) walks to the courts, she appears in gabardine shorts with a silk knitted shirt—her net togs

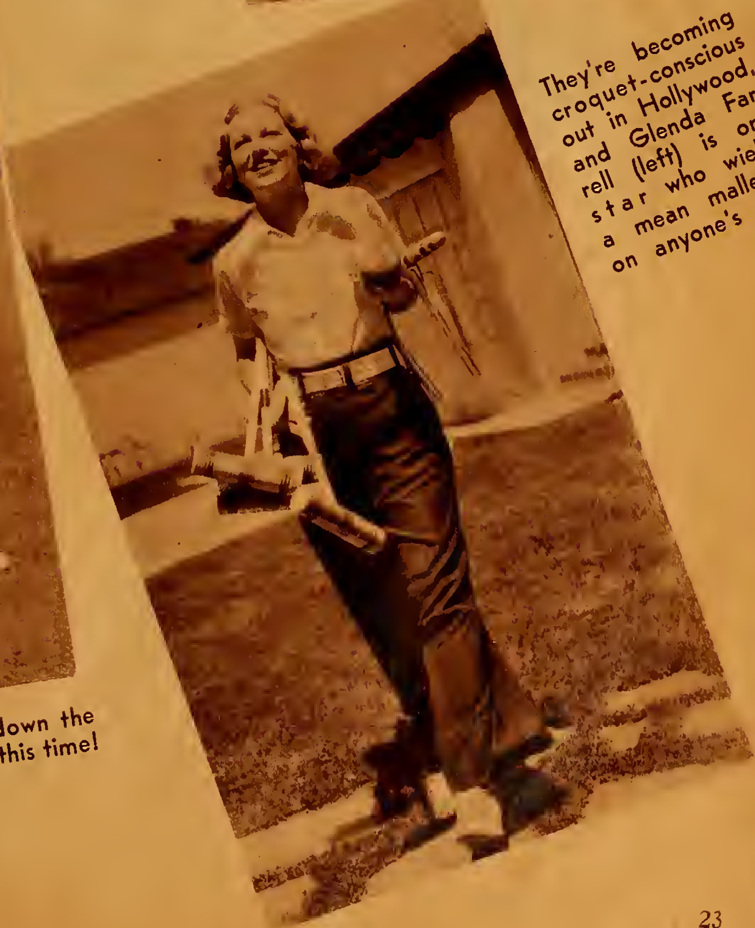
You can lead a horse to water—and you CAN make him DRINK which is proved by Jean Parker, (right) doing it!

Altogether now,
long yell for
atricia Ellis,
ight) while her
ass soars to a
core for charm

—Wide World

Will he manage to slice it? That is Clark Gable's problem as he's trying to hit a high one. He is seen (right) on Catalina courts

Dick Powell (above) winds up for a full brassie shot down the fairway, and hopes the birdie will sink instead of sing this time!



They're becoming croquet-conscious out in Hollywood, and Glenda Farrell (left) is one star who wields a mean mallet—on anyone's lawn

Is Stardom worth

Yes... says CLAUDETTE COLBERT

By WILLIAM A. ULMAN, JR.

TO CLAUDETTE COLBERT, stardom is a precious thing. She has given much for it and is prepared to give as much again to keep herself high in the cinema firmament. I talked to her not long ago about that strange cachet of achievement that we give to our favorites—a star on the dressing room doors of each of them—and asked her if, now that she possessed it, she still felt it a goal worthy of attainment. So often one strives for years toward a given point only to find it gall and wormwood when the battle is won.

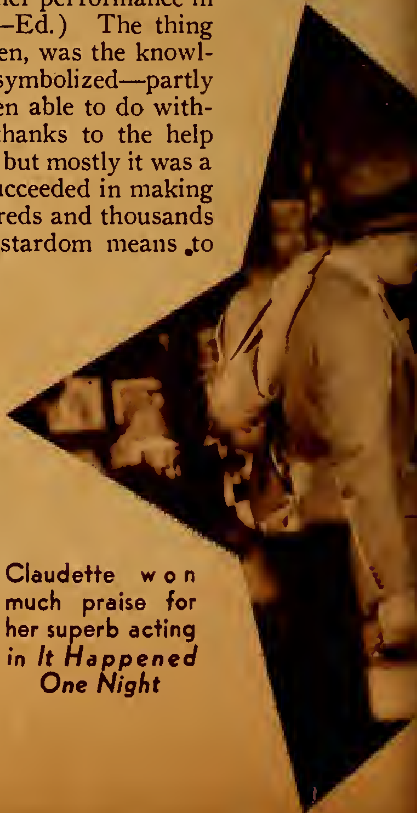
"Worth it?" Claudette laughed. "Why that question alone is funny. It's like asking a mother if her youngest son is worth the trials she went through to have him! Of course it's worth it! You know, it's not just a matter of being called a star that counts. Stars aren't made by a producer's whim nor a director's brilliance. And the stars themselves play a very unimportant part in creating a position on the marquees of theatres. The true creator of stars is the public. The fans, who take a liking to actors and actresses, start plugging for them. And when you realize that, you can realize why any sacrifice is more than repaid when you get to the top. You know, I think that most people get the wrong slant on stardom. All they see are just the outward appurtenances that go with having your name in lights—money, clothes, a few luxuries, parties and that sort of thing.

"REALLY, to me, those are just the incidentals. It would be foolish to say they are not grand to have and that I wouldn't miss them if they were suddenly taken away from me. I don't think I have any more vanity than any other woman, but it *is* pleasant to be a celebrity, it *is* pleasant to know that you're being pointed out at theatres and in restaurants. It would be the wildest sort of false modesty to deny it. But I could get along without it, if I had to. But there is one thing that I would miss so frightfully that I don't know if I could 'take it' if I suddenly became just plain Lily Chauchoin again—and that is the loss of the fans. You have no idea what an amazing emotional experience it is to realize that there are people all over the world who love you, who have created a strange, tenuous bond between themselves and yourself. I don't want this to sound silly, but I love those people. I mean it. How could I help loving anyone who gave me such a completely selfless affection?

"It was one of the grandest thrills in the world to be honored with the Academy Award this year, but it wasn't the statuette that was the important thing. (Claudette Colbert won the Award as the screen's best actress for 1934, through her performance in *It Happened One Night*—Ed.) The thing that made my throat tighten, was the knowledge of what that award symbolized—partly a job of work that I'd been able to do without too many mistakes, thanks to the help of the rest of the company, but mostly it was a formal indication that I succeeded in making myself popular with hundreds and thousands of people. That's what stardom means to me and why I say it is worth anything you have to do, within reason, to attain it."

AND Claudette has had to sacrifice. When you devote yourself to Thespis you are devoting yourself to the most jealous Muse of them all. You have undertaken a full time job. Lily Chauchoin ceased to exist when Claudette

[*Continued on page* 68]



Claudette won much praise for her superb acting in *It Happened One Night*

Fighting For ?

no.... says CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

TO CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG stardom is unimportant. She has lived through it—was, in fact, one of the first stars to charm and to hold a vast public on the silver screen. Today she looks at the heights with a perspective not often found in the picture colony. Embittered? No, just the cool reasoning of long experience.

We were on the set of *The Crusades,* watching the show that her old friend, C. B. DeMille, always puts on when the loud-speaker microphone is in his hands. But Miss Young was definitely unimpressed. She knew him when he was content with a plain old megaphone. Now she was playing a small part, just to keep her hand in, and was obviously quite content to sit on the sidelines and watch the action in the scintillant focal point of a half thousand huge lights.

"Worth it?" Miss Young laughed. "Why that question alone is funny! It's like asking a man if it was worth it to lose an arm trying to get a splinter out of his finger! Of course, when I went into pictures back in 1912, there were no stars. We didn't even believe that pictures would last more than a year or two. My husband, Jimmy Young, had joined the old Biograph outfit and insisted that I sign up, too. My friends were all against it. People of the stage felt that a lady going into the movies was little better off than singing in a honky-tonk for nickels. But there was another side to it. It meant $25 a week, every week, working or not, and a chance for me to have a permanent home instead of having to spend my days traveling with a troupe.

"BUT pictures fooled us all. The public kept coming and, as they grew familiar with the shows they also grew to like us. They had their favorites—that's what we were, 'fan favorites,' not stars. Finally, when the demand grew, we were formally 'starred' in pictures. At first, it seemed a little funny. We could hardly take it seriously, until we realized that a star on the screen reached a hundred times the public that a legitimate star did. . . . And then we realized with what a terrific responsibility we were saddled.

"Remember, I never wanted stardom. That is, I never consciously went out to get it and I had no competition to fight for the favored rôles. I even had my own company. I mention that so that no one can read this interview and feel that my attitude is one of sour grapes. Of course, I liked the adulation that came with my position for a time—as well as the material benefits of sudden and unexpected wealth—but the truth is that my greatest satisfaction was the knowledge of a job well done. When I felt that I had done my best work as an actress, I was elated. But to say that I felt any emotional uplift in being classified as a star is not so. Frankly, I cannot understand the mental outlook of the hundreds of girls in Hollywood today whose one goal is stardom at any price. In a sense it must be the same as that of the Hindu religious fanatics whose only desire is to find favor with the gods through being run over by a Juggernaut.

Quite possibly, these aspiring girls don't realize it, but they're asking for a vast and cumbersome millstone to hang around their slender necks. Because, with all the flattering adulation one receives from the public comes also the vast, unreasoning power of public opinion piercing even into the most intimate details of one's private life. Really, that's an inaccurate phrase. You don't have any private life. You cease to own yourself and you can't, in all fairness, do anything about it.

"People didn't mob me in the streets and—as they actually did to me in one town—

[*Continued on page* 68]

In her new picture, *Anna Karenina,* Greta Garbo brings to the screen Tolstoy's great novel, depicting Czarist Russia in the '70's. Here are two portraits of the actress, taken during production and, in one of these, the rare Garbo smile is captured. She's co-starred here with Fredric March, who plays the rôle of her lover. Basil Rathbone also has a leading part in the story

Greta Garbo, left, smiled charmingly as she spoke to her maid, Ella Ethridge, in a film scene

A Glimpse of the *True* GARBO

As Seen By Her Maid in *Anna Karenina*

BY TOM SHERWIN

FOR YEARS, interviewers for magazines have sought to secure someone close to Garbo who would talk about her. Not one of her leading men or the cameraman, William Daniels, who knows her best, could ever be induced to talk. Not even Jean Hersholt, veteran of a half score of Garbo films, will reveal what he knows about the mysterious star. Clarence Bull, crack portrait man of the Metro lot, knows Garbo well but Clarence cannot be induced to talk about her.

At last, however, I have found one person who has decided to reveal the real Garbo. Her name is Ella Ethridge. She played the rôle of Garbo's personal maid in *Anna Karenina*. Close to Garbo for weeks of film making, she studied and learned to love the real Garbo. She will worship her forever after.

"Garbo is one of the sweetest people I have ever known in twenty years of work on stage and screen," insists Miss Ethridge who—in real life—is Mrs. Sam Flint. "I only wish the studio would let Garbo play rôles in which she could be herself. Her real smile, not the one you see on the screen, is the world's sweetest and most understanding smile."

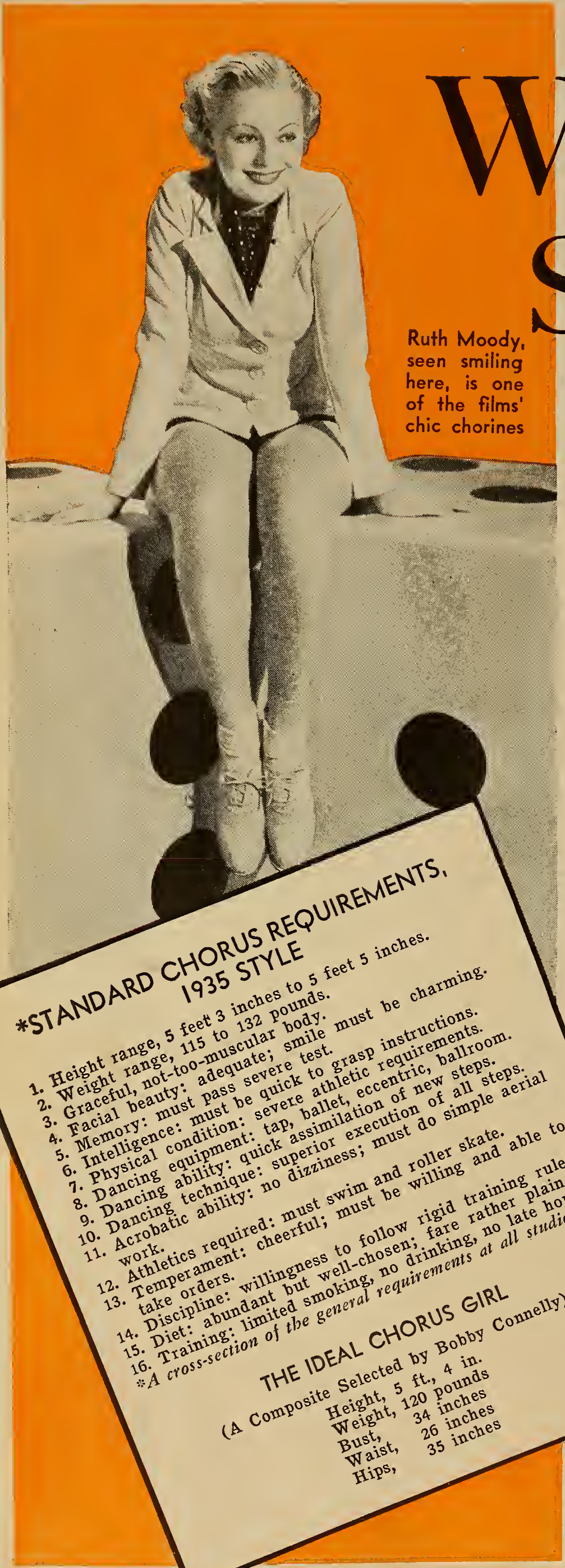
Their first scene together was an intimate one, as mistress and maid, in the narrow confines of a Russian train coach, on the trip from Moscow to St. Petersburg. They had never met previously but Garbo smiled when Miss Ethridge came on the set and stamped the seal of her approval on the woman who was to be her personal maid for the film.

"Her smile seemed to say," said Miss Ethridge, "that although she was a great star and I, an unknown, we would be friends."

GARBO, insists Miss Ethridge, was the soul of promptness and of consideration for her fellow players. "She was never a minute late on the set in the morning and she insists on quitting promptly at five o'clock each evening. Although she never spoke to extras or "grips" or any of the workmen, it was easy to see that they adored her. She is not high-hat with them, merely saving her time. She and Clarence Brown, the director, worked in perfect accord. She gives one the impression that she, too, would like to clown and cut up as was evidenced one day when Brown playfully tossed a medicine ball at her. With a laugh she caught it and tossed it deftly to March and the three of them played like children for fifteen minutes while the entire company watched and approved."

Miss Ethridge was tactful enough not to speak to Garbo until the star first spoke to her. "I am sure Garbo liked that reserve better than she did the impertinence of some of the bit players who constantly tried to engage her in conversation. She never came on the set without speaking to me in a pleasant manner or left at night without a cordial good-night. And is she observing? I didn't know she was paying any attention to the fact that I was knitting a cap for her hairdresser on the set but when the girl wore it one morning, Garbo laughed and exclaimed, 'Ah, and my little maid knit it for you.'

"Garbo loves children and mothered Cora Sue Collins and little Freddie [*Continued on page* 65]



Ruth Moody, seen smiling here, is one of the films' chic chorines

What Every SHOULD

Hollywood wants chorines. But

BY JAY

AS THESE words are written, shapely legs, some twelve hundred of them, are tapping and swinging, stamping and kicking to the throb of sixteen orchestras in nine motion picture studios.

Yet, it's a dull day, as Hollywood chorus girl work goes. There have been much busier days!

Not many weeks ago the filming and rehearsals of dancing sequences in thirteen musicals and nine other pictures chanced to fall on a single day. Major studios that had counted on securing additional chorus girls from the free lance ranks scrambled madly for suitable talent, and certain "quickie" producers, who usually rehearse and film dance sequences all the same day, found themselves without chorines of sufficient ability for even that kind of picture. Summer vacationing cuties were hustled back to their studios by airplane. Hoofers who had become waitresses got the thrill of being summoned to the studios they had besieged all

*STANDARD CHORUS REQUIREMENTS, 1935 STYLE

1. Height range, 5 feet 3 inches to 5 feet 5 inches.
2. Weight range, 115 to 132 pounds.
3. Graceful, not-too-muscular body.
4. Facial beauty: adequate; smile must be charming.
5. Memory: must pass severe test.
6. Intelligence: must be quick to grasp instructions.
7. Physical condition: severe athletic requirements.
8. Dancing equipment: tap, ballet, eccentric, ballroom.
9. Dancing ability: quick assimilation of new steps.
10. Dancing technique: superior execution of all steps.
11. Acrobatic ability: no dizziness; must do simple aerial work.
12. Athletics required: must swim and roller skate.
13. Temperament: cheerful; must be willing and able to take orders.
14. Discipline: willingness to follow rigid training rules.
15. Diet: abundant but well-chosen; fare rather plain.
16. Training: limited smoking, no drinking, no late hours.

**A cross-section of the general requirements at all studios*

THE IDEAL CHORUS GIRL

(A Composite Selected by Bobby Connelly)

Height, 5 ft., 4 in.
Weight, 120 pounds
Bust, 34 inches
Waist, 26 inches
Hips, 35 inches

Chorus Girl KNOW!

only the cream of the crop!

CHAPMAN

winter in vain! At last, there were jobs!

In contrast to that picture of lively demand for chorus talent in Hollywood, there is the fact that the town has between two and three thousand dancers, and not enough steady work to keep them all eating regularly. They range from girls just out of dancing school to riper beauties who formerly graced Ziegfeld, Carroll and White shows on Broadway, and they vary tremendously in ability.

FEELING that Hollywood must surely be overrun with such girls, a noted New York dance director, Bobby Connelly, neglected to bring any chorines with him when he came West. *Imagine his amazement when he found only about a hundred who even remotely qualified for his needs!*

"Of these, not half measured up to my idea of what a chorus girl should look like, [*Continued on page* 60]

Lois Lindsay, left, and Bee Stephens, at right, are a pair of beautiful dancers

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE "GOLD-DIGGERS OF 1933" CHORUS GIRLS? 1935 DATA!

31 are still film chorines
24 grew too fat or out of condition
20 went home to try other careers
18 married; 12 have babies
11 have studio acting contracts
3 are dancing in Eastern stage shows
2 became school teachers
2 became public librarians.

112 Total traced in 1935.

NELSON EDDY —Hollywood's *New Sensation*

BY HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

THEY call him "Lucky" Nelson Eddy and he's the very newest romantic screen hero. He's a bachelor, and he's tall, thin, tawny-haired and a handsome, rugged brute, with steel cold-blue eyes. Wearing the horn-rimmed glasses that he sometimes uses, he looks more like a respectable bronzed engineer, just returned from some faraway wilderness, than an opera star. But I would not advise an autograph hunter to rush up and say "Hello, Lucky!" That would be leading with the chin, for Mr. Eddy is very much fed up on this "Lucky" business.

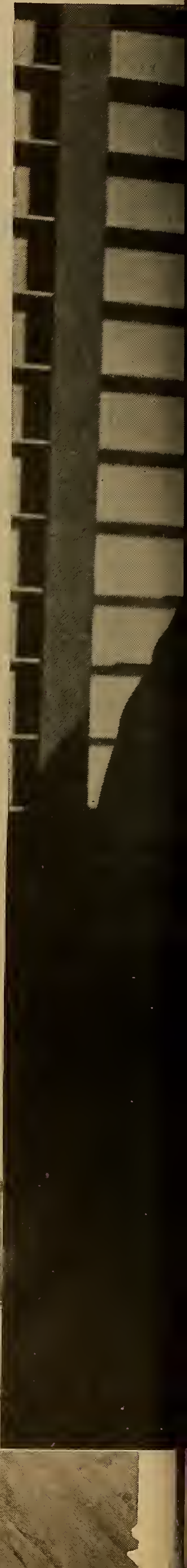
The name dates back more than a few years ago to the days when Eddy was office boy, leg man, and copy reader on Philadelphia newspapers. His numerous promotions caused associates to dub him "lucky" and to spread the rumor that he was the fair-haired boy around the place. The sobriquet followed him into the advertising business, and eventually, into opera and concert circles where less fortunate but more "waisty" baritones said it with sneers. The nickname followed him to Hollywood where the know-it-alls now assert it was just plain dumb luck that catapulted Eddy into the rôle of the dashing officer in *Naughty Marietta* and made him a star overnight after two years of thumb-twiddling out here.

"All of which," Eddy told me, "is a lot of hooey! I've had just one lucky break in my entire life. That was when I was sent to Hollywood to substitute for a much better known baritone. Most of the ticket-holders got refunds, but among the curious who decided to listen were some studio gentlemen, who were pleased. That's why I'm in pictures.

"But, as to the other 'breaks'—the things that resulted in my sobriquet of 'Lucky,'—well, believe me, I worked for those 'breaks,' prepared for them, and *made* 'em."

Eddy *did,* too, and that's the reason the word "Lucky" is plain red flag-waving. He's the living per-

Millions have seen Nelson Eddy and heard his superb songs in *Naughty Marietta.* Here he is, with Jeanette MacDonald, in the picture



"I wasn't worried about the future," said Nelson Eddy, referring to the time when he took a job in an iron works

Here's the inside, true story of a star! Nelson Eddy is the one and only actor who has drafted a blueprint of his career, then built it!

sonification of "preparedness." Ever since that day when he went to work lugging bathtubs and goose-neck sewer pipe on his strong shoulders, he planned each step of his career. From the days of his childhood, when he sang in choirs, at weddings and funerals, he *knew* he was going to make a fortune as a singer. *Eddy is, without a doubt, the one and only actor in Hollywood who actually drafted a blueprint of his career, and then set out to create it.* He fought for his goal every step of the way; after each minor success, he prepared himself for the next one. His ears were ever attuned to the door, listening for the knock of Opportunity, and on each occasion he was *prepared* to take advantage of it.

But, aside from his "campaign of preparedness," there is one thing to which Eddy owes the most gratitude for his success. It is *not* a woman; not a teacher. It is a whirling disc and a reproducing diaphragm. For had it not been for Edison's invention of the phonograph, Eddy wouldn't have become a singer! Eddy learned to sing from phonograph records and as he puts it, himself, "My career is machine-made."

Patience was still another attribute. Eddy could do a job he hated more thoroughly than the next man—because that job, to him, was just another step in the right direction. He steeled himself to staying at home nights, studying correspondence-school courses in everything from typewriting and journalism to grand opera. He stayed at home, regardless of the "nice numbers" on the telephone who called to tempt him.

Speaking of patience, let me point to one fact about this strange young man: It was in June, 1933 that he was signed to an M-G-M contract. The month passed, so did July and August, and all he did at the studio was to draw his breath and his pay checks. But what was he doing? He was studying the technique of screen acting, and the details of sound recording; he was preparing himself for "the day." The fall months faded, and before the first of December he had invented his own special recording phonograph, into which he was pouring his soul—and listening to the play-back results. He had a sound laboratory in his Beverly Hills home and before his contract expired he had mastered all the tricks of sound recording and could have qualified as a sound engineer at any studio.

"Then," Eddy told me, "for no obvious reason, the studio took up my option—and I continued my studies."

EDDY continued reporting for work; continued singing to his own recording instrument, and listening to the result. "I argued with my phonograph, made love to it, pleaded with it," he confessed, laughing. "Most of my work with my pal, the phonograph, had to do with the enchanting numbers of Victor Herbert's *Naughty Marietta.* I read lines, too, and studied the result. I studied every scene. I learned timing and articulation. Days passed into weeks—weeks into months. I went back east in May, 1934, received a hurry-up call to return to M-G-M, hung around throughout the summer, and, finally, with my patience exhausted at last, was packed and ready to wiggle [*Continued on page* 82]

"No one woman can be all things to all men," William Powell says, adding, "No goddesses walk the earth!"

By
Sonia
Lee

William Powell *Discusses the* Devastating Woman

"THERE are no devastating women—devastating in the sense that a woman is given instant homage by every man, young or old, within seeing distance." He spoke emphatically.

Bill Powell invariably expresses himself with directness and distinction. He makes no compromise either with the trite truisms of the day, nor with the favored fables of the past. And as he discusses women of the past, reputedly devastating, and the modern man's disinclination to be devastated, he is concise and logical.

"We have been reared in the belief that there are women who have the power to enslave every man within sight—without effort," he points out, "that their charm is so compelling that all men, instantaneously, become worshippers at the feet of one divinity.

"I doubt very much if there has ever been such a woman. Cleopatra's reputation has undoubtedly been enhanced with time—and through the imagination of her historians. Without question, the fact that Mark Antony and Julius Caesar were strong men, yet helpless under her bewitchment, gave Cleo the aura of multiple amours.

"A woman may sway a king, yet make a peasant wonder what his lord and master saw in the girl. Helen of Troy may well have held the fate of a nation in her hands—but not because every citizen was willing to die for her. Rather because the top man found in her the qualities which to him were the ultimate in feminine charm.

"All of us use flamboyant adjectives carelessly. We say a woman is 'devastating' when we may only mean that she is attractive—perhaps interesting in her accomplishments or her philosophy—or, perhaps, only physically alluring. But we instantly hang fantastic tags on her and wait for the effect on ourselves.

"PERSONALLY, I have never encountered a devastating woman—one who could bowl me over with a glance so that I would become a poor, struggling fish, gasping for air. And that isn't because I'm impervious to feminine attraction, but because I have never seen a woman like that. No one woman can possibly be all things to all men—one who can satisfy every need, every ideal in every man. There are no [*Continued on page* 86]

No More Headlines for JEAN HARLOW

Jean knows exactly what she's doing and where she's going. No more "front page" for Harlow!

BY ELEANOR PACKER

JEAN HARLOW is trying to forget the girl that she used to be—the bewildered, uncertain girl who always managed to land in the headlines and the scandal columns. She is hoping to erase that other Jean, the gay, gossiped-about Jean, from her own and everyone's memory. This last year has probably been the most important one in her entire life. She has grown up emerging from an unthinking, I-don't-care-what-they-say-about-me girl into a thoughtful, serious young woman. She has matured.

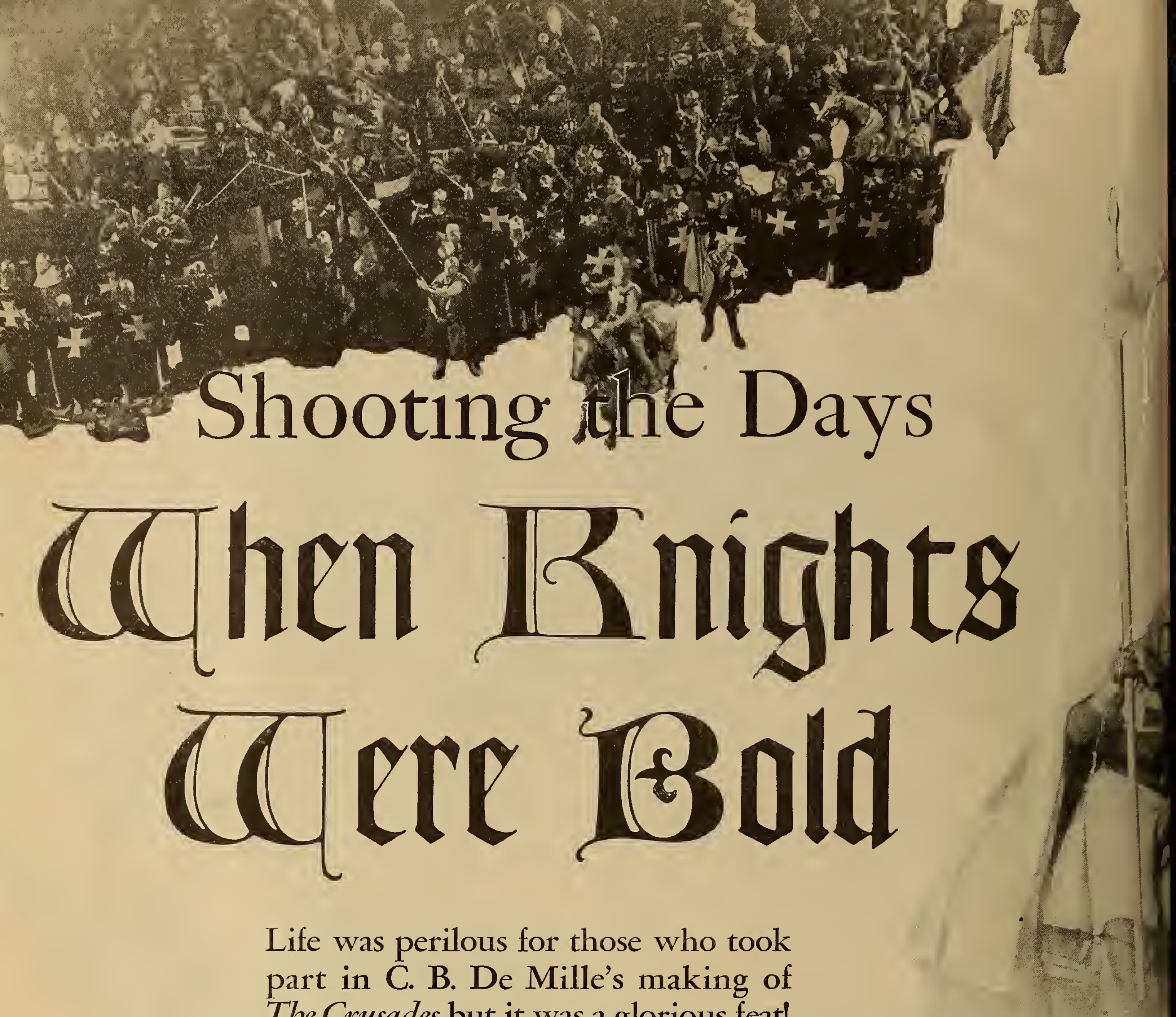
Today Jean is no longer uncertain and bewildered. She knows exactly what she's doing and where she's going. And, best of all, she is watching her step, thinking before she speaks and being careful to give no more false impressions to a curious, ever-watchful Hollywood. She has finally realized, during these last twelve months, that she is a natural target for gossip and scandal which can transform her most innocent actions into indiscretions.

JEAN even looks older. She is thinner and her face has taken on a new maturity, with slanting, interesting planes appearing in place of the old, rounded, girlish curves. She used to be merely startlingly pretty. Now she is beautiful. When several people talked to me about the change in Jean I thought that it was merely some new story concocted by her studio's very efficient publicity department. Still, I was curious. So I went out to her house one afternoon when she was having a day's vacation from work in *China Seas.*

Two minutes after I had seen her and talked to her, I knew that the change was no publicity yarn. The first glimpse of her was a shock. Instead of the slacks and sweaters, which she used to wear at all hours and in all places, except on very special occasions, she was dressed in a smart and severely tailored gray suit with a froth of white lace over the edge of the lapels and a high collar fitting snugly and becomingly around her neck.

"Don't look so surprised just because I'm dressed," she said, laughing. "How do you like me in tailored suits? This is the first one I ever owned. I never thought I'd look well in them. But I've discovered that they're as comfortable as slacks and much more dignified and smart. Don't you think so?" [*Continued on page* 81]

"I have gone out to public places exactly three times since October," says Jean



Shooting the Days When Knights Were Bold

Life was perilous for those who took part in C. B. De Mille's making of *The Crusades,* but it was a glorious feat!

BY MARTIN FISHER

A TWELFTH century crusader returning to his castle after the long struggle with the Infidel might have said, "It has been perilous, many have fallen by the wayside—but it has been a glorious adventure." Then, in all probability, he would summon his blacksmith to unhook his chain mail and then demand a steaming foot-bath.

Anyone who has taken part in the re-creation of this most remarkable and picturesque time in medieval history for Cecil B. DeMille's production, *The Crusades,* can say, "It has been perilous, many have fallen by the wayside—but it has been a glorious adventure." After that? To the nearest chiropodist's office to have the flatness (born of heel-less twelfth century foot gear) taken out of his feet! For they were flat indeed.

IT has been a long and toilsome task—this bringing to vivid reality a time long since vanished and, by many, forgotten. Eight centuries of dust had to be scraped away in order to obtain a glimpse of the brilliant color, the unbelievable romance of life as it was lived in the twelfth century. For many months before the cameras began to grind, Cecil DeMille kept the research department of the studio in a state of frenzied uproar in his relentless search for every bit of available data pertaining to medieval times. Harassed costume designers scurried from office to office, carrying huge bundles of sketches under their arms. On sketch board, colorful and magnificent, were waiting yeomen, knights, crossbowmen, men-at-arms, ladies-in-waiting, Saracen warriors and Sultans, a round dozen of Christian kings—all waiting for a future day when they might leap from the paper and come to life.

Even quiet, scholarly Harold Lamb, authority on the Crusades and author of several tomes on the subject, chewed his way through several pipe stems during the months of discussion and writing on the story. Business manager Roy Burns, astute and impressively apoplectic, Loretta Young and Henry Wilcoxon, at left, are King and Queen in this scene from *The Crusades*

groaned in Scottish anguish as he wrestled with each new bulge in the budget. In other parts of the studio, armorers pounded out hundreds of helmets; chain mesh experts wove patiently tiny links of steel into sheets of shimmering and pliant mail; fletchers turned arrows; bowmen fashioned bows; blacksmiths beat sword blades from steel; others turned out pikes, halberds, lances, battle-axes, shields. Weapons galore!

NO one was idle. Ian Keith was busy for two months before the picture started, growing a beard for his part as *Saladin*, Sultan of Islam. Henry Wilcoxon did not need a beard for the rôle of *King Richard, the Lion Heart* but he did need a great deal of hair. While his hair grew, he was occupied in making the acquaintance of the stallion he was to ride in the picture. Each succeeding day he rode, weighted down with a little more armor than on the day before, to accustom himself gradually to its weight and bulkiness. He also spent several hours each day at the slow task of encouraging the friendship of several falcons that were to be his in the picture. These hunting birds were as much a part of the medieval knight's costume as were his sword and shield. They are fierce and shy and their trust and friendship cannot be won in a day.

Finally, however, a day came in January when everything was in readiness. Shooting could begin. There was only one catch. Loretta Young, who had been selected for the rôle of *Queen Berengaria,* was snowbound in the High Sierras where she was on location with another company. No one knew how long it would be before she could be rescued from her icy exile. This was indeed an impasse since Loretta was very necessary to the story because she was [*Continued on page* 62]

Acting Isn't Everything

That's what Franchot Tone says! He likes the real thing! He takes life straight. It has more of a kick that way!

BY KAY PARKER

THAT day on the set when Franchot Tone said, "I'll take it straight, it has more of a wallop that way!"—it was life, not liquor to which he was referring. Long and lanky, with brown hair and disturbingly honest eyes, he would feel that way . . . he's that sort of a person. When he added, "I think I was born hating artificiality and pretense," his eye caught the naked framework of the set which was being arranged for his next scene and he grinned. "Born hating artificiality, and look what I grew up into!" But he didn't smile when he said, "This is different, though. The pretense I'm referring to is personal, not photographic false front."

We sat on a prop bed on the sidelines, drinking soda pop, while he waited for his camera call. Even under favorable circumstances Franchot Tone isn't easily provoked to give autobiographical details. He has a great deal more to recommend him than a couple of good pictures and his friendship with a famous star. Because he feels uncomfortably like "Exhibit A" when he makes public appearances and because he doesn't particularly enjoy social affairs, this characteristic shouldn't label him "high-hat." He may be a little more thoughtful than most of us and is, perhaps, a more observant spectator, but he's certainly not high-hat.

IT ISN'T difficult to note that Franchot Tone uses so much time in his attempt to realize his ambitions that he doesn't waste any of it on meaningless detours. With all of his purposefulness, though, he's far from indifferent to opinion, and while he intends to go on enjoying himself in his own way, it rather takes the edge off to be criticized for it. He did remark that Hollywood went out of its way to misunderstand things that New York wouldn't even bother to notice.

"It isn't that I'm unsocial. It's just that I'm content with few friends, enough to count without too much trouble and to count on without *any* trouble. To me that's not only important but necessary. In New York, when I first started my acting career with the Group Theatre, it was different. There we were all working together for mutual success whether we were building scenery or shooting each other cues."

I must have looked doubtful about this theatrical Utopia because he added hastily, "Now don't get me wrong. I'm not putting in a plea for the beauties of pastoral friendship and I'm not preaching socialism. I'm just contrasting the theatre I knew with the pictures I'm beginning to know. Then the play was the thing, all right, but the people in it were human beings instead of production units. In Hollywood we look out for individual success entirely. That's our one job and it's up to us to do it. For a while, it will work better than this 'one for all, all for one' business. It will produce more efficient results, but eventually it's bound to become mechanical. We'll all want to be successful sore thumbs and stick out with painful prominence."

AND that's the observation of a young actor who has been in the film capital for four years and hasn't found it nearly as "homey" and friendly as it's reputed to be. Not that Franchot Tone is disappointed. The fact that he avoids the social life of the colony proves that the back slapping doesn't appeal to him anyway, but at the same time, Franchot Tone misses something here. It's the deeply-rooted [*Continued on page 74*]

Don't Be Afraid to Be Yourself

says BETTE DAVIS

Don't try to be glamorous, Bette urges. It's not worth the trouble!

BY ROBERT FENDER

"TWO idle gossips changed my whole life!" So said Bette Davis recently. She was giving a little serman on The Importance of Being Oneself.

"When I first came to Hollywood," said Bette, "they tried to make a Glamour Girl out of me. They told me to copy Jean Harlow, load myself with allure. Further, they said with all sincerity that *if I didn't,* I might as well get out of Hollywood.

"I was miserable. I knew my limitations. I knew that, whatever I was, I wasn't glamorous. But taking them at their word, I tried to infect myself with what I hoped was glamour. I knew it would never work. You see, I know myself a little better than anyone else and I could see that what I was trying to become was totally and completely false. At that, I probably would have gone on trying to become glamorous (whatever that is) had I not overheard the two gossips—I just mentioned—discussing me.

" 'My dear,' one of them had said, 'I saw Bette Davis in person the other day. And my dear, she's not *at all* like she is on the screen. She isn't any more glamorous than you, my dear. They've just made her up to *look* that way.' "

"RIGHT then I made my decision. I hadn't been fooling anyone after all. My original belief, that I was about as glamorous as a vacuum cleaner, had been justified. From now on I determined to leave the glamour business to the one who could handle it. Fiercely I vowed, from then on, to be [*Continued on page* 80]

An Open Letter to JOHN BOLES

from J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

Western Editor of MOTION PICTURE

DEAR FRIEND JOHN:

Well, here I am, after two years of writing an open letter each month to a movie star, at last getting around to you. So I suppose I must explain. You see, John, you are so much of a movie star out of Hollywood that those of us out here simply can't call you one. So far as off-screen Hollywood is concerned, you might as well still be the boy from Greenville, Texas. You are too darn normal to be a real movie star. You won't conform, you won't obey the rules. That, I suppose, is why people like you—and all of your six feet, one hundred and eighty pounds.

It's strange about visiting firemen. They never want to see Gable or Chevalier or March. They all ask for John Boles. But you are too modest and retiring to come out in the open and let your fans see you. You're no doubt at home, wearing your carpet slippers and reading a book.

When you start a roll-call of great movie stars, nobody ever counts John Boles. It's like that old classic story: "Who was that lady I saw you out with last night?" "Aw that wasn't no lady, that was my wife!" And so, when Hollywood starts to talk of movie stars, it says of you: "Aw that ain't no movie star. That's John Boles!"

And yet there is that amazing avalanche of fan mail which pours in for you. Fox is simply amazed at the number of letters you get each month. You know Shirley Temple is the only one who tops you and she is only a kidlet. From India, from Zanzibar, from Pekin and Cape Town, the letters come in—all demanding: "We want more of John Boles!"

If star fan mail, for the past five years, was compiled, I have no doubt but what the John Boles mail would exceed them all. That's the kind of a bird you are. Your popularity with the fair sex is amazing. I think you must have a smart wife. She no doubt taught you the secret of fascinating women. She once said of you, to an interviewer: "John is the kind of man whose wife and children like to see him come home!" Now is that something or isn't it? [*Continued on page* 76]

MAE WEST *Answers* MR. CHRISMAN'S AUGUST LETTER

DEAR GENE:

It isn't often that I write a man a letter. When I've got anything to say to a man, I'd rather say it personally, if you know what I mean. But since you were a swell guy and wrote me a really nice letter, I'm breakin' my rule this once.

What do you mean you are following my career! Sometimes I think you're ahead of me. You kill me by predicting how my fillums are going, even when the studio isn't sure. You've always been a swell booster of mine and I'll always appreciate it.

Yes sir, you did write my first fan magazine story, after I arrived like a stepchild in Hollywood. You called it *Dynamite Lady,* which would be some hefty picture title for me, if Metro hadn't used it in a subtitle. I like every story you ever wrote for you write like I talk and think like I think and I can't say that about many.

So you liked the mistress line in *Belle of The Nineties?* You haven't heard anything yet, until you hear the lines I've got for my next one. Work seems to stimulate me and when I'm [*Continued on page* 76]

IRENE DUNNE
Leads Two Lives

"Just imagine how baffling it is to *be* two women!" says Irene

BY DOROTHY CALHOUN

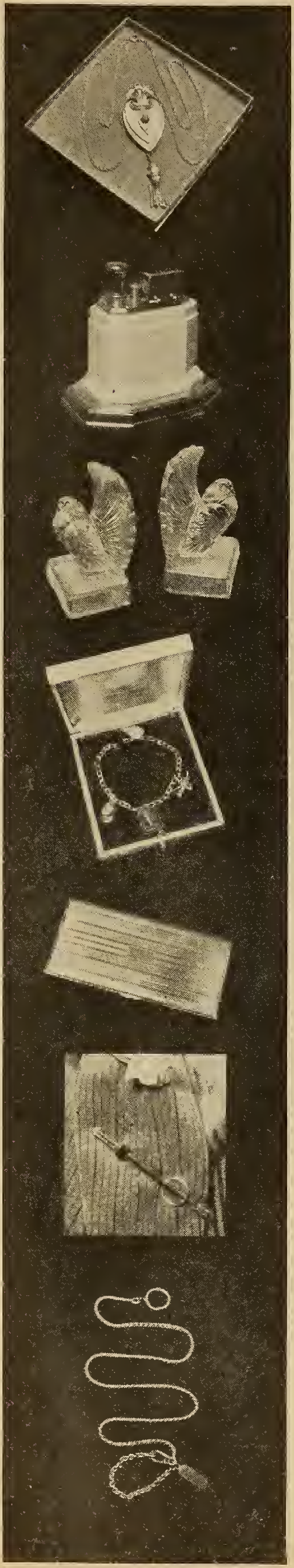
I WENT to interview Irene Dunne and found Mrs. Francis Griffin (Irene's married name) waiting for me. From the black glitter of her piquant sailor hat to the black gleam of her patent leather pumps, she was as New Yorky as the traffic at 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue or the Ritz bar at cocktail time. In contrast to the slacks and sportswear of Hollywood Boulevard, she had a streamline sleekness. A trick dotted veil, lingerie touches on a severe tailleur, a smooth coiffure (Hollywood goes in for curls)—but no inventory of mere externals can explain the transformation!

"If you think it's disconcerting to see, just imagine how baffling it is to *be* two women!" she laughed, "I arrived only the other night, and so I'm still in my New York phase—still effervescing. Give me another week and I'll be the Irene Dunne Hollywood knows—I can feel it coming on. You know what interviewers always say about me—*"a nice, sensible woman but such bad copy."* She twinkled naughtily behind the veil, "No one knows better than I that I have two entirely unlike personalities. In New York I think different thoughts, I feel differently, I even behave differently! In one place, I'm an actress with a single interest—my pictures. In the other, I'm the wife of a very remarkable and important man. I have a dozen interests. I shop. I golf. I see plays. I'm on the go all day and half the nights.

"IT ISN'T the fault of Hollywood that I'm happier in New York. This is one of the gayest, friendliest, most sociable places on earth, and if I live a rather lonely, old-maidish sort of existence here, I do it deliberately, by my own choice. It's the only way I can protect something awfully worth while—I mean my marriage. At first, when I thought my picture work would be just a temporary activity, it wasn't especially hard to sacrifice parties and dancing. I knew, myself, that it didn't mean anything. If I stepped out then, I knew that my husband wouldn't be worried by reading romance rumors about me in the newspapers, but it just seemed poor sportsmanship to make him look silly. Movie people are naturally in the spotlight and everything they do is news. I thought, 'Oh, well, it's only for a little while. I'll just stay at home and *fool 'em*." Irene smiled.

"I love good times," Irene admits, "But I value most, my marriage"

"But now that I seem to be in pictures indefinitely, I live like a recluse for another reason, a much stronger reason. *It is the only way I can keep from becoming discontented.* After all, I'm not exactly elderly and I love good times and excitement and pretty clothes. If I once started *living* in Hollywood, as well as working here, I would soon resent the unnaturalness of my life. I'd begin being sorry for myself, and might lose the thing I value most in my life, my marriage. It isn't worth risking it! Only single men and women really belong in the whirl of Hollywood. But if I regard this merely as a place for business, and save my social and personal life for New York, I can just manage to make it work out. Even then, it's a rather breathless bit of juggling to keep a career, a marriage, two Irene Dunnes and [*Continued on page* 73]



The MYSTERY OF Missing

How good a detective are you?
Do you peep at the last page of a detective story?
You can't see the last page of this! How did the necklace disappear?
Test your powers of observation and deduction
with
HOLLYWOOD'S FASCINATING NEW MYSTERY GAME!

Hollywood plays it for fun. You can have the same fun and win a prize!

An exact copy of GLENDA FARRELL'S LUCKY NECKLACE will be given as FIRST PRIZE.

In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

GIVE A NEW KIND OF PARTY!

Prove yourself a clever and popular hostess.

Old and young enjoy this exciting new game originated by GLENDA FARRELL.

It is keeping the stars guessing. Guess with them!

This is an UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY for readers of Motion Picture.

PLEASE REMEMBER that this story, "THE MYSTERY OF GLENDA FARRELL'S MISSING NECKLACE" is *FICTION!*

HOLLYWOOD starts EVERYTHING! Here is your chance to get in on the BEGINNING of their NEW THRILL!

AND WIN THESE PRIZES

Shown here, in the panel at the left, are the prizes. From top to bottom, they are:

FIRST PRIZE: an exact copy of Glenda Farrell's good-luck necklace.

SECOND PRIZE: a modernistic cigaret lighter, engraved to the winner and donated by Ralph Bellamy.

THIRD PRIZE: a pair of modernistic book-ends, made of crystal and given by Bradley Page.

FOURTH PRIZE: a friendship bracelet, with gold-leaf book between charms, engraved to the winner and presented by Joan Blondell.

FIFTH PRIZE: a gold-filled cigaret case (man's or woman's), engraved to the winner and given by Pat O'Brien.

SIXTH PRIZE: a lady's gold inlaid scarf pin, donated by Mary Brian.

SEVENTH PRIZE: a man's watch chain and key ring, with the fob engraved to the winner and presented by John Mack Brown.

RULES

DO NOT WRITE YOUR SOLUTION until the THIRD INSTALLMENT of this story appears in the OCTOBER ISSUE of Motion Picture.

Your solution of the mystery must be written in not more than TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY WORDS, and must ANSWER the FOLLOWING QUESTIONS:

Who is responsible for the disappearance of the necklace?

What is the motive?

How was the disappearance of the necklace accomplished?

PRESENT YOUR SOLUTIONS NEATLY. WRITE ONLY ON ONE SIDE OF THE PAPER.

Mail solutions to NECKLACE GAME EDITOR, Motion Picture Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

GLENDA FARRELL'S Necklace

BY RUTH BIERY

SUMMARY OF FIRST CHAPTER:—Frances Dee and Joel McCrea drive Pat O'Brien and Bill Ryan, Pat's life-long friend, to a party at Glenda Farrell's home. O'Brien lets it accidentally slip that Ryan is a federal detective searching for a Russian spy in Hollywood who resembles Bill Powell. All the guests admire an odd pendant hanging from Glenda's neck. She tells a romantic story of how a gypsy gave it to her for luck. Joan Blondell, Glenda's intimate friend, confides to Mary Brian her fear that the good-luck charm will bring bad luck because Glenda puts too much faith in it. Mary wishes Glenda would give it to her. During a new game, called "Gangster," the lights go out. When Joan Blondell finds the switch, Glenda's pendant is missing. After frantic search, Bradley Page, usually mistaken for Bill Powell, finds the chain to the pendant hanging on a window catch. The chain has been cut by a sharp instrument. Detective Ryan announces this is proof that the necklace has been deliberately taken. Only guests were in the room! Please continue the story:

(Guests at Glenda Farrell's party are Frances Dee, Joel McCrea, Mary Brian, John Mack Brown, Ralph Bellamy, Pat O'Brien, Joan Blondell, Jimmy Gleason, Bradley Page and Federal Agent Ryan.)

Now go on with the story.

Here are Joan Blondell and Pat O'Brien, grilled by Bill Ryan

Rhodes

CHAPTER II

THE words "newspapers" and "reporters" brought a subtle change to the numbed guests at Glenda Farrell's party. Publicity is the most necessary influence in Hollywood. But a breath of scandal—

James Gleason stepped forward and took the chain from Bill Ryan. Then he spoke.

"Don't you think we'd better sit down and talk this over calmly?" he asked in such a natural voice that the others sighed from instinctive relief. "Here is the chain. We all saw the pendant hanging from it around Glenda's neck when we arrived. Now, what could have happened to it? You don't really think one of us would deliberately take it, do you, Glenda?"

"Of course not!" She led the way and all were seated in a circle at the center of the great room before she continued. "Such a thing is unbelievable. What would be the motive?"

There was a long silence. Mary Brian broke it. "Of course, you're not going to send for the police, Glenda?"

"I'd rather not. But I am certainly going to get back my necklace. Why do you ask that?"

"Well, supposing someone took it as a joke or because she—or he—thought it might be a favor?"

"A favor! But that's ridiculous, Mary."

"Of course, it is!" Joan interrupted loudly as she threw a scowl at Mary. "Someone would have to want luck pretty badly. But then there might be someone here who feels she—or he—could stand a little more. Maybe—"

"Maybe there's someone here who isn't a *friend* and we don't know it!" Frances Dee was sitting forward, her entire body quivering from excitement.

"Someone not a friend! [*Continued on page* 58]

If you fear that the darling of the screen, Shirley Temple, will grow up too fast, read what Lyle Talbot says

Shirley Temple, left, is trying to keep Lyle Talbot from breaking up her home in *Our Little Girl*

How Long Will SHIRLEY Last?

JOHN R. BALDWIN

THAT Lyle Talbot, who is called a "lady killer" because of his continuing state of bachelorhood, has been roped and tied at last, is very apparent.

Ask him about Shirley Temple, then settle back in your chair. He'll forget about everything else and talk by the hour. All you can do is listen.

"Shirley Temple is the most amazing child I ever knew," Talbot told me, as he paused between generous scoops of scrambled eggs at breakfast. "There may be other clever youngsters on the screen—I've played in pictures with a few—but none of them can top Shirley.

"I fell for her from the first moment we met, on the set of *Our Little Girl*. I had just finished *Oil for the Lamps of China* at noon and was forced to drive more than ten miles to location for afternoon shooting. Before going into the Shirley picture, I had decided that nothing was going to cheat me out of a long vacation, even if the picture *was* to be an epic. Somehow, the director and producer talked me into just one more and I wasn't any too pleased with myself for accepting. Thirty-six pictures in a row and anybody would be about ready for a rest, or a padded cell. No fooling!

"Anyway, I arrived at location and jumped right into the scene. Shirley and I were talking over a fence. She had overheard the maid saying that I was breaking up the marriage between her father and mother. If you've seen the picture you'll understand that I wasn't playing the "menace," but Shirley in the script was called on to put me out of the way.

" 'You can't pick me up like my father does,' she said.

"But maybe I can learn," I offered.

" 'No, you can't' And then, 'I don't like you—we want you to go away.'

"After the scene was over, Shirley looked at me seriously, took me by the arm and assured me, 'Mr. Talbot, I have to say that in the script, but I want you to know that I really do like you.' "

Lyle Talbot has anecdotes by the score to [*Continued on page* 84]

FALL FASHIONS

—and Grace Moore

Coming fashions are illustrated here by Miss Moore, Ann Sothern, Marian Marsh...and Thelma Todd

By DOROTHY MANNERS

For this restaurant frock, Miss Moore (at right) selected a black Lyons velvet, employing a Venetian lace in chalk-white for cravat and cuffs

Above, Grace Moore appears in a rust-brown wool sports coat. Note the brown alligator skin bag that she holds

Here (at left) Grace Moore is attired in a new, ultra modern suit, using leopard fur, combined with velvet

How smart a grey krimmer cape can be is shown by Grace Moore (at right) as she wears it

"FALL is my favorite clothes season," said Grace Moore just two days before she departed from Hollywood on a combination rest-and-concert tour following the completion of *Love Me Forever.* I had dropped by her dressing room to ask her to select personally the models she particularly liked from the wardrobe she wears in her latest film as a sort of special treat for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE readers. After assuring me that her special favorites were the good-looking Fall street ensembles, she went on to explain:

"Fall is such a gloriously becoming season to all women. After the long summer months of linen suits, sports clothes and cotton 'formals,' which I detest, incidentally, what an air of assurance and elegance it gives us to return to the richness of velvets and furs. I might as well admit it. . . . I love luxury in clothes," she laughed provocatively. "Maybe it's the Grand Opera in me!"

Certainly there is nothing "Grand Opera" in Grace's manner. To the contrary, she is so engagingly disarming that you wonder where all those stories of the Moore temperament started in the first place. She is charming!

She insisted she was tired after the long grind of the picture, but she didn't look it in the smart violet-colored suit she was wearing, with a soft grey hat pulled down over one eye, and the enormous bunch of artificial grey-orchid violets pinned high on the lapel of her coat.

"I THINK these daytime ensembles Kalloch designed for me in *Love Me Forever* are the most flattering I have worn on the screen," she continued, as she sorted through the pictures, pausing now and then to put a particularly favored model to one side. "For instance, what could be more fetching than this ensemble?" *This* proved to be the stunning krimmer-cape ensemble illustrated by the lovely star as she wears it in the film. The frock is sheer grey wool with

Worn by Ann Sothern in her coming picture, *The Girl Friend,* the dress, at right, is crêpe

Dark green is the color chosen (at left) by lovely Ann Sothern for this striking dress. Like it?

Above, Ann Sothern, having removed velvet halter, seen at the top of page here, creates a new costume

In dinner gown displayed, at left, by Ann Sothern, metal cloth is featured

Marian Marsh, Columbia player, at left, displays a sparkling suit, with a metal cloth and gold mesh

stitched lacings and small nickel buttons adorning bows at the neckline and sleeve. The long-waist length krimmer cape is lined with matching grey wool which extends beyond the fur on all edgings.

"Capes are so good, too," she went on, "but what I particularly like is the coquetry of the small matching muff and the flung-back veil on the four-square cap of wool and krimmer." The ensemble is worn in a sequence of the picture in which Grace flirts outrageously with a gentleman at a cocktail party, and where could you find a more charming costume to carry out the mood of the coquette than in the little muff and peek-a-boo veil accessories?

"Of course," she explained as she came to the hunter's green velvet suit trimmed with leopard, "this sort of thing, I adore! I'm perfectly mad about leopard, anyway. I use two enormous skins across the divan in my living room and I have never understood why it has not taken its place along with fox, mink, sable and ermine as one of the more popular wearable furs. Leopard is so arrestingly smart . . . but I don't know when I've seen it used more effectively than in this combination with Lyons velvet."

This particularly favored tailleur has a jacket cut with a decided flare . . . shoulders gathered for fullness to allow for the under-blouse of green and gold lame. The bag is a *briefcase* of leopard, if you please, and quite big enough to carry scores, or new contracts, or press reviews . . . or all of them at once! Kalloch, who has a decided tendency for "matching" in his ensembles, has repeated the suit material in the "upward" brim of the leopard cap.

THE "sophisticated" sports coat and the velvet suit Miss Moore likes because they are both so adaptable to the "normal wardrobe." Grace calls the black velvet suit with the chalk-white Venetian lace cravat and cuffs a "restaurant suit" for formal luncheon going—or informal dining. The short-in-front-long-in-back cutaway peplum is scalloped, as is the bottom of the not-too-long skirt.

"But the rust-brown wool sports coat is just one of those garments we live in from September to January," she enthused, and I didn't think it would be polite to interrupt with—'if we're lucky.' It *is* the perfect utility coat . . . featured by its revered collar and ruffled cuffs of cream lynx, a soft fur so flattering to the face; the cravat of brown-yellow-red-and-white Roman striped crêpe, the tortoise-shell bowknot buckles that trim the gold kid pumps and Grace's personal bag of brown alligator skin with gold initials—G. M. P. (Grace Moore Parera).

It is doubtful if we could find more intriguing street and afternoon ensembles than the four stunning Fall Models [*Continued on page 72*]

The Cossacks are coming! Their influence is seen in a tunic gown, worn by Marian Marsh, above. It is silk crepe

Red lace with gleaming bits of cellophane, also red, features this petal jacket, modeled by Thelma Todd

Jeweled clips and pins will be right in style on wraps this season. Marian Marsh, above, uses a rhinestone clip

The TALK of

BECKY SHARP, previewed the other night, indicates that the black and white film will soon be as obsolete as the silents. The only bad spots were in some of the close-ups when it seemed that Hopkins and Dee's make-up was too thick. Future color make-up will be much lighter, evidently, than for the black and white film. The long shots were, in many instances, perfect in coloring.

SPECTACULAR, indeed, the destruction scenes in *The Last Days Of Pompeii* at RKO. Walls crumble, columns crash, and a crowd of extras, impersonating the trapped Pompeians, rush through fire and smoke and a heavy rain of volcanic ash to make things realistic.

KEEP your eyes on Kay Johnson and Ian Hunter. They are the new romantic team featured in *Jalna*, Mazo de la Roche's prize-winning best seller at RKO.

ROBERT TAYLOR, Metro's rising young male star, was cast for *Boots and Saddles*, a story of the U. S. Cavalry, as soon as he finished *Broadway Melody of 1936*. Metro insists that Taylor is its finest male bet since Gable. Anyway, his fan mail has reached chain letter size.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT returns to Columbia for *She Married Her Boss* and Michael Bartlett, the young opera singer whose work in Grace Moore's *Love Me Forever* is the talk of the town, plays opposite her. He will sing two songs as incidental adjuncts to his rôle.

D'ARTAGNAN has at last been found. He will be played by a young New York

After swinging into the title song in his new picture, *Top Hat*, Fred Astaire is about to step into the title dance. Ginger Rogers is co-starring with Fred

Three famous children, left to right, Jackie Cooper, Cora Sue Collins, and Freddie Bartholomew, watch a preview of the new three-tone Technicolor cartoon, *Good Little Monkeys*, the latest Happy Harmony short

HOLLYWOOD

Who's Who in Hollywood and who is doing what? Here are all the latest, inside answers!

Is Ginger Rogers about to go on a fox hunt? Not this time! She is only wearing this costume in her new film, *Top Hat,* in which she appears with Astaire

stage star, Walter Abel. Almost every male star in Hollywood was tested for the rôle of the swashbuckling Gascon but Abel seems to the studio to be superior to any of them.

KAY FRANCIS will return from her European vacation in September and is slated for a John Monk Saunders story, *I Found Stella Parrish.* It concerns a movie star who vanishes overnight and is found by a newspaper man, probably to be played by George Brent.

SINCE Lyle Talbot's fine rôle with Shirley Temple, Fox has been trying to buy his contract from Warner Brothers and Lyle is agreeable, feeling that he can now go on location with old man opportunity.

IT MAY be almost anyone but it will not be Clark Gable who will play *Romeo* to Norma Shearer's *Juliet.* Leslie Howard is the latest and most likely candidate. When Randolph Scott was mentioned as a possibility, some wag remarked: "And then, I suppose, they will call it *Rodeo* and *Juliet?*" By the way, Fredric March is being groomed to play *Hamlet.*

IT IS rumored that Metro will try *No, No, Nanette* with Grace Moore in the lead. This great musical comedy was once made for the screen and was a complete flop but I doubt that it would be, with Miss Moore in the leading rôle.

WHEN Wallace Beery walked on the set of the Big Top, erected for his picture with Jackie Cooper,

Dancing, singing, acting—that's what you'll see the trio above doing when the new *Broadway Melody of 1936* is released. Left to right, Eleanor Powell, Robert Taylor and June Knight. And they're the tops!

—Rhodes

It's always fair weather when these four get together for a toast. Left to right, Edward G. Robinson, Prince Sigvard Bernadotte, Frank Morgan and Jean Hersholt

—Rhodes

Hoot Gibson's friends had a good time talking about the rodeo that he staged. Left to right, they are Irvin S. Cobb, Gene Pallette, Paula Stone, Fred Stone, and Frank Morgan. It was a jolly day!

—Rhodes

Laurel and Hardy—all dressed up and somewhere to go! Here they are at dinner, left to right, Oliver Hardy, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Stan Laurel and her husband

O'Shaughnessy's Boy, one of the elephants began a shrill trumpeting. "It's Anna May," exclaimed Wally, and ran to greet his old friend who appeared with him fourteen years ago in a silent comedy.

GRACE MOORE, who lost 40 pounds, has refused to reveal her diet secrets, but Walter Winchell tells. She refrained from bread, butter, potatoes and sugar, and that's all. Seems easy, doesn't it?

DICK ARLEN may return to Paramount, his first love, where he was under contract for ten years. Dick has returned from his vacation in his old home town, Minneapolis, and is ready to "go." Paramount is bidding at a greatly increased salary and so is Metro, for the services of the he-man hero.

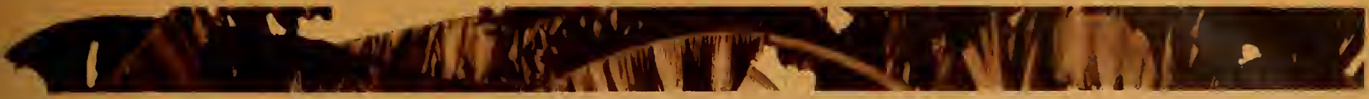
EDDIE ROBINSON'S next for Warners will be *Stiletto* and gives Eddie the rôle of a Sicilian who is driven out of his native land by the dreaded Mafia. He later joins the law-and-order side and helps run down the gang.

WHEN approached on the idea of having her ex-husband, Henry Fonda, play opposite her for Universal in *Next Time We Live,* Margaret Sullavan surprised everyone from Uncle Carl down, by smiling sweetly and saying that she would be delighted as soon as she finishes *So Red the Rose.*

WHEN you see the Metro picture, *Escapade,* you will hear the long-dead voice of Enrico Caruso from the screen. The arias, *Questa O Quella* and *La Donna e Mobile* from *Rigoletto* will be played from Caruso records, dubbed in on the sound track.

JOEL McCREA, having completed *Manhattan Madness* at Metro, will appear in the future under the Samuel Goldwyn banner and his first rôle for the new contract will be opposite Miriam Hopkins in *Barbary Coast.* Joel's contract is for a five year termer.

SPENCER TRACY goes into his first picture at Metro when he makes *The Murder Man,* which sounds morbid enough to suit anyone. Tracy will present the rôle of a star reporter, specializing in covering murder cases.



Life Begins at 20
—says W. C. FIELDS

Here is Fields, looking over his own fields and trees, at his beautiful Encino estate

Having reached the ripe old age of twenty, the great comedian says that he knows now that life is a big headache!

NOW that I will soon bid farewell to my first twenty years of life, I pause to consider what they have taught me—if anything. Some things, I know.

Life is really a golden apple when one is twenty. I am aware that some poet wrote that it was a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, and signifying not much of anything. Of course, I don't agree with the man who wrote that. Had he reached the ripe age of twenty he would have thought differently. For life is a tale told by a scenario writer and if you don't get the breaks and know when to laugh you will find yourself on the cutting room floor.

When some critic asked the cruel Jim Tully if he thought I could play Bill Sykes, the guy with the dog, who made his author a dickens of a lot of money—there's a joke concealed in the sentence, but it's not very good—well, anyhow, Jim Tully, he answered sweet-like, "Sure, Fields could play Bill Sykes swell—if you let him juggle the dog" . . . now I ask you—was that kind—not even Billy Fawcett can juggle a dog. In fact, nobody can!

But, while we're on the subject of life, I would like to make a few comments, now that I have reached an age at which I can view its vast panorama with calmness.

LIFE is really one long headache the morning after the night before. It is a mirror moved all around town by a one-eyed truckman. Every time he gets it to the wrong address he does something else to it. By the time he finally gets it into the hands of the fellow who knows what to do with it, the thing's worn out, and he's got to go back to the warehouse for another mirror.

While we're still on the subject of life in general, I'd like to say that a lot of guys have written a lot of things that show they haven't been alive much. That fellow who pulled that one about if you make a better mouse trap than your neighbor, and if you live in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to your door. Well, I tried that one time and hurried into the woods with all my mouse traps, and the squirrels stole them. What could I do?

Mortified beyond words to see the squirrels cavorting with my mouse traps, I decided to go hunting in Africa with Billy Fawcett. Bill kept talking to me one whole day about shooting, saying over and over—not failure but low aim is crime. Finally, a giraffe taller than a skyscraper—hoved into view—that's the way Gene Fowler would say it—when a giraffe hoves, it hoves. Well the giraffe hoved and Billy aimed at it—and shot a turtle's head off . . . I never heard him say anything else about failure and low aiming after that. All was serene then.

Many people, seeing me on the screen, wonder how I ever came to be born, and how I [*Continued on page 70*]

Here's lovely Joan Bennett, ready for any formal affair. If you follow her advice as given on page 51, you'll be as she is—the envy of all eyes! In her story, she explains what to do

—C. S. Bull

Like all movie stars, Joan Bennett has to take good care of her eyes. After using eye lotion, she applies a bit of absorbent cotton

Here Joan is trying a perfume to determine if she will want to use it or not

After polishing her nails, Joan inspects them to see if they need touching up

In My Mirror

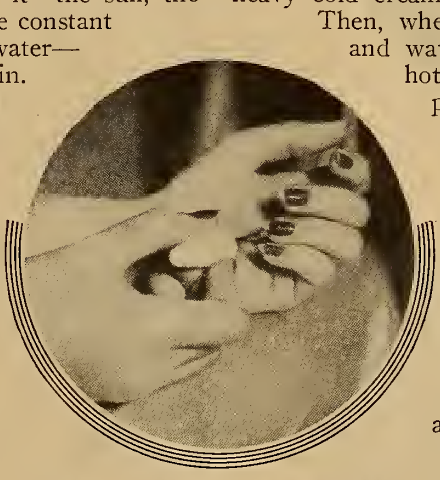
By Joan Bennett

As Told to KAY OSBORN

Who Gives Her Helpful Hints on Beauty

AS FAR as I am concerned there is only one thing wrong with living in California . . . and that is, all the features you love about it—the sun, the clear dry days, the arid desert spots, the constant changing of temperatures, the hard water—these simply play havoc with one's skin. "Dry skin"—that is the thing we have to keep fighting.

But I understand that that's a problem not peculiar to California alone . . . many of you in other States have to fight it, especially at this hot, dry time of the year. So, here's what I have learned about the subject, and I hope it will be helpful.



Joan makes fingernails appear longer by leaving no half-moons

In the first place there is one thing which increases the undesirable drying effect of the weather, and that is the use of hot water. Here is a hint for you to follow. Cover your face with a heavy, rich nourishing cream while you're having your hair dried. Oh, you must remove all your make-up first, of course—that almost goes without saying—or you'll bake the rouge and powder right into the pores. But this is a grand idea, for the heat melts the cream and allows it to sink way into the skin. It has the same effect, almost, of applying hot towels over your cream. And we all look funny enough under a drier, so an added touch of cream won't matter.

The counteraction for hot water is parallel. When you bathe in a warm tub, always protect your face with cream . . . a nourishing cream again, or just a good heavy cold cream. It will lubricate and oil the skin. Then, when you do wash your face with soap and water, use luke warm water instead of hot. Also it's well to use a bland complexion soap.

Another thing to remember is that if your face has dry-skin troubles . . . flakiness and tiny, taut lines . . . your body has the same troubles too. My skin treatment for the body is twofold. First, the skin must be cleared of all dead tissue . . . sometimes this dead tissue is imperceptible to the eye, but you know it's there all right when you begin rubbing your back briskly with a Turkish towel or brush. My treatment for this is a rub-down with salt. This not only clears the skin of tiny particles of dead skin, but it stimulates the blood to bring new nourishment to the surface . . . and it makes you *feel* very invigorated. I take great handfuls of the salt in each hand, and then go to work, . . . paying special attention to the back of my neck, my back, and elbows and knees. Then, after a thorough rub-down with the salt, I rinse off in the shower.

Then, and this is the second part of the treatment, I tie a big swab of cotton around [*Continued on page* 78]

The Picture

Among the stars you will see (in color!), Grace Moore, Beery, Clark Gable, Henry

In *Becky Sharp,* Miriam Hopkins falls in love with the dashing Alan Mowbray

With Grace Moore in *Love Me Forever* are Robert Allen and Michael Bartlett

As Fred MacMurray and Madge Evans talk in *Men without Names,* they're overheard

***Becky Sharp*—AAAA**—This is the first picture in which the new three-tone Technicolor process is used throughout and its preview definitely proves that within the year, black-and-white films will be as out of date as silents. That is a prediction.

Miriam Hopkins, color or no color, is beautiful and well cast as Thackeray's unscrupulous heroine but she is even more beautiful *in color* than her fans have ever seen her before. Alan Mowbray makes a dashing Rawdon Crawley and Nigel Bruce is most comical as Joseph Sedley. One fault, however, was that words were not always enunciated clearly. But altogether, it's a grand film.

The story deviates little from the old novel and moves rapidly to a crashing finale. Some of the long shots, especially, are an exhibition of what future films will do with color. There is never a dull moment and Rouben Mamoulian has directed his masterpiece.

Audiences in city, town, and hamlet will all like this. It's a revolution and a revelation which no picture-goer can afford to miss. It has made film history. (RKO)

***Love Me Forever*—AAAA**—The great popularity of Grace Moore, which began with *One Night of Love,* led all Hollywood and millions of fans to wonder if she could repeat. She did repeat in this, her most recent film, and in a way which proves her conclusively one of the greatest entertainers that has come to the screen in recent years.

Miss Moore has never seemed quite so exquisitely beautiful as in this film and her acting ability has improved since her first successful film. But Miss Moore is not responsible alone for the success of this picture, for Leo Carrillo, the gambler who falls in love with her and builds for her sake an elaborate night club devoted to operatic entertainment, and from there lifts her into the Metropolitan Opera, gives a deep, sympathetic performance and proves himself wasted as a cheap comedian.

Luis Alberni is grand as Carillo's henchman. Michael Bartlett, making his first screen appearance, outshines even Miss Moore in his rendition of *La Bohème.* Another great triumph for Miss Moore. (Columbia)

***Men Without Names*—AAA**—The story here is well developed and it has a sense of reality. The cast all do excellent work and the direction is superb. An important film has been made.

The plot centers largely in a small-town boarding house where Fred MacMurray, a newly trained G-man, finds clews to the hide-out of a vicious gang of killers. He is accompanied by Lynne Overman, a veteran Government man, and together they raid the killer's lair with gory consequences, ending in a rout for the gangsters.

Madge Evans is ideal as the romantic interest and plays the rôle of a local newspaperwoman. Her small brother, David Holt, is used as a shield by the killers in the mob's final attempt to escape. The gang has a local tie-up with Elizabeth Patterson, who operates the boarding house, and Grant Mitchell, the local banker, because John Wray, one of the mob is a kinsman of Mitchell's. As a night watchman for the banker, he supplies food and a hide-out for the gang. His characterization is good.

All in all, it's good entertainment. (Paramount)

(Other current and recent

Parade

soon are Miriam Hopkins, Jean Harlow, Wallace Fonda and Janet Gaynor

China Seas—AAAA—The stars in this picture plus the very outstanding supporting players would assure its success, but there is a tense, dramatic story for them to bring to the screen as well. Not only is the cast great but the scenario is also.

Clark Gable, as the captain of a ship sailing the China seas, steps into the kind of he-man rôle that he most enjoys. And Jean Harlow, as the girl who is in love with him, gives the outstanding performance of her career. The same can be said of Wallace Beery, as a pirate leader. Rosalind Russell, as the girl from whom Harlow steals Gable, takes another impressive step toward stardom. Robert Benchley, as a drunkard, makes his character real, genuine. A great cast and a strong story.

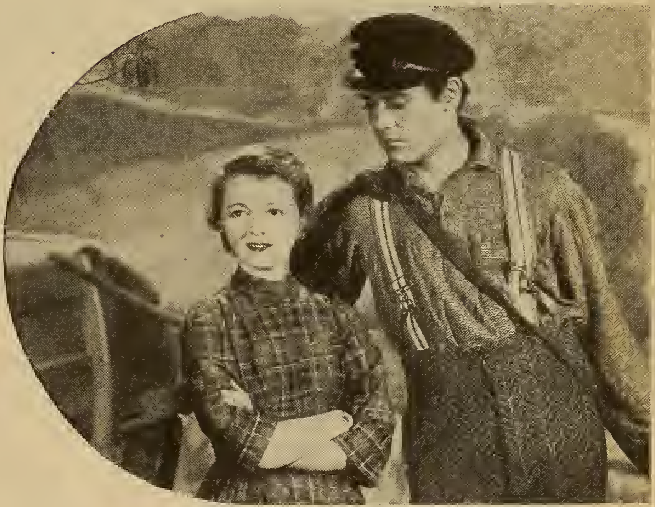
The film is full of thrills and packed with suspense. But it is not only that. The stars and supporting players give their best in this production. And their best is excellent indeed. There is also a storm sequence so realistically portrayed that it ranks as a classic in the annals of screen photography. (M-G-M)

Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery, and Clark Gable are seen in stark drama in *China Seas*

The Farmer Takes a Wife—AAAA—In this grand story of the days of the Erie Canal, Janet Gaynor gives an exquisite performance as the little canal-boat girl; Henry Fonda, ex-husband of Margaret Sullavan, excels as the canal-boat worker who is saving to buy a farm and loves her, while Charles Bickford is convincing as the leader of a rough-and-tumble gang of canal boatmen. So the story begins.

Gaynor loves to see men fight, not because she likes brutality, but because she believes it indicates manliness. Fonda predicts that the new railroad will put canal boats out of business and Gaynor hates him for predicting that but her love for him causes her to leave Bickford's boat—on which she has been cook—and go to Fonda's. She returns to Bickford's when she believes Fonda to be a coward. Fonda leaves the canal and gets his farm, only to return and thrash Bickford in one of the greatest fights ever put on the screen, thus winning Gaynor.

Not a dull moment and you'll love it. (Fox)



Janet Gaynor is a river lass, meeting Henry Fonda in *The Farmer Takes a Wife*

Orchids to You—AAA—John Boles, whose surprising popularity with the fans is not recognized in Hollywood, is the real star of this one and he is great. He plays the rôle of an attorney and is allowed to sing two numbers, a nursery rhyme and *Sylvia.*

Jean Muir surprises everyone with the sparkle of her work. She is well poised, handles her rôle intelligently and is especially effective in the scene where Boles sings to her. Charles Butterworth is, of course, his usual goofy self.

The story is of the mortgage-on-the-old-homestead type but with a different slant. Financiers desire to foreclose the mortgage on a *de luxe* flower shop operated by a lady, but the majority stockholder is the lady's most enthusiastic swain, played by Butterworth. The foreclosure fails but the flower shop lady meets the corporation attorney. His wife, whom he adores, is carrying on an affair with another man and the daily bill for orchids forms the principal evidence in a divorce suit. (Fox)

In *Orchids to You,* Jean Muir and John Boles find that flowers play a big part

films are reviewed on page 12)

HE DIRECTS for LAUGHS— and GETS 'EM

Director Leo McCarey is called "the greatest comic mind now living"

By Scoop Conlon

LEO McCAREY, the rollicking, young Irishman who directed *Ruggles of Red Gap,* is described by Charles Laughton as "not only a great director, but the greatest comic mind now living."

It was while they were filming the cab sequence in which Laughton as the English valet and Charlie Ruggles as the rough-and-ready American Westerner were engaged in a polite, but drunken argument as to which one would enter the cab first. Even the working crew were convulsed with laughter as the scenes went on. Laughton turned to me between shots, and said: "Here is an illustration of what I mean when I say that McCarey has a great comedy mind. This scene wasn't in the script. McCarey thought it out on the set. As usual, when he described the scene to us, it didn't sound at all funny. He was greeted by dead-pans. But, the moment we started to walk and talk the scene, it suddenly became genuinely funny. He has a rare gift."

Laughton then told me of an unusual incident that had occurred to him a few years ago in London. "I was attending a cinema where a Laurel and Hardy comedy was exhibited. In this picture there was revealed one of the funniest comedy situations I had ever seen. While entering a room carrying a huge wedding cake, Hardy was tripped, inadvertently, by Laurel. He fell face down in the cake. Here the director did something worthy of Chaplin's best. He held the camera on the back of Hardy's neck for fully 75 feet of film. Although Hardy didn't move, we roared with laughter. One could *see* what Hardy was thinking from the *back* of his neck. I remained until the picture was run again to discover the name of the director, with a vow to play in one of his pictures if ever I had the opportunity. His name was Leo McCarey!" Laughton spoke earnestly.

LIKE most Irishers, McCarey was born with a sense of humor. He once wrote a song with an amusing title—*Why Do You Sit on Your Patio?* The lyrics carried a serious message to the world. He predicted that "people who sit on their patios never get anywhere." Leo's little song became a favorite everywhere. But somehow, after the publishing costs were paid, he received a check for only $1.73. He still has it, framed. The bright young man, then and there, decided not to sit on his patio any longer writing songs. He turned immediately to the movies.

As one may easily guess from the "patio" in the song, Leo McCarey is a native Californian. In fact, he is a native Angeleno. This means that he was actually born in Los Angeles, thirty-seven years ago.

"Uncle Tom" McCarey, Leo's dad, was for many years the leading boxing promoter of the Pacific Coast, and many were the famous fights he staged.

AS YOU may readily guess, Leo was something of an athlete, having been born to a sporting heritage. As they didn't play American football in California in those days, Leo went in for rugby. His athletic prowess, however, was achieved in swimming, handball, and boxing. In fact, he became one of the finest amateur boxers on the Pacific Coast, but his wise dad never permitted him to become serious over

[*Continued on page 69*]

"I'm the luckiest man in the world"

Romance comes to the girl who guards against COSMETIC SKIN

SOFT, smooth skin wins romance —tender moments no woman ever forgets! So what a shame it is when good looks are spoiled by unattractive Cosmetic Skin.

It's so unnecessary for any woman to risk this modern complexion trouble—with its enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather guards against dangerous pore clogging because it cleans so *deeply* — gently carries away every vestige of hidden dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

You can use cosmetics all you wish if you *remove* them this safe, gentle way. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use Lux Toilet Soap.

Remember, this is the fine, white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have used for years. It will *protect* your skin—give it that smooth, *cared-for* look that's so appealing.

Use Cosmetics? Yes, indeed! But I always use Lux Toilet Soap to guard against Cosmetic Skin

Claudette Colbert

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "THE BRIDE COMES HOME"

"Tall, dark 'n' handsome," Mae West calls Cesar Romero, above

New Latin Lover Stirs HOLLYWOOD!

"He's big enough to look like a real he-man!" said one director about Romero

BY REX MORTON

HE was dark and handsome. His six feet two towered over Mae West as the two stood facing each other just outside the Paramount cafe. Mae looked him over slowly, smiling as she noted his height and dark good looks. She couldn't resist quoting *Diamond Lil.* "H-m-m-m, tall, dark 'n' handsome, you must play opposite *me* some time!"

Everyone laughed, including Marlene Dietrich who had joined the crowd. Just then, as these notables were all assembled there, and Romero was the center of their attention, I noted something about the tall, new Latin hero which caught my attention. Unless you'd known the other "Latins," from Rudolph Valentino to Ramon Novarro and Gilbert Roland, you might not have been so impressed. This fellow, with his dark, flashing eyes, "sheiky" moustache and black hair, looked as intriguing as those others—but all this attention sort of embarrassed him. And he showed it!

A bit of diffidence is all right for your Gary Coopers and Bing Crosbys; even your Clark Gables, in their lighter characterizations. It's human, likable,—thoroughly youthful and engaging. But for the Latin type of lover? Who ever heard of one seeming bashful!

Inside the cafe, another illuminating incident occurred. Both parties, Mae's and Marlene's, invited Cesar to join them for luncheon. Here was a dilemma. Which to accept? "Sorry—I have another luncheon engagement!" he said, smiling and nodding thanks to each in turn. Ah, this was certainly Latin diplomacy, though spoken with that slight embarrassment more characteristic, let us say, of Gary Cooper, than of the late Valentino.

But no! Cesar's excuse was not mere diplomacy. Making his way among the tables, exchanging greetings as he went with stars and technicians impartially, he came to a table at which sat Loretta Young and her sister, Sally Blane. And he took the place beside Sally which she had been saving for him! With no more ado, I butted in and arranged for an interview with him. Here was one *hombre* who would bear watching! And before the time came for our chat, I set out to discover what I could about the newcomer.

A LITTLE sleuthing here and there brought me quite a few interesting slants. Not the least of which was Von Sternberg's estimate: ". . . the best leading man Marlene ever had. Romero has all the advantages of his dark, intense type without that suave appearance of egotism, that aged and ageless sophistication, once considered a part of the Latin character."

Another director pointed out, very practically, that the trouble with the popular "Latins," until Romero's figure appeared on the horizon, was their short stature. They had to wear built-up heels to appear tall enough beside any but the shortest of feminine stars. "That alone should help this new fellow," he remarked. "He's big enough to look like a real he-man on the screen."

"Yes, he's actually a bit diffident," smiled Sally Blane, when I appealed to her for information. "It's rather charming, though, don't you think? Really, a kind of modesty. He is very popular with the younger set around town."

Loretta Young likes him, too. From what I saw later, I concluded that she didn't mind his being around, even when such a handsome and famous caller as Ronald Colman came to see her! And a little further investigation revealed the fact that many other women, throughout Cesar's brief career, have played prominent parts in charting his voyage toward success. The first, it seems, was a night-club girl. Cesar met her when he was about to embark upon his chosen career—banking. She turned the young America-born Cuban's steps from finance to rhythm. Then came [*Continued on page* 88]

"I found a little
SECRET OF POPULARITY
that so many women
OVERLOOK"

"FOR years I was left out of things—a young girl who rarely had a date and never had a beau. Now that is all changed. I am invited everywhere... life is gay and interesting—and all because I discovered a little secret of popularity that so many women overlook."

Popular People Realize It

Popular people are never guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault. That is one of the reasons they are popular. Realizing that anyone may have bad breath without knowing it, they take this easy pleasant precaution against it—Listerine, the quick deodorant, used as a mouth rinse. Most causes of halitosis, says a great dental authority, are due to fermenting food in the mouth. Tiny particles which even careful tooth brushing fails to remove, decompose and release odors. It happens even in normal mouths. No wonder so many breaths offend!

Listerine quickly halts such fermentation, then it overcomes the odors it causes. The breath—indeed the entire mouth—becomes fresher, cleaner, more wholesome. Get in the habit of using Listerine. It's an investment in friendship. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Keep your breath beyond suspicion. Use LISTERINE before meeting others

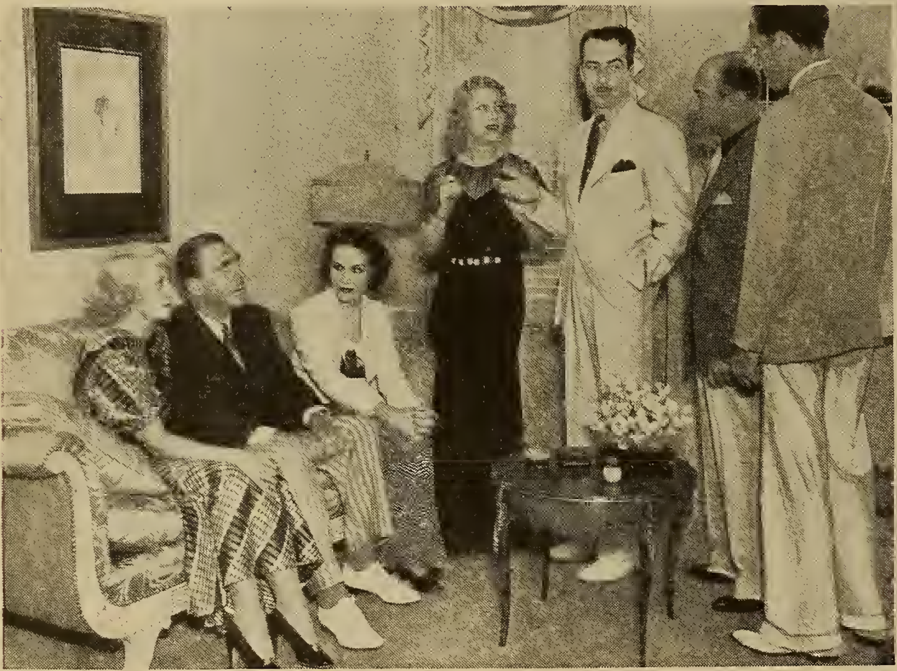
The Mystery of Glenda Farrell's Missing Necklace

[*Continued from page* 41]

Frances, your imagination is going sky-high from all this excitement." Glenda smiled although her face was tense with concern. "We are all friends."

"Well, we don't even *know* our friends sometimes. What if one of us were just acting to hide our real selves, our real purpose—"

"I SAY, this isn't going to get us very far," Bradley Page interrupted. "Just guessing won't find Glenda's pendant. I, for one, am in favor of *doing* something about it!"



Rhodes

Here Bill Ryan (second from right) quizzes the guests about Glenda Farrell's lucky pendant. Left to right, they are Joan Blondell, Pat O'Brien, Mary Brian, Glenda Farrell, Bradley Page, Federal Agent Bill Ryan, and John Mack Brown

"Just what I was going to suggest, Page," Pat O'Brien rose and moved back of where Page was sitting, where he could look at his friend, Bill Ryan, while he was talking. "Can I tell them who you are, Bill?"

Ryan hesitated. "Well, under the circumstances—" and he flashed an amused look at Frances and Joel McCrea.

Pat turned toward the others. "Bill is my house guest, as you know. But what you don't know, is, he's one of the best detectives in the country."

"Detective!" Mary Brian's soft voice trembled a little.

"Yep," Pat spoke quickly. "Bill's a Federal detective. A G-Man, Mary. He's in Hollywood now for the Government. You couldn't hire him for any money, but since he's a guest, I thought if you asked him, Glenda—"

Glenda was silent. She searched anxiously the faces of her guests. "Oh, I don't know what to do—"

"Why, you're going to let Ryan help you out, of course!" Ralph Bellamy spoke firmly. "You don't think I'd leave here without you're *knowing I'm* innocent, Glenda. I'm sure the others feel the same. Just leave it to us. Those in favor of having Ryan carry on an immediate investigation and clear this mess up, raise your rights. That's fine. Any opposed?"

There was not a dissenting voice. "Okay, Mr. Ryan, looks like the show is yours."

"So sorry we haven't a megaphone for you, Mr. Federal Man." Joan's voice carried the slightest touch of sarcasm.

Ryan laughed. "Oh that's all right, Miss Blondell. It isn't the voice that counts so much in directing this kind of an act. It's the eyes. For example, would you mind rising a moment?"

JOAN'S face turned red and then paled a little. "Why?" she stammered, without moving.

"Well, just get up and you'll see."

Joan glanced around hurriedly and then rose, shrugging a bit defiantly. Ryan slipped his hand behind the cushion on the divan and drew out a small cigar clip. "I saw you slip your hand there, Miss Blondell, as soon as we all sat down. Just a proof of the value of our eyes. Now, perhaps you'd tell us where this came from?"

Joan dropped back into her place and looked around at the faces of her friends, pleadingly. Their expressions were puzzled, not reproachful. "This is perfectly ridiculous!" But the merry note was entirely missing from her voice. "I flashed on the lights, came back to where Pat was helping Glenda up, and there was the clip on the floor. Everyone was so excited, I just picked it up and held it in my hand until I sat down in this chair. I don't know why I happened to *hide* it. You see, I recognized it and I just knew he wouldn't have done it, so—"

Ryan interrupted sternly, "And to whom does it belong, Miss Blondell?"

"It's mine." Everyone turned to look at Pat O'Brien. His face was more than its natural ruddy red. "Oh, rot, Bill, you know yourself I'm always dropping the thing."

Before Ryan could answer, Bradley Page said, "I think it is our duty to be honest, now. This is serious and we are not acting, Ryan. I saw your pal, Pat, showing that clip to Joan Blondell earlier in the evening. He could have given it to her then—"

"Oh, I think you're horrid!" Joan's eyes blazed. "I think you're just trying to cover up something yourself. If you think I'd help anyone—"

"As far as that goes," Mary Brian spoke slowly and stopped to turn toward the detective, "must we tell everything we noticed, Mr. Ryan?"

"Look here, everyone," Ryan began slowly. Something has happened to Miss Farrell's pendant. It didn't just walk off! None of you'll feel the same about each other unless this thing is settled, right here and now. Most of you have been friends for years. If Miss Farrell lets this go, you would look at each other with suspicion every time you met. Stop thinking about the guilty one and think of the innocent ones. Only *one*, or at the most, two, are responsible. The majority must always be protected. But remember there may be some simple explanation none of you have guessed. Now, what was it, Miss Brian?"

"WELL, you see, I wasn't playing in the 'Gangster' game. I had left the room to phone my home—and I returned to the living room just before the lights went out. Naturally, I saw clearly everyone's position in the room. I've just remembered that Bradley Page was standing by the electric light switch and—"

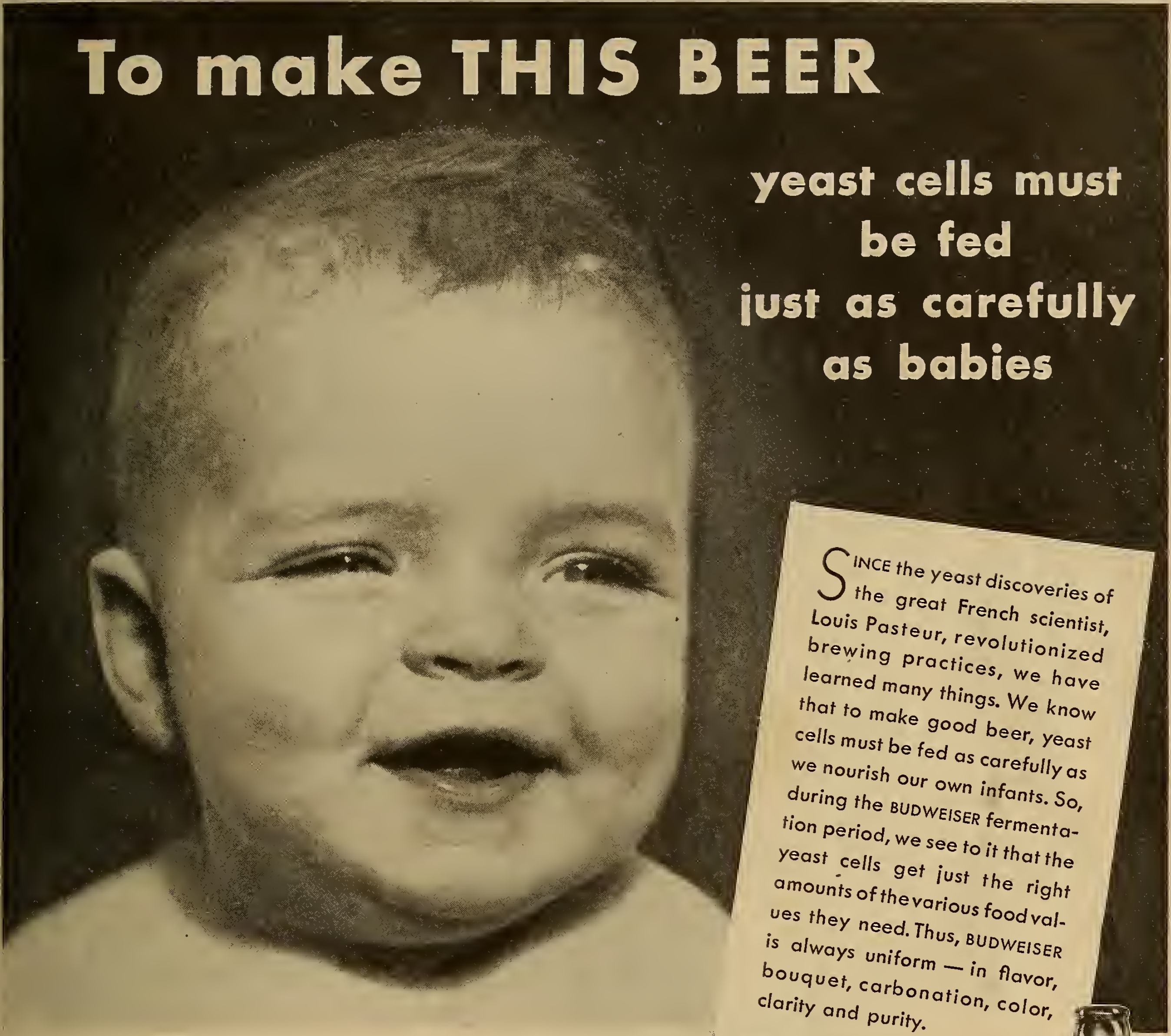
"Which switch, Mary?" Glenda asked quickly. "There are three of them in this room."

"The one by the door to the hall."

"Just a moment, please," Detective Ryan spoke clearly. "Let's forget all these clues for a moment. We'll take them up later. I have let you talk because I wanted [*Continued on page* 64]

To make THIS BEER

yeast cells must be fed just as carefully as babies



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What Every Chorus Girl Should Know!

[*Continued from page 29*]

and only about ten had the faintest idea of the sort of work they would have to perform," Connelly explained. "I had to wire an S.O.S. to Broadway. With the imported girls, I finally gathered a nucleus of eighteen, on which the choruses used in *Flirtation Walk* and *Go into Your Dance* were gradually built.

"To me, the modern motion picture chorus girl represents the finest in youthful American womanhood: finest in health, bodily proportion, clean athletic living, native intelligence. To me, she symbolizes the growing freedom of American women, because today she comes from every walk of life and away from the studio mingles with every stratum of society, unreproached by any because she works for an independent living at the art of dancing.

"Her work demands the physical condition of an athlete, a high degree of intelligence, a strong, determined character, a lively, cheerful temperament, and finally, ability in her special art. She must have poise, freedom from self-consciousness. If she did not have these things, she could not dance well enough, sing well enough, or wear clothes well enough to be in a motion picture chorus. Finally, even such items as her taste in off-stage costume and make-up enter into her selection, so that when she survives all tests and becomes a successful motion picture chorus girl, you may be sure she is a fit representative of the cream of young American womanhood in every respect."

IF NEWS of this scarcity of qualified girls tempts new and ambitious ones to come to Hollywood, they should first of all learn *why* there is a scarcity, and realize that beautiful and shapely girls who can dance well enough for the average stage chorus are overplentiful.

Girls who have what else it takes, however, are so rare that the best of them are snatched up on contract, not only by studios, each of which maintains a chorus group, but individuals and dance organizations. Producers such as Earl Carroll and George White, and noted dance directors such as Connelly, Busby Berkeley, Hermes Pan, Leroy Prinz, Seymour Felix, Chester Hale, and others often maintain their picked groups under personal contract.

I determined to discover why it is so hard to qualify for modern movie chorus work. Choosing Sammy Lee's selection of the chorus for a Gene Raymond-Ann Sothern picture as the most typical example we could find, we watched the process. It took three days. Sammy interviewed eight hundred young, beautiful, shapely applicants. Redheads, blondes and brunettes, all of them seemed to have what makes the shapely chorine such a treat to the tired business man's optics. But Sammy, as we watched, ruthlessly culled them down to ninety.

TRUE, there was very little elimination on the basis of mere beauty. They were all beautiful enough. But on grace of carriage and personality, quite a few stumbled. And many were rejected because they were not in the finest of physical condition. Others failed, if you please, in *mental* tests! They couldn't quickly pass memory and coordination and assimilation trials. We heard that modern chorus girls must be able to learn new, intricate steps and formations quickly, to save precious studio time in rehearsals. And above all, they must remember them unfailingly, to prevent mistakes that would compel re-takes.

Finally, dancing requirements for this particular film called for more-than-ordinary talent in three kinds of steps: ballet, eccentric, and tap. That brought the list down to the ninety. We did not follow them through their final hurdle, because this was to consist of individual singing and dancing screen tests.

This, mind you, is an example of chorus selection chosen because it is typical and normal. Earl Carroll, Seymour Felix, and many other dance directors have similar rituals of selection, each varying slightly according to his individual tastes and the picture to be filmed. For example, in the picture for which Lee was assembling his chorus, three types of dancing were required. Another picture might require in addition, skill at adagio and ballroom dancing, and perhaps certain folk, exotic or old-fashioned steps. To be prepared, the modern chorus girl must be able to dance them all. She must also be capable of wearing satisfactorily any sort of costume from a smile to a suit of armour; from a Hawaiian grass skirt to a complicated Javanese outfit; from an African witch-doctor's heavy trappings to a beautiful modern evening gown—and dance in each!

BUT these are routine requirements! Drop in with me at the interview stage at Radio Studios, where Hermes Pan is giving some *special* tests. The girls here have already qualified for looks, personality, carriage, dancing ability, and so on. They are now being tested for *spinning dizziness,* by means of a revolving platform which is a modification of an air pilot's testing chair.

The girl, being placed on it, whirls like a top. She turns so rapidly she is a mere blur. Then the wheels slow to a stop, and she must dance off, whirling slowly under her own power. Some of them survive the test. Others can't dance afterward. And a few, pale of face, rush off the scene like seasick voyagers!

Dieting is always important to the modern chorus girl, but she doesn't do it for reducing purposes. There are no champagne cocktails and lobsters at midnight for these chorines. They can break training—a training more rigorous than a college athlete's—only when they are between pictures. At all other times, their rules are no drinking, little smoking, healthy eating, and early retiring.

Don't think that modern film chorines are not aware of their improved opportunities. They are thinking beyond their average salary of $62.50 per week. That is why they are taking drama courses, voice culture and so on. The fact that intelligence is now such a vital part of their equipment, has changed the whole chorus girl picture. No more beautiful but dumb show girls! No more stage door johnnies. The hoofers want stardom, not butter-and-egg men! They have no time for petty gold-digging or the seeking of advantageous marriages. A new ambition moves them. Definitely, they're out to become movie stars!

IT WAS Busby Berkeley, now a regular film director as well as maestro of the ensemble, who recently declared that seventy percent of the modern chorus girl's charm must now be "above the eyes." Says he, "Brains, intelligence, and personality are the things that the camera registers and the screen records—as well as the lack of them—with positively fatal accuracy!"

George White also stresses intelligence. "The qualifications I demand of my chorus girls," he declares emphatically, "are assets which every girl should have, whether she's a stenographer, a society bud or just a girl looking for a husband. Decidedly, they are prime essentials in fitting her for a film acting career."

He points out that while the modern film chorine comes from every stratum of life, there is a decided increase in the proportion of college girls, tutored girls, and girls "from the right side of the tracks," in the ranks. All stigma once attached to the profession has been erased. The healthy, happy but hard-working film hoofers proudly proclaim what they are to anyone who cares to know. And why not? They are now conscious of a fact the rest of the world will soon appreciate: that they're the real feminine aristocrats, the girl champions, and the potential Big Leaguers of today's entertainment army, by virtue of what they must be and do, just to hold their jobs!

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Shooting the Days When Knights Were Bold

[*Continued from page* 35]

to be "the object of the affections" of both *Richard* and his arch enemy, *Saladin.* To avoid delay, Director DeMille chose the only possible course of action, "shooting out of continuity"—as confusing a procedure with a costume spectacle as attempting to build a house backwards. And *that's* hard!

SO, one sunny morning at the end of the month, Windsor Castle courtyard on a corner of the Paramount lot came to sudden, vibrant life. Court ladies, clothed in colors of startling brilliancy, leaned from balconies, looking down on groups of knights clad in gray chain mail, topped by glinting helmets, astride gaily caparisoned horses. The tips of their spears and the hilts of their swords were transformed into brilliant points of light. Prop men and painters hurried about the set, darkening glistening metal surfaces with a coating of liquid wax. They darkened everything except Director DeMille's head which shone baldly in the sunlight. He could not be reached for he was high in the air at the end of the camera boom "drawing a bead" on the shaggy but imposing figure of *The Hermit,* none other than C. Aubrey Smith. *The Hermit* stood outside the lowered portcullis, glaring through the heavy grating at nobility and royalty within and demanding admittance to preach the doctrine of the Crusades. A motley throng of bearded peasants howled at his back. *King Richard* commanded that *The Hermit* and the peasants be admitted. Chains clanked and the giant gate crawled slowly upward; the gaunt and grisled *Hermit* strode into the courtyard. Thus *Richard* was to learn that *Saladin* and his Infidels had seized Jerusalem and the Holy Land. The Tomb of Christ had fallen into the hands of barbarians; Christian pilgrims were being killed, tortured and sold into slavery. All this *Richard* learned and more. And, if he would pledge himself to go on Crusade against Saladin, he knew that he could escape diplomatically from his pledge to marry that proud, sultry beauty, *Princess Alice of France!*

KATHERINE *(Princess Alice of France)* DEMILLE sat quietly in a chair on the side lines. The dark, somber depths of her eyes betrayed no concern over this knotty story situation. She was far more interested in what went on behind the cameras and in watching the technical detail involved in setting up this "shot." It was obvious that she was thinking of her pet ambition—to become a directress.

It is just possible that within the week Director DeMille was wishing that he might change places with Actress DeMille. California skies disobeyed the mandates of the Chamber of Commerce and ceased smiling, pouted and then began to cry—very large tears. DeMille was forced by the rain to jump even further from his schedule and go inside to work. That made it tough.

Then sickness joined the flock of furies that pursued *The Crusades.* Alan Hale was the first to go under with the flu. He had to put aside the twelfth century lute of *Blondel, the Minstrel,* and retire to his twentieth century bed. Two days spent in being knocked into a medieval blacksmith's shop water trough (C. B. DeMille bathtub scene, Crusader style) proved too much for him! Then Henry Wilcoxon absorbed a few germs and had to retire from the lists. He resisted valiantly for several days until DeMille finally banished him from the set with the stern instruction not to return until cured.

DeMille, himself not well, carried on to the point where he could no longer make himself heard—even with the aid of his loud-speaker. Assistants had been following him about for days with atomizers, pills, bottles filled with dark, disagreeable looking fluid. It was all to no avail. Finally he had to call it a day at twelve noon. Then the whole troupe rested for several days. Crusaders who, for several days, had been playing dead on a damp and gory field of battle set about the serious business of doctoring colds as best they could.

HOWEVER, things brightened considerably when Loretta, looking unbelievably lovely, arrived on the set wearing the stately satin robes and the long blond wig of *Queen Berengaria.* She brought with her to a set that for weeks had known only the grim detail of warfare a refreshing beauty, lighthearted charm, a gay humor as spontaneous as it was unquenchable, an Australian bull whip—and Jack Oakie!

Loretta admitted that she had learned to crack the bull whip while on location in the mountains but volunteered the guess that Oakie had learned to crack in his own inimitable way when he first fell out of the cradle. While Loretta was with the picture Jack was a constant visitor, making his whirlwind appearances in an astonishing number of different transformations. On his last visit, he wore a twelfth century peasant costume and succeeded in disrupting a very tearful love scene between Loretta and Henry Wilcoxon by delivering a few very un-medieval wisecracks. After that he was seen no more and it was rumored that Director DeMille had had him put in a cage on the back lot where Loretta could visit him during lunch hour but from which he could not escape to interfere with the progress of *The Crusades.* Such was life!

HAVING thus triumphed over the many obstacles—delays, bad weather, sickness, and even Oakie—Director DeMille at last brought his Crusaders to the very walls of Acre. This stoutly defended city had to be taken before the Crusaders could move on toward the towering gray walls of Jerusalem. That was certain!

The Battle of Acre was night work. Those living near Paramount could hardly have had more sleep than the warring Christians and Saracens—and *they* got none. Arriving on the set in costume at seven-thirty it was an unending process of attack and preparation for attack until dawn. On a high platform beside the camera, DeMille hopped back and forth as he gave directions for the alignment of the attacking knights. The Saracens were placed atop the wall. They were given bows and arrows, spears, fire balls, cauldrons of oil for the defense of their city. Finally all was ready.

"Camera," yelled DeMille, already a little hoarse. And then the fun began!

Under a shower of fire balls and arrows the Crusaders moved deliberately toward the moat at the base of the wall. Swords and shields held high, a double rank of black-cloaked *Knights Hospitaler,* their mighty barrel helmets reflecting the flickering light of the torches, moved forward first. On their heels, the lofty scaling ladders creaked and swayed precariously as they were pushed forward. Further back the *Knights Templar,* cloaked in white with brightly shining helmets, superintended the slow progress of the lumbering, thirty-ton siege tower and helped guide the frantic horses that strained at the giant catapult. *King Richard* galloped through the melée as the ladders thumped against the wall and the *Hospitalers* began the precarious, sagging climb toward the battlements. Still the arrows rained down, still the fire balls soared out from the ramparts to strike against shields and roll away flaming. The battle raged on in ever-mounting confusion—in an ever-mounting crescendo of sound.

Suddenly whistles shrilled and the battle ceased abruptly. The prop department swarmed out over the field extinguishing sputtering fire balls—sputtering knights. Gradually chaos gave way to order.

Then another slow preparation . . . another attack. All through the night the sound and fury mounted . . . and the next night . . . and the next . . . indefinitely. It was indeed tough going but it all added up—as in that more romantic time, the twelfth century—to a glorious adventure!

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The Mystery of Glenda Farrell's Missing Necklace

[*Continued from page* 58]

to gather all the information I could that way. But time is important, too. Now, there are a couple of things I'd like to point out to you. The most important thing in unraveling any mystery is motive. We always search for that, first. Now, the first thing that strikes you about this situation is the seeming lack of motive. Miss Farrell happened to tell us the story of her necklace. She said it's money value wasn't what made it important. Any of you have many trinkets or jewels of far greater intrinsic worth. If someone wanted jewelry for the usual motive, surely he, or she, would have chosen something besides Miss Farrell's pendant. All right, what does that leave us?" He looked around at the faces, which were reflecting real interest now, rather than anxiety. "I realize Hollywood is an unusual place. And you may have hidden motives. Now, Miss Brian, you suggested someone might have thought she was doing Miss Farrell a favor. What did you mean?"

Mary hesitated, looking at Joan sympathetically now. The detective worked for several moments before Mary finally told of the conversation in the dressing room when Joan had said she wished Glenda would lose her good-luck piece before it became a "worry-one."

"You are the kind of person who would go to extreme lengths for a friend, Miss Blondell. I believe you would even lose a friendship if you felt the loss would help that person. And you found your way to the light switch quickly, as though you knew exactly where to go. You went to the switch by the door leading toward the bedroom. You were standing there, Miss Brian. Does that recall anything to you?"

Mary looked at the tips of her dainty blue satin slippers. "Joan left the dressing room just before I did. She was by that door, on the other side, but so was Pat O'Brien in the neighborhood."

THE detective smiled. "Let's take this one by one. I should say you are a definite suspect, Miss Blondell," but his smile was kindly. "Now is there anyone else here who would have had some motive?"

No one spoke. The room was silent except for the nervous tapping of Glenda's foot.

"All right now, Miss Blondell—you said that someone might wish it for good luck. What did you mean?"

Joan's voice trembled as she repeated the part of the conversation Mary had omitted.

"Also, very possible. It is only natural that actors and actresses should be interested in having good-luck pieces. It would be an excellent motive. And if Miss Brian felt it would be good for Miss Farrell to lose it, since such a close friend had said so, she would have two motives. And you were talking in the dressing room with Pat! He could have been in agreement—"

"But I didn't do it, I tell you. Oh Glenda, I would love to have a lucky piece like that, but really I wouldn't—"

"That's all right, Miss Brian. I didn't say you did. Now, would anyone else like to have a piece like that?"

"You all said we must tell all we know. I hate to do it, Mistah Ryan, but Bradley Page was telling me this evenin' that he wished he could find an Indian to give him somethin' to bring him luck. Said he needed it right now as he never needed it befoah." In his excitement, the Southern drawl which John Mack can usually use or eliminate as he pleases, returned with its native force.

Rhodes

"Must we tell everything?" asked Mary Brian, stepping up to Joan Blondell's side, when she talked to Bill Ryan

"He did!" Ryan glanced at Page sharply. "Where do you hail from, Mr. Page?"

Page started. "The New York stage, sir. Why?"

Ryan ignored the question. "Ever been in Russia, Page?" Ryan glanced quickly at Frances Dee and Joel McCrea. They had straightened and Frances grabbed Joel's hand at the question.

"Never! Why?"

Again Ryan ignored the question. "Been in Hollywood long?"

"I've played in eight pictures in six months!"

"Well, well, that's quite a record. Anyone ever tell you you look like Bill Powell?"

"I'm told nothing else! People stop me on the street; people say 'Hello, Bill,' at parties. I'm just one of those unlucky guys who always looks like somebody else. Why, I'm even suspicious that I've been trailed by detectives, for someone else, at times."

Ryan smiled. "So you need a good-luck piece and you were near the light switch. I'm afraid I'll have to suspect you, Page. Now, how many have good-luck pieces?"

"WELL, well. So this is Hollywood. Even the men, too. I don't see your hand up, Pat. You and Miss Brian and Mr. Page seem to be the only ones without a good-omen token. And it *was* your cigar clipper."

"Now, what other motives could there be?"

"Helping a lady!" Joan answered at once. "After all, Pat O'Brien was as near the switch as Mary."

"I agree, Miss Blondell. Pat is the kind who would help any friend, man or woman. And he's so impulsive he wouldn't think of the consequences until afterward. And the circumstantial evidence against Pat is pretty strong, too. I'm afraid I'll have to include you, old man. Sorry."

Ryan rose. "Anyone think of any other reason? All right, we have the motive, then, I take it. Hidden somewhere in those motives is the secret. I'm going to ask you to remain here, all of you. I'm going to walk around a bit and think. When I come back, I believe I'll be able to restore your necklace, Miss Farrell. As soon as I've weeded the motives and the people and then fixed them, like a puzzle, into their proper places—"

He had been edging near the door and was gone, before anyone realized.

Joan bounded up. "I'll bet he did it himself. And he's skipped. But what could be *his* motive!"

What happened to Glenda Farrell's prized pendant? In the first chapter, you learned the characters. In this, the second, you have been given the possible motives. All detective stories are solved, as a mathematical problem is worked, by simple addition and subtraction. We suggest you sit down, list the motives across the top of a sheet of paper and place the characters and clues beneath the ones you think they fit. Reserve your final decision until you have read the concluding chapter with its unique climax in the next issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

A Glimpse of the True Garbo

[*Continued from page 27*]

Bartholomew. Cora Sue asked her for an autographed picture and although she never gives one out, she took ten minutes of her time explaining to Cora Sue why she could not."

Garbo's feet are not large, insists Miss Ethridge. She smiled slyly and admitted, "Several times when we sat near each other on the set, I compared her feet to mine and I wear only a five. Her foot is not any larger than mine but gives that impression because she wears flat-heeled sport shoes for comfort when not having her feet show in shots," she explained.

AFTER each scene, Garbo goes into her portable dressing room on the set to rest. A toot of a tiny tin horn calls her when the cameras and lights are ready. "She comes out of the dressing room, going over in pantomime her scene to come and repeating the dialogue in English. Her eyes twinkle vivaciously when she does this," says Miss Ethridge.

She never forgets her lines or makes a mistake in her action, Miss Ethridge insists, but she does not become angry when some less important player does. She smiles encouragingly and starts all over again without a word of rebuke. While on location, she was like a child, just out of school. Peering through Mr. Brown's field glasses, she studied the clouds and followed the flight of several airplanes which passed overhead. A famous dancer was employed to dance the mazurka for Garbo in one of the big ballroom sequences but when Chester Hale, dance director, saw Garbo step into it, the professional was sent home. "Garbo is one of the most perfect and graceful dancers I have ever seen," is the word that came from Hale.

While shooting on the back lot at Metro, nothing but a broken-down board fence hid the set and Garbo from the crowd which lined the street outside. At last she had to insist that screens be erected, because it makes her nervous to have strangers watch her act. But when one little girl climbed the high fence and sat on top watching, Garbo smiled and waved to her. The child waved back and kept on watching.

Garbo commits suicide at the end of the tragic story, *Anna Karenina,* and Miss Ethridge wept when she thought of it. "I had grown so fond of her during our days of work together that even a screen suicide for that beautiful and sweet creature who is Garbo, almost broke my heart. Clarence Brown told me he felt the same way."

Never was a picture made with less fuss and confusion than *Anna Karenina.* "There was never any sign of dissatisfaction on Garbo's part," says Miss Ethridge, "and Garbo obeyed Brown's instructions like a trouper at all times. She was a joy to work with every minute," she continued firmly.

When Miss Ethridge's last scene with Garbo was finished and as she was preparing to leave the set for the last time, Garbo called her over. "It has been most pleasant for us to work together," said the star.

And so Garbo made a new friend who adores the very ground upon which she walks. If Ella Ethridge never works with Garbo again, she will never forget the great star's kindness and consideration for her. And here, perhaps, for the first time in Garbo's career, has one who watched her and worked with her for weeks, told the world the truth about a misunderstood woman.

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Beauty for Autumn . . .

[*Continued from page 6*]

will be more than delighted with its silky texture and new life, and after a half-dozen such treatments, your hair will be as lovely and gleaming as Anita Louise's honey-golden locks . . . **If you would like the trade name of this oil shampoo, do write to me. Just enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for my reply. The price of a large bottle is $1 and it contains enough for a dozen such treatments.**

DON'T try to lose your suntan too precipitately by applying harsh bleaching agents or skin peels, if you want your skin to remain soft and smooth in texture. Use a mild, reliable preparation that will fade the excess pigment, gradually and safely. If your skin is at all inclined to be sensitive, be sure to apply a heavy layer of emollient tissue cream after each bleach treatment . . . Never apply it *before,* for the oils in the tissue cream would prevent the skin-lightening ingredients in the bleach cream from penetrating the epidermis sufficiently. I'll be glad to give you the trade name of a safe and mild bleach cream that will bring your skin to just the proper porcelain tint to harmonize with fall elegance . . . It costs only fifty cents a jar, so it's moderately enough priced to use on the most bronzed skin. As your skin lightens, day by day, be sure to add a bit more of a light rachel or natural powder to your box of suntan face powder.

AND don't forget that lipstick just the right shade for suntan is usually too bright and yellow for autumn-pale skin! If you're looking for an indelible lipstick that doesn't develop that ugly purplish color on your lips and yet isn't the least bit yellow or orange in tone, I can tell you where to find it. This particular shade is true, rich red, warm and luscious, and it looks equally well on blondes, brunettes, or redheads. I've had to buy two in one month simply because my friends insisted on "sampling" it continually, but I can't say I blame them.

Besides being so true in shade, this lipstick is extremely permanent, resisting the corroding effects of soup and soda pop alike. When you apply it properly it gives your lips a satin-smoothness that is too, too alluring . . .

This means that you must smooth it on, allow it to "set" and then blot off the surplus on tissues. The price of $1 is very reasonable for such a super-lipstick—provided you can keep it hidden from your friends! Want the trade name?

YOU may enjoy being a hoyden-in-slacks in summer, but when autumn comes you'd better go glamorous or you'll be cluttering up wall space at all the dances . . . Break out with a fascinating new coiffure (don't you like Anita Louise's?), a gardenia-pale skin and eyes that are dangerous as well as useful . . . To aid you in acquiring the last named asset, let me suggest a brand-new cream mascara that makes your lashes look soft and silky and twice as long as they really are . . . It comes in a tube which, together with a brush, is packed in a sleek, black satin bag that can be tucked handily in the smallest or most overcrowded purse. If you have ever used a cream mascara, you know that no water is necessary.

You simply squeeze a bit of the semi-solid mascara onto the brush and transfer this direct to your lashes. It goes on like a flash and, like all properly behaved mascaras, is waterproof, tearproof and non-irritating. It's quite harmless, of course. If your brows are light or inclined to "fade out" at the ends, you'll find that this builds them up very neatly. A real bargain for fifty cents, to my practical mind. You'll think so too!

PLEASE remember that glamorous eyes aren't going to keep you from being a wallflower if you stop using a deodorant as soon as you pack your bathing suit away in moth balls . . . Failure to deodorize perspiration is usually a more deadly social error in fall than in summer because we are indoors more, and the heavier clothes worn make perspiration odor more offensive, wherever we are.

There is a new cream deodorant on the market that makes this personal daintiness duty an easy one . . . It's a white cream that not only deodorizes perspiration effectually, but actually softens and whitens the skin in the arm-pits—a definite consideration for the woman who wears evening gowns. It vanishes as soon as it's applied, which makes it a treasure on mornings when you are in a hurry to get to work. This delicately scented cream comes in a smartly designed white jar with a bright blue screw top and it can be bought at all toiletry counters for only thirty cents.

Don't Hesitate—to Write to Me About Your Own Beauty Problems!

●

Write Your Letter to—

Denise Caine
Motion Picture Magazine
1501 Broadway, New York City

Enclose stamped envelope for reply

LOVELY TO LOOK AT

Sunny Golden Hair—
Arms and Legs Alluringly Smooth

Make nature's own allurements *your* secrets of charm and attractiveness. Gain captivating appeal with natural-looking hair — smooth, blonde, silky arms and legs. Use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. And notice how your friends admire your fresh, bright appearance.

BLONDES:—If your hair is dark, faded or streaked, rinse with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to restore its natural golden beauty. Marchand's imparts sunny radiance to dull-looking hair, secretly and successfully.

BRUNETTES:—Make your hair more alluring. Impart fascinating highlights, a glowing sheen to your dark hair. Or lighten dark or fading hair any natural shade of blondeness desired. (You can do this as quickly as overnight with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Or gradually, if you prefer, over a period of weeks or months.)

BLONDES *and* BRUNETTES:—Have arms and legs seductively smooth. Don't risk "superfluous" hair removal. Whether on face, arms or legs, use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to blend "superfluous" hair with *your* skin coloring and *add* to your dainty attractiveness.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash in the new gold and brown package can be purchased at your drugstore. Start using Marchand's for head, legs or arms. *Today.*

TRY A BOTTLE—FREE! A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo—FREE—to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. *(See coupon below.)*

MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH,
251 West 19th Street, NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. I am enclosing 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

Name ____________________

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Beautiful Eyes

ARE YOURS FOR THE ASKING WHEN YOU ASK FOR

Maybelline

says **DOROTHY HAMILTON**
Noted Beauty Authority of Hollywood

Dorothy Hamilton, heard every Sunday afternoon in the "Maybelline Penthouse Serenade" over N. B. C. network

NOTICE your favorite screen actress, and see how she depends on well-groomed brows, softly shaded eyelids, and long, dark, lustrous lashes to give her eyes that necessary beauty and expression. More than any other feature, *her* eyes express *her*. More than any other feature, *your* eyes express *you*. You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are really attractive . . . and it is so easy to make them so, *instantly*, with the pure and *harmless* Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

After powdering, blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Then apply a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline mascara to your lashes, to make them appear *naturally* long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold how your eyes express a new, more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky by applying the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream nightly, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in introductory sizes at any leading 10c store. To be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness, accept only genuine Maybelline preparations.

Tested and Approved ★ Good Housekeeping Bureau

All Maybelline Preparations have this approval

BLACK
BROWN
BLUE

BLACK OR BROWN

BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GRAY
VIOLET AND GREEN

COLORLESS

BLACK OR WHITE
BRISTLES

Is Stardom Worth Fighting For?

Yes . . . Says Claudette Colbert

[*Continued from page* 24]

Colbert walked on the stage for the first time. She was no longer a private person moving through a familiar sphere of her own, anonymous and content. That step across the footlights puts an end to that sort of life for good. The player, in effect, hands herself to the public, binds herself to them as strongly as any marriage vows bind man and wife.

The average girl can settle down and have a permanent home when she marries, but that is by no means a sure thing for an actress. In Claudette's case, she had to sacrifice that sort of a home—a continent lay between her husband and herself most of the time and that wedge finally separated them. It was a bitter hurt, but just one of the many sacrifices she had to make to attain a pre-eminent position in the hearts of the countless thousands to whom she has brought happiness and that strangely powerful love that radiates between a queen and her subjects—physically remote but spiritually omnipotent.

"And that popularity with the fans," she concluded, "is another reason why I want to stay on the screen and as near the top as I can keep. I've been offered several good plays to do on the Broadway stage this past year and one splendid opportunity to work with the Comedie Francaise in Paris. And that, let me tell you, is in itself quite an honor for any actress. But I've turned it down. I don't want to take the time and energy away from the screen that keeps me with those people whose regard for me is the thing of paramount importance in my life today.

"On the stage you reach them, too, but only a nightly handful. On the screen you realize that your pictures are being shown twenty-four hours a day in cities and villages all over the world. It's not the difference in money, either, as some cynics might think. On the stage your income is less, perhaps, but so are all your expenses—and your taxes.

"No. No matter how you look at it, there can be only one answer to that question. The sacrifices that must be made to reach the top in this profession are most emphatically worth the struggle. I have been amply repaid by the public for whom I work and can only pray that the bond between us will never weaken."

Is Stardom Worth Fighting For?

No...Says Clara Kimball Young

[*Continued from page* 25]

tear my dress off and distribute it in shreds among themselves as souvenirs because they didn't love me, but because they *did* love me. That was the awful part of it. You couldn't hurt those people. They weren't themselves; they were in the grip of a mob frenzy, but it was the emotion causing that frenzy that made me a star as it has made many others since. When you're on a pedestal, you have to submit to those things, you have to realize that your violated privacy is a result of the proprietary attitude taken by anyone who sincerely cares for you.

"AND the work itself is terrific. By that, I don't mean just the hard days and nights under the lights, spent in doing your job and earning your pay. I mean the rest of it, personal appearance tours where your day is from eight in the morning till two or three the next morning, meeting people, having to be charming, making a dozen or more extemporaneous speeches a day, eating lunches with chicken *á la king*, attending banquets with more chicken *á la king*. It's grand for a while, but when you have it day in and day out for years you begin to realize what a terrific drain it is on your nervous resources.

"But the worst part of it all is this: no matter how hard you try, you find that you cannot possibly please everyone. Hollywood has always reminded me of the old Aesop's fable about the old man, his young son, and their donkey. They were criticized when the old man rode and the son walked—and vice versa; they were blamed for waste when they both walked, and for brutality when they both rode.

"No, stardom carries with it too much grief to be worth the battle. If I had it to do over again, I'd still want to be in pictures or on the stage. The career, I couldn't do without, but I'd fight tooth and nail to remain just a featured player. You work as often, if not oftener, make a very nice income which is your own and without the appalling drains on it, which are necessary in order to keep up the 'front' that a star must maintain. And, you can still have ample opportunity to do truly creative work. To me, nothing is worth that sacrifice of one's privacy that stardom means," Miss Young concluded.

He Directs for Laughs—and Gets 'Em

[*Continued from page 54*]

the manly art. However, his golf game is one of the best in the film colony, for he shoots in the seventies. On the lighter side, Leo was easily the hottest piano player in college, and how he *could* compose blue songs!

When he was graduated in law, McCarey hied himself to San Francisco where he entered the offices of a prominent attorney for mining interests. Later, in search of adventure and to learn something about mining, he put in a year with a pick and shovel in Montana mines. With his athletics and manual labor, the future picture director built up a physique which is the envy of many a Hollywood actor today.

LAW never really appealed to him, and although he was a born songwriter, there was the "patio" experience. Leo took one last crack at a song when he collaborated with Chuck Reisner, another chap who has since become a director, in writing a war number. The day it was published the armistice was signed. That did it. McCarey turned to more lucrative fields—motion pictures. That was his work.

As handsome as most actors, he made a screen test, but Warner Baxter got the job. Even in those formative days of 1921, Leo had definite ideas about his picture future. He really wanted to write and direct. Accordingly, he began his career as an assistant to Tod Browning, who was directing Lon Chaney at Universal.

McCarey soon discovered that his mind ran to comedy. He landed a job with Hal Roach as a gag man and writer, and soon after was directing two-reel comedies. He scored so strongly that the producer set forth on a year's world tour, confidently leaving the studio under the supervision of young McCarey.

During the past three years, he has directed many of the biggest box-office successes, chiefly Paramount features. His two greatest hits are *Ruggles of Red Gap* and Mae West's recent picture, *Belle of the Nineties*.

OF THIS brilliant director, Charles Laughton has also said: "Leo is a wild Irishman, exteriorly. If he tells you a story of some incident in his life, or some funny happening in a golf game, you instinctively know that he is painting the scene with that vivid and colorful McCarey imagination. People and incidents could never possibly be as funny as he sees them.

"He lives in a world of his own invention. To him, the world is populated with nice people. He sees people only as he thinks they are. If the world was really composed of *his* people, it would be a ten times happier as well as a funnier old world. From what I know of his character, I should say that

[*Continued on page 89*]

(**but the person she cheats is herself**)

SHE cheats herself out of good times, good friends, good jobs — perhaps even out of a good marriage.

And all because she is careless! Or, unbelievable as it is, because she has never discovered this fact:

That socially refined people never welcome a girl who offends with the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

There's little excuse for it these days. For there's a quick, easy way to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time — even after you're dressed. It's harmless to clothing.

You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once. It's so soothing and cooling to the skin!

Always count on Mum to prevent the *odor* of underarm perspiration, without affecting perspiration itself. Don't cheat yourself! Get the daily Mum habit. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Don't worry about this cause of unpleasantness any more. Use Mum!

What!

SHAMPOO THE HAIR *Without* SUDS?

Yes, foremost Beauticians advise this SOAPLESS Oil Shampoo for a truly beautiful head of hair

• • • •

NOTE TRIAL OFFER BELOW

Are you still using old shampoo methods? Still working up a lather; and rinsing your hair endlessly—only to find it growing duller, darker, more lifeless? Then a delightful surprise is awaiting you... A *single* shampoo with Mar-O-Oil will amaze you. Your hair will instantly become soft and wavy. The true color will glow with a beautiful warmth. A lovely sheen will make alluring highlights dance in your hair. And, if you are bothered with dandruff, watch what happens to it! Mar-O-Oil makes this startling change because it is actually a super shampoo, scalp treatment, and tonic ALL IN ONE. Yet it is easier to apply, easier to rub in, and easier to rinse out... Get a bottle of Mar-O-Oil from your drug or department store. If you do not find it the finest shampoo you have ever used, your money will be refunded in full. Or, mail the coupon with 10c, in stamps or coin, for a regular sized 25c bottle. If you have your hair done at a Beauty Parlor, ask for a Mar-O-Oil Shampoo your next visit.

Magnified hair shaft showing dirt film left on it after improper shampoo.

Magnified hair shaft shampooed with Mar-O-Oil. Note how clean. Not a trace of dirt film left.

*MAR-O-OIL
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OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO

GENEROUS TRIAL OFFER
J. W. MARROW MFG. COMPANY
Dept. 95. 3037 N. Clark St.
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Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

Please send me your regular sized 25c bottle of Mar-O-Oil for which I enclose 10c in stamps or coin.

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Life Begins at 20, says W. C. Fields

[*Continued from page* 49]

happened to become a clown. A fellow doesn't happen to become a clown—he just is—and he may succeed—*if he does not want to play Hamlet!*

I came to the stage all of a sudden. My mother's brother was a Swiss Bell Ringer. He dressed like an actor, and was always hungry. He came to our house each day in time for meals. One time he hurt my mother's feelings by not eating the crust of a pie she had baked. He claimed that people who ate pie crusts caught measles easily in Philadelphia, where I had the bad luck to be born. My mother never forgave him, and insisted that he set a bad example for her little son, Willie. Later, when I got the measles, she blamed it on him.

When I was sixteen years old, I got a job on an ice wagon. The man I worked with was Bob Fitzsimmons. He was not the fighter, so far as I know. Mr. Fitzsimmons was slow at his work. On hot days he would deliver the ice in buckets. I taught him how to handle the ice with a flourish, and juggle it on his shoulder. Fitzsimmons was so pleased that he did most of the work. Being on the route a long time, he knew quite a few women in the different kitchens, so while he tarried, I juggled the ice picks.

MINE was a harum-scarum life for the next few years. I have often wondered at the many clowns who knew hunger in boyhood. I never go to bed now without stretching myself in the warm white sheets, remembering the old-time pains in my knees from sleeping in cold places.

Then I got a job as a spieler for a side show in Coney Island. I think it was Richard Mansfield who said to me, "Now Bill, that guy's tighter than the bark on a sapling, and don't let him get you to work for nothing. Tell him you won't take a cent less than a hundred dollars a week—you're worth it—if you're worth anything!"

Mr. Mansfield's last words sort of perked me up backward, but as he was getting ready to play a role in *Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model* or *Cyrano*—I forget which, I let it go at that, and went to see the boss at Coney Island.

It didn't take me long to convince him that I could spiel a bird out of a tree. "But I'll not work for anything less but a hundred dollars a week," says I.

"That's fine!" says he, rubbing his never-touch-work hands.

"They tell me you can draw the folks into the tent for miles around—so go right to work."

It wasn't long before I had so many people coming to the show that we had to move out in a meadow and use the sky for a tent. (The sheriff had attached the tent anyhow!)

I WORKED all that summer and made the boss a fortune, so that he didn't have to owe anybody except those he didn't want to pay.

When I left, he said to me, "Well, William—you'll excuse me for calling you William—you've been a very good spieler—I've never had a better—why, when you spiel the stars come nearer the tent (but I forgot, there wasn't any tent). All I can say is that I'm sorry you're going away. Dick Mansfield phoned me and told me what a good man you were, and he told me I'd have to give you two hundred a week for the whole summer—and imagine my deep chagrin and consternation when you decided that a hundred a week was all you wanted!"

Well, I don't believe in murder—it's against the law—and there stood Barnum and Bailey, Junior, with the smile that wouldn't come off.

Finally I managed to juggle a few words and say, "How'd this happen?"

"Happen, my boy—" says Barnum and Bailey, Junior—"It was your generosity that made it all possible. All I can think is that you knew I was struggling hard to make an honest dollar and you stepped in and helped me." Barnum and Bailey, Junior, paused, then snorted out, "When I told Dick Mansfield about it he laughed till *Othello* turned white, and he says *'Well, William Claude Fields always was a devil of a funny guy!'*"

Someone hit Barnum and Bailey, Junior, with a brick that night. *But it wasn't me!*

BUT I digress. Memories sadden a man when he looks back on the long road at twenty. With great reluctance I will admit that I have reached an advanced age.

Now, my dear chickadees, it is glorious to be twenty.

I recall during a long life, the dismal days of one of our latest wars, when I heard my country calling. I waited for some time to make sure there was no mistake in the call. (I'd been fooled by the call of a ventriloquist when I was only two years old!)

And during all my twenty years, I have learned that life is really a juggle. To keep myself from facing this stern reality I turned to golf, and once played on the same course with Walter Hagen. For many years I have been a close friend of Buck Jones, but that doesn't mean that I can ride a horse.

I have no other hobbies, except tennis, swimming, reading, driving and mixing mint juleps. I have a trailer, but Bing Crosby uses that to practice new songs.

Now that I have reached the ripe age of twenty, I find my memory growing feeble. Only last week I had to ask Sam Hardy the name of Jesse Lasky who was coming across the street to meet me. By the time Jesse had reached me I'd forgot Sam's name.

And as long as one can be frank at

twenty, I nearly lost a year's growth, when I read the June issue of SCREEN PLAY, a Fawcett publication [Thanks for the free advertisement, Bill!] Well, it said, "Our friend, W. C. Fields, is somewhat of a magician, not to mention his juggling abilities." So perhaps that accounts for the cinemistake which Jane Eldridge of Swanton, Ohio, managed to dig out of that laugh provider, *It's a Gift*. We'll quote our informer's letter: "W. C. Fields opens a can of tomatoes and his shirt front, face and tie are covered with tomatoes. Not five minutes later, he sits down to eat a sandwich and his shirt is spotless and his tie dry."

It was this way. Well, as I was saying, when one is twenty he learns to be careful about details. So I will explain—my father was a gardener, and even when he smiled, my heart leaped forth to hear him tell of milk weeds, fierce and wild. He told me always to be careful about tomatoes, and never to eat a sandwich unless my shirt was clean.

THERE now, dear Miss Eldridge, and SCREEN PLAY, (a Fawcett publication!) is the answer for which the nations have waited!

During my long twenty years, I have wandered to all parts of the world, and have seen many things.

One, which I distinctly remember, was a midget standing on a moving horse in Hamburg, Germany, and juggling eight balls. I thought I was a topnotcher and I could only juggle six balls. I worked many weeks to equal the midget's feat—and, *I* was playing in a first-rate house, and *he* was in a small theatre on a side street. Such are the whims of destiny, one recalls at twenty.

Someone told me that Elsie Janis was sweet enough to say recently something to the effect that I was the only man she had ever loved. When a great woman like Elsie loves a man, it is enough to make him feel young at the ripe old age of nearly twenty-one. For Elsie is the greatest mimic of her day; a truly wonderful, beautiful, glorious girl who knows how to select her Romeos without fear or favor.

But I will write slowly here. Maybe she meant Marshall Fields. We know when to smile, Elsie.

In the words of Lord Bacon, or of Dr. Frank Crane, life is like a set on the Paramount lot. It no sooner gets dark than a fellow has to go to work again. But if one keeps the right perspective, the moon will resemble the sun, and the stars will be golden dots in a dress worn by a beautiful girl. For if everything on a set is make-believe . . . perhaps life itself is a dream.

Again I will write slowly. For these are the reveries of an old man of forty—I mean, twenty!

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

Joe E. Brown has a rival in Martha Tibbett on the Warner lot—and who can spread her mouth until it makes Joe's look like a baby's in comparison.

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THEY ONCE CALLED ME SKINNY!

New "7-power" ale yeast giving thousands 5 to 15 lbs. *quick*

DON'T think you're "born" to be skinny and friendless. Thousands with this new, easy treatment have gained 5 to 15 solid pounds, normally attractive flesh they never could gain before—*in just a few weeks!*

Doctors now say the real reason why great numbers of people can't seem to gain an ounce is they fail to get enough health-building Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. But now with this new discovery which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of men and women have put on pounds of firm flesh—*in a very short time.*

Not only that, but thousands have also gained a naturally clear complexion, freedom from miserable indigestion and constipation, glorious new pep.

7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special *ale yeast* imported from Europe, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process this yeast is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.* Then it is *ironized* with 3 kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add energy.

If you, too, are one of the many who simply need Vitamin B and iron to build them up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch skinny limbs and flat chest round out to normal attractiveness. Skin clears to natural beauty, new health comes—you're a new person.

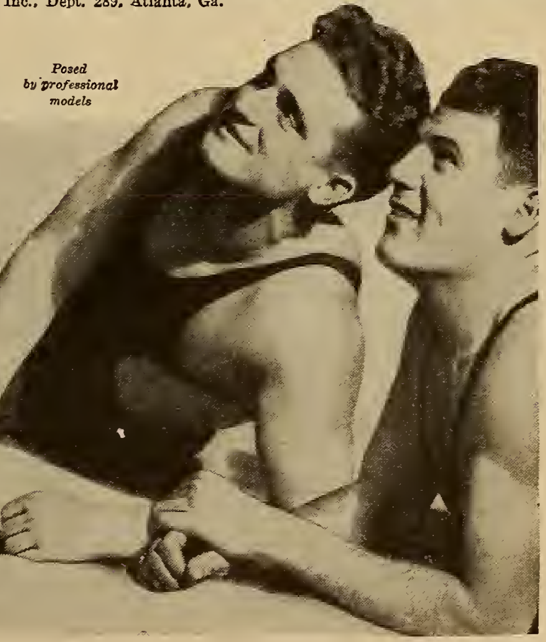
Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money back instantly.

Only don't be deceived by the many cheaply prepared "Yeast and Iron" tablets sold in imitation of Ironized Yeast. These cheap counterfeits usually contain only the lowest grade of ordinary yeast and iron, and cannot possibly give the same results as the scientific Ironized Yeast formula. Be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with very first package—or money refunded. All druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 289, Atlanta, Ga.



Posed by professional models

WARREN WILLIAM
PREFERS
NATURAL LIPS
UNUSUAL TEST SHOWS

HERE'S WHAT WARREN WILLIAM SAW

Popular star picks Tangee lips in interesting test

• Warren William playing in "The Case of the Curious Bride", a First National picture, makes lipstick test.

● That patrician manner of Warren William would set almost any heart aflutter. And when he, too, prefers natural lips to the painted kind, isn't it enough to make *you* want to use Tangee?

For Tangee will never, never make you look painted. It can't. For the simple reason that it *isn't paint.* Based on the magic Tangee color principle Tangee is an orange lipstick that *changes, on your lips,* to the one shade most becoming to you. For those who require more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical. Tangee comes in two sizes . . . 39c and $1.10, or send 10 cents for the special 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

This Summer USE TANGEE CREME ROUGE
WATERPROOF! ITS NATURAL BLUSH-ROSE COLOR NEVER FADES OR STREAKS EVEN IN SWIMMING

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET
THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY F95
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name________________ (Please Print)
Address________________
City____________ State____________

Fall Fashions . . . and Grace Moore

[*Continued from page 45*]

illustrated and selected by Miss Moore—but Columbia's busy designer, Kalloch, has not been confining his talents exclusively to the Moore personality or to street clothes, as he proves in the charming dinner and evening models he has created for other stars, Thelma Todd, Marian Marsh and Ann Sothern.

BUT obviously Mr. Kalloch believes in keeping women elegant and startling, as witness his favorite cocktail gown designed for the picturesque Thelma Todd. Her Lillian Russell-type of beauty is extraordinarily well set off in a petal jacket of red lace, gleaming with bits of shiny red cellophane. The form-fitting transparent jacket tops a slim, black satin frock, fastened at a high neckline with a big rhinestone clip. The cap of black panne velvet with aigrettes completes a thoroughly stunning cocktail ensemble.

Marian Marsh, in a model from the same picture, illustrated a pet fashion theory of Kalloch's, the invasion of the suit-idea for evening. Marian's evening tailleur is of green metal cloth. The jacket has wide revers and a narrow stand-up collar. The under-blouse is of pale pleated net with garland of pink and white gardenias underlying the bib collar. The waist is high . . . the skirt long and draped in effect. And how do you like the absolutely *new* evening sandal of braided gold kid?

Just by way of varying the effect, Marian may also wear a soft white ermine coat of extended cuffs, front wide panels and small turn-up collar caught with a rhinestone fastening.

"Wear your jeweled clips and pins on your wraps this season," Kalloch advises. "It's a smart and luxurious touch this season."

THE Columbia designer confesses that he had so much fun with the black wool dinner dress worn by Ann Sothern in *The Girl Friend* that he gave it a name . . . "Jubilee." Just to let you in on some designing secrets, Mr. Kalloch couldn't decide whether he liked the gown better with, or without, the black velvet "halter" effect—a hang-over from the Victorian era. He called in a couple of assistants and they couldn't decide. Little, blonde Ann Sothern couldn't make up her mind, either. It's charming both ways.

"I've never seen one, single trimming effect change the mood of a gown so thoroughly," Kalloch explains this pet model. "Notice the picture of Ann without the halter. The soufflé fluff covering the shoulders, fastened at the décolletage with the quaint pin, gives the perfect illusion of simplicity and ingénue appeal. But add the black velvet halter with the bow . . . and zip! . . . the dress is sophisticatedly daring!

"We were in such a turmoil over these contrasting effects that we finally decided to try a daring experiment. Ann wears it *both ways* in the picture!" Now that really should be something to see how Ann gracefully removes that "halter" . . . thus changing the complete effect of her gown!

For general fall tips, Kalloch has these few pointers to add: wear white touches and accessories as late into the season as you dare. White hats of heavy materials should be smart, completely through the winter season . . . making a splendid and dressy effect with winter colors. Wear fur cuffs in such a way that you can create the effect of a small muff by putting your hands together. And veils are back.

Now are you ready for fall?

Luck was with her! That's what Paula Stone, above, can say. Without a screen test, she was given the lead in a musical short. Soon she stars in comedy

Irene Dunne Leads Two Lives

[*Continued from page* 39]

two addresses all going at the same time!"

The night spots of Hollywood do not know Irene Dunne. Whenever she goes out to a concert or movie function, it is as a third with some married couple, or else in a company of non-professional friends. In the midst of a town famous for its unending activity and feverish hospitality, this lovely and lively young woman lives the colorless existence of a cloistered nun.

"Fortunately" she says smiling, "I work very hard and manage to become tired enough not to miss going out often."

A FAINT air of wistfulness and reserve—almost of primness characterizes the Irene Dunne whom Hollywood knows. She often has that eager, slightly breathless look of the smart young society woman who has just hurried home from a perfectly delightful luncheon and is about to be whirled away to a bridge or a cocktail party.

And, while Irene Dunne of the movies is rather quiet, Mrs. Griffin of Fifth Avenue talks of country houses, golf clubs, private art showings and the latest, gayest revues.

"By some miracle I have managed to keep up my old contacts and can pick up my life in New York even after my long absences," she says. "My friends in New York are always rushing off to Europe or Florida or somewhere else. And they see me as often, perhaps, as they would if I lived just around the corner. They say absently, 'my dear, where *have* you been?' and then without waiting for an answer, they invite me to a lunch or dinner or weekend. For some reason, I happen to know mostly nontheatrical people, many of them being my husband's friends. And they have only the vaguest idea of the movies. So, when I'm with them, I even talk a different language.

For years Dr. Griffin kept their honeymoon apartment closed until a day or two before her arrivals in New York. Then it would be opened, filled with flowers, strewn with magazines to give it a casual, 'lived-in' look so as to pretend there had been no break in their lives. Recently, however, he gave it up. It had become too reminiscent of partings.

"I WAS amazed to see how formal people are becoming in New York," Irene said. "It's becoming quite Continental. When there are six people to dinner the men wear white ties and tails. And the drawing rooms are so elegant and elaborate, too. After Hollywood's chintzes and playrooms they looked

[*Continued on page* 77]

NATURALLY SKINNY FOLKS!

How Kelpamalt Helped Me Gain New Strength and Add The Powerful Extra Pounds That Enabled Me To Win The World's Championship!

Jimmy Braddock

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Acting Isn't Everything

[*Continued from page 36*]

comradeship of working for the success of something bigger than an individual. Perhaps his friendship with Francis Lederer is based upon an admiration of that very quality in the dynamic Czech, the quality of being "selflessly enthusiastic upon occasion," as Franchot expresses it.

Knowing that the latchstring of Franchot's Brentwood home is permanently out to few besides Joan Crawford, Lynn Riggs (the playwright), Signor Morando (Franchot's vocal teacher) and his wife, and to Jerry Asher, I inquired what quality his guests had in common to make them not only welcome but necessary. Franchot had an answer ready.

"They're interested in something besides themselves and pictures," he replied. "There are still important things in the world besides screen rôles. Too many of us, working intently in the studio, day after day, are apt to forget that. After all, life happening around us gives us the stuff to put into a part and no art can feed on itself forever without becoming like the snake that swallows its tail."

Because I wanted to know how he fitted his theory with the practice of staying so regularly at his own fireside, he told me that—since there was no East Side in Hollywood to wander through on wintry evenings and no Harlem to visit by the light of the moon—he sang instead. He added an absorbing new interest to ward off the danger of stagnating in an old one.

IT WAS at this point in our talk that the carpenters started an anvil chorus and Franchot suggested that we take a walk around the lot to get away from the noise. When we found a quiet spot, Franchot continued: "Occasionally, I get off for a day or so to tramp through the woods or go fishing, but since I've discovered I'm able to sing I spend all my spare time near a piano." He can sing, too, and it's opera he's preparing for with glee, gusto, and a great basso profundo. For that use of his idle moments, he gives Joan Crawford full credit since she was the one who insisted that he study with her teacher.

"Up to that time," said Franchot, "I couldn't carry a tune in a bathtub, let alone in a bucket. And now, well, Joan and I are getting along famously. Only sorry there's no score written to team a lyric soprano and a bass. . . . " This was the first time either of us had mentioned Joan Crawford's name, and having been forewarned with emphasis, I had been careful not to be the first to do it.

Just then he was called to work. I stood behind the battery of Kleig lights, watching one of his comedy scenes. You would have marveled at the speed and ease of his complete change of manner. With a slight stoop and a round-eyed poker face, his unassuming sincerity became solemn and his casual poise changed to hesitant self-consciousness. When he queried, "Have you come here about a dog?" it certainly couldn't have been the wit of the line that made the whole crew of unimpressionable technicians choke down a noiseless laugh. No one without a dependable sense of humor could be so convincing a comedian on such short notice and—if Tone's off-screen humor doesn't come in for much publicity—it's because it's way ahead of mine.

AFTER the scene, Franchot came out of the sizzling lights and slipped into his brown suede robe again, exclaiming, "At last they gave me a part! I've wanted a crack at believable comedy for a long time. I want to play rôles like this; of real people, I mean. They're neither too good, nor for that matter too bad. There's nothing 'superlative' about them. Why, there's more comedy and drama in every day American John Jones than in all your heroes and villains put together. Once I played an Oklahoma cowboy and had to learn all the tricks of his trade in a week. My only regret is that I didn't have a chance to get better acquainted with him. He certainly wasn't brilliant, but he was one honest guy."

When I suggested that back-to-the-earth rôles were rather foreign to his life, spent in Europe and New York, at an Eastern university, and on Broadway, he said, "If just living, plus a little study, doesn't equip an actor for any sort of a part he's doing a bad job of living. I want to put reality on the screen if I have to learn to sing campfire songs and yodel to do it . . . Remember the part I had in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer?*

There was no need to ask. I knew that I wasn't the only one who was enthusiastic about his characterization of *Lieutenant Forsythe,* because I had learned that it was responsible for more than doubling his fan mail and his studio value.

"Well," continued Tone, "that's one part I didn't like. I was supposed to be an idiotically cheerio-ing Englishman with an authentic accent. The 'cheerio-ing' was bad enough but the accent was worse. I preserved only one redeeming feature . . . my power over dumb animals. They still liked me."

I wanted to know if he had reference to the cobra but he shook his head, "No, I'm referring to the *snake.*" If you saw "*Lives of a Bengal Lancer,* you'll recall the scene in the desert military camp where Franchot persists in annoying Gary Cooper by playing Oriental bagpipes and succeeds in charming a cobra as well. Tone blows blithely on, unaware of the slithering thing that sways closer and closer to the weirdly screeching pipes. When he discovers what's happening, and is unable to do anything about it except continue to play desperately, his expression is responsible for one of the funniest scenes of the pictorial year. This is Tone's story:

"THAT cobra wasn't a cobra at all. He was a black snake and I gained his undying friendship by pulling the round rubber disc out of his throat whenever he wasn't 'acting'. They made him swallow it so he'd acquire a cobra 'hood'. The poor fellow choked heroically, but between takes I couldn't let him stay that way" . . . (and here the quiet-mannered Mr. Tone suddenly threw back his head and laughed) . . . "Now could I?" We both agreed that he couldn't. "Well, that snake appreciated what I did for him. He followed me around the set and curled up on my chest, without any encouragement and on the slightest provocation. He was more affectionate than my Scotties or Poopshen." Poopshen is his dachshund, Joan's gift.

"Gary Cooper and I had a good time making that picture," he continued. "Out on location we used to get up early and go for a morning gallop over the desert. That's about as much of a vacation as I've had in four years. I had planned to go up to Canada for a couple of weeks after that picture was finished, and they promised to let me get away on a Tuesday morning . . . Thursday I was back at work. Now I'm resigned to taking my fresh air and exercise in vocal lessons!"

Franchot Tone used to spend all his summers in Canada and he misses the long pack-trips through the woods. He's an expert horseman but there's very little time for riding now. He still regrets having to give up his beach home to move nearer to his work, but occasionally he compensates himself for the loss by taking an afternoon off to drive to the sea for a swim. On these rare holidays, Joan, Franchot, the two Scotties and Poopshen make a quick getaway before the studio has a chance to put two of the quintet to work again.

I WANTED to know if his new business venture in a winery didn't make even an infrequent afternoon off impossible but he shook his head. "I'm enthusiastic but not that enthusiastic." He went on to explain that Joan knew Signor Morando, who, in turn, knew the man who really understood what should be done with a California grape. That's how it started, and Franchot is optimistic about the finish. He'll tell you that this is his lucky year anyway. I was curious to know what he wanted most out of nineteen thirty-five, besides continued success in pictures, of course, a great public thirst for his wine, and an even more profundo basso.

"Some things we want so much, we're afraid even to dream of having them," said Franchot. "Sorry, but you'll have to use your imagination on that one."

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

Rosalind Russell has three horseshoes hanging in her dressing-room and puts on make-up with a rabbit's foot?

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For Contest Details read this month's *Romantic Movie Stories*, containing the fiction story of Cecil B. DeMille's coming triumph—*The Crusades*, starring LORETTA YOUNG and HENRY WILCOXON.
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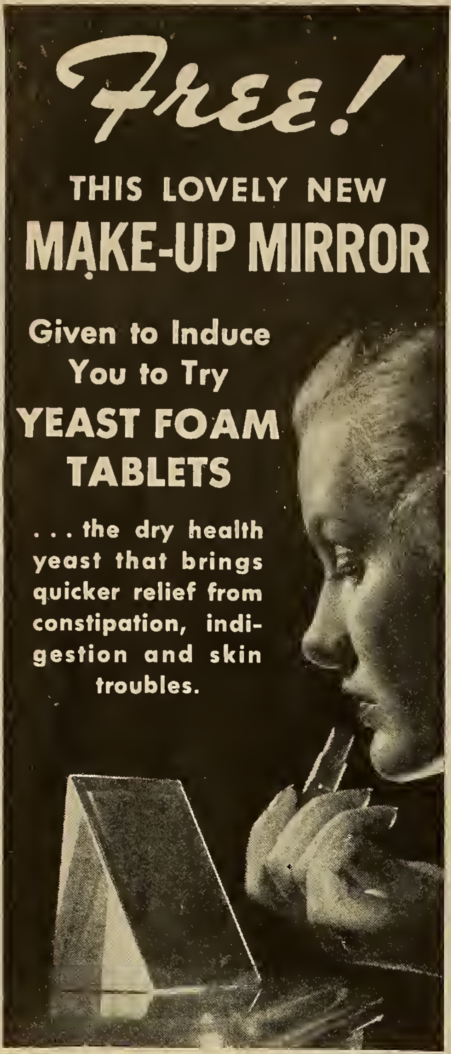
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An Open Letter to John Boles

[*Continued from page* 38]

The only complaint I can lodge about you, John, is that you do not sing enough on the screen. Why, that voice of yours makes several I could mention (top-notchers, too) sound like the barber-shop chords.

England thinks you are the berries. Do you remember that story I did on you, *He Refuses to Play the Hollywood Game?* And do you know what those English fans of yours did? They made me an honorary member of the *London John Boles Club* and told me in flocks of letters that I was the only writer who *really* understood John Boles.

But if you are popular now, just wait until your next three films hit the picture palaces! You have now finished *Redheads on Parade* in which you warble with Dixie Lee, (Mrs. Bing Crosby) and that should be something. Then you also raise your golden voice in *An Orchid to You* and then you will do your singing stuff again in the Paramount picture, *Rose of the Rancho.* What a treat the John Boles fans have coming up!

But John, why don't you do something to hit the headlines. You never seem to click with the headline hunters. Your house is never robbed, you never get any divorces, or run off to Caliente, or fight with people at Mayfair parties.

But I suppose it's all right. To see you stride down the old Boulevard, with one of those flashy sport coats of your own designing and to hear every Tom, Dick, and Harry, call out: "Hi John!" "Hello fellow!"

You're just a home-town boy without an ounce of conceit in your make-up. You have never put anything on the screen that was off-color, and yet you manage to stir the hearts of the feminine millions.

Write the answer to this John. We want you to tell your fans what's behind the reason for your popularity. We want you to explain. And we are going to leave it at that. You are one of Hollywood's greatest enigmas. You are even more mysterious than Garbo. So answer this, John, and about umpteen million fans will rejoice.

Sorry I got around to you so late in the game but better late than never,

Sincerely, your pal,

J. Eugene Chrisman

Mae West Answers Mr. Chrisman's August Letter

[*Continued from page* 38]

as tired as a cotton-pickin' field hand, I'm at my best. I ought to get a rest, but it seems like I can't. As fast as they count the box-office receipts on one of my films, they raise up on their hind legs and demand another one.

I've been in Hollywood about three years now and I haven't stopped for breath since I lit. I've had lots of fun, though, in spite of the hard work, but I'll have to come up for air before long.

I've heard that people get together and say that success has gone to my head. Which is all baloney, any way you slice it. I'm just not that kind of a gal. I suppose it's because I haven't gone social and thrown cocktail binges that they think I'm upstage. Let 'em think what they like. I'm doing right well for myself, ain't I?

And I suppose, also, that all those guys, from Nome, Alaska, to Phoenix, Arizona, who have been claiming to be ex-husbands of mine, have cooled down by now. Those guys are just trying to eat coffee and drink cakes off my success but all they got was a drink of cold water. I ain't changed any, either. I'm the same gal who waved across the stage in New York and I am going to stay that way, or bust a corset rib.

Sure, they are right, when they say I make a parody of Sex. That's my stock in trade. Any gal can get really sexy but it takes a smart dame to make guys and women both laugh at it.

I'm not broadcasting what my next flicker is about but if you'll come and see me some time, I'll reveal it to you in a sort of private manner. But tell my fans not to worry, I'm not lettin' 'em down.

That was a swell yarn, Bill LeBaron, my boss, put out and your book printed. He's known me, ever since I was knee-high to a duck and the things he could tell about me, but won't. Hot cha!

What do you mean, "long may I wave"? Oh yes, don't think I don't get you, right away. Well, baby, that's what the cash customers seem to like.

Thanks for the nice letter, Gene. You're a pal and I know you meant every word of it. I'll be seein' you.

Take it easy,

Mae West

P.S. Be sure and burn this, I don't want my ex-husbands to see it.

Irene Dunne Leads Two Lives

[*Continued from page 73*]

to me like the stage setting for a Noel Coward play—heavy damask drapes, deep carpets, and French and Italian furniture. Very beautiful—but they do take a lot of living up to. With my New York manners and my New York clothes, I hardly recognize my Hollywood self.

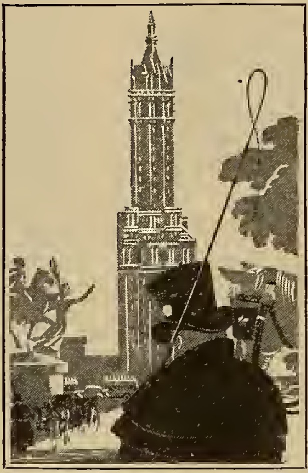
"But the strangest difference of all is this: a movie star isn't a celebrity until she leaves Hollywood. Out here, we are just people who work in the movies. Back there, we're curiosities. I used my married name all the time, but everyone seemed to know that it was Irene Dunne who wanted the manicure appointment or the dress fitting. It wasn't so much *me,* that they were interested in but—everywhere I went—people wanted to ask me about other Hollywood stars! Now and then, that rather got in the way of perfect naturalness. Certain old friends would say, 'Now Irene, do come out to Great Neck for some golf Saturday and afterward we four will have supper together just like old times.' And then when I went there would be sixty people! Of course it was sweet of them to want to meet me, and I appreciated it, but it did interfere with being Mrs. Griffin at times. My husband is a conservative man and doesn't care to be followed along the street as though he were a parade.

"When we went East through the Canal, we had it planned as a second honeymoon trip. Instead, it was one long reception with bouquets and speeches and reception committees, and with people on the balconies cheering. American movies are apparently very popular in Central America, especially the musicals. Everybody was wonderful to us and we had a glorious trip but it wasn't exactly the quiet little vacation we had planned."

"ABOUT your new house in Holmby Hills," I began. "Are you really—" Irene looked badgered. Beautiful, but distinctly badgered.

"You too?" she murmured reproachfully. "Everybody persists in seeing something significant in the fact that I am going to build a house out here. Such a simple little house, too, but it's enough to start all the divorce rumors again. After this recent trip East, the reporters were waiting in Chicago to ask me whether it was really true that I was on my way to Reno! Still, I don't let them worry me now. I realize that there is nothing that my husband and I can do to make people believe we are happy—when they prefer to think that we aren't. Why last year—when my husband was suddenly taken to a hospital for a serious emergency

[*Continued on page 79*]



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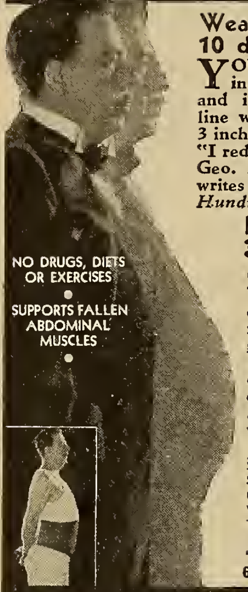
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In My Mirror

[*Continued from page* 51]

my long-handled back brush . . . and cover the cotton with a heavy cleansing cream. Now, I can really get at my back, to cream it, without twisting myself into the knots of a contortionist. After a lot of massaging with the cotton-covered brush, I unwrap the cotton, throw it away . . . and then get down to the business of a good back-scrubbing with soap and water. Do this to your back and shoulders once each day, and, when you appear in evening clothes, cut low, you will be the envy of all eyes!

Another thing about dry skin is that you should not use strong astringents on it. A mild skin tonic is good to use after cleansing . . . or you can use a vanishing cream which will help close the pores if it is kept in the ice-box, and used "cold." You can also protect your skin from further drying, by wearing a heavy foundation cream under your powder.

My eyes suffer, too, from the sun, as well as from the lights in the studio . . . they have never been very strong eyes, anyway . . . and I find that cotton dipped in a refreshing eye lotion and placed over my eyes while I am resting, is the most soothing thing I can do for them. Also, I learned long ago never to rub my eyes . . . for that only emphasizes their tiredness. I *pat* instead . . . gently, with the tips of my fingers, in a circular motion all around the eye. This patting is even more effective when I dip my fingers, first, in a soothing eye cream.

ENOUGH for the old skin-game. Indeed, I've about exhausted myself on the subject. There is something else which I think is very necessary for beauty. And that is—precaution against colds. This isn't so silly as it may sound, at first thought. No woman was ever beautiful with a cold. Our noses become red. Eyes become inflamed. Voices even become husky and unattractive. And we don't look right because we don't feel right. So, I have always been a fuss-budget about colds. The minute I feel myself exposed to a draught I search it out or move. The minute my throat gets ticklish, I begin to gargle with a reliable antiseptic. If the cold does get a start I fight it every second . . . and I don't think that such precautions can be overlooked as a real aid to beauty . . . do you?

Lipstick colors, on the other hand, can be more artificial . . . they're more effective that way, I think. Look at those delightful orangeish shades that go so nicely with certain dress colors and tanned skins. And whoever saw lips with an orange caste to them? But once you have found your perfect, natural cheek covering, I can see no reason to change.

I do funny things about nail polish, too. Since the desirable thing is to give the impression of long, tapered nails, I never leave a half moon when I apply my polish . . . because by starting the color right at the beginning of the nail, you make the nail look longer. And if your nails are naturally short, you should most certainly do this.

Of course, unless your nails are attractively shaped, I think it is best not to call attention to them at all, with bright polish. Just buff them shiny with a light pink shade of nail powder . . . or use a very light liquid polish. Incidentally, your choice of rings can affect the shape of your hands and fingers—did you ever think of that? Long narrow stones, worn with the length paralleling the finger length will make the fingers look longer than a round stone or a square one.

IF YOU stop to think about it, there are a lot of little things you were taught to do as a child which now come under the heading of beauty ritual. That is, if you've remained faithful to these tricks. For instance, weren't you told at an early age that a small pillow was better for you to sleep on than a large one which lifted your head too high? I have never deviated from this habit—not even when travelling—for I always pack one of those little pillows in my overnight bag and use it every night of my life. This keeps the neck or throat in a more graceful, natural position and keeps those all-important muscles from the undue strain which you can easily see might result from sleeping with the head propped up on a huge cushion.

I HAVE one other extravagance, in addition to lipsticks, and that is perfume. I am never faithful to one for very long, for I think a constant change of perfume is half the pleasure of using it. I like the new, light bouquet and flower odors a little better than the heavy oriental ones which all women used to prefer. Gardenia is one of the most charming of all scents . . . it's particularly appropriate for early in the day, when a heavy perfume would be much too much. Then there is jasmine and carnation . . . two marvelous fragrances. Carnation is particularly smart and popular since Marlene Dietrich put this flower on the fashion map in *The Devil Is a Woman.*

And did you know that you can now buy liquid bath salts which leave a fresh fragrance clinging to your body all day? Salts of crème-de-menthe green, with a cool green minty fragrance, are my favorite of the moment. Then, of course, there is the rose geranium sachet . . . which I always keep in my dresser drawer. Perfume, you know, should really emanate from your clothes, and from your body, as well as from the lobes of the ears. I even spray it inside my hats and into my purses!

Irene Dunne Leads Two Lives

[*Continued from page 77*]

operation and I flew East without even telling the studio I was in such a hurry to be with him—the first thing I saw when I landed was an afternoon paper with my picture on the front page and a story that I was on a secret trip to arrange for a divorce!

"The house that I'm building on my hilltop lot doesn't mean I'm going social or settling down, or even that I'm asking Dr. Griffin to give up his practice and move out here. But my temporary arrangement here seems to have become more or less permanent. And, I might as well have a house of my own where I can stay comfortably.

"My husband has arranged his work so that he can come out here at least twice a year while I'm working and all my Eastern friends are beginning to talk about 'running out to Palm Springs.' They spend most of their time planning to get away from New York heat or snow or fog or wind or—just New York weather! When my picture career is over here—and I live in New York, too—I shall need some place to stay whenever I visit. I've become spoiled for a settled life after all this cross-country commuting. I can't imagine any pleasanter place to visit than a hilltop in Holmby Hills, with a glass-roofed patio to remedy the one drawback of California climate, chilly summer evenings. It's my own invention.

"I used to be sorry for myself for the strange life I led, but now I'm not so sure that I haven't happened on the secret of happiness. As it is, I am always looking forward to something, and I always have something to miss and someone to want. When I tire of being Irene Dunne of Hollywood, I can become a totally different person with different ideas, behavior, occupations, and even appearance. It isn't everybody who can take a vacation from herself!" Irene concluded.

Phil Regan (left) talks to James Cagney and his wife at a party

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Don't Be Afraid to Be Yourself

[*Continued from page 37*]

myself—Bette Davis—and let the chips fall where they might.

"You know," Bette went on, "there's nothing wrong with glamour. This industry needs it and needs it badly. Glamour is Garbo's whole career. Merle Oberon has glamour, too. Few others on the screen have it. It's my personal belief that the studios have tried to make too many women glamorous. You can't *make* a person glamorous. You either have it or you haven't."

Bette paused to attack her chicken shortcake. Between bites she continued emphatically. "And *I haven't.*"

"What *is* glamour, Bette?" I asked.

"That's a tough one," she answered. "It's darned hard to put into words." She swallowed some coffee, looked at the ceiling for inspiration and said, "Glamour, to me, represents *something you can't get at*—something mysterious—a little different—Garbo and Oberon are *sincerely* glamorous and that's all right. But for most of the others who try for it, it's a completely artificial thing! A truly glamorous person is, of course, glamorous *all the time!*

"TO BE really catty, I'd say that glamour calls for a complete lack of humor. What if I were glamorous and took it home with me! When I'd look into the mirror I'd burst out laughing. No one has actually touched on the *real* reason for frequent divorces in Hollywood. I'll tell you the cause. It's simply that most screen wives take their parts home with them! They're always 'on,' if you follow me. Husbands get awfully sick of that and why shouldn't they? Imagine being husband to a part!

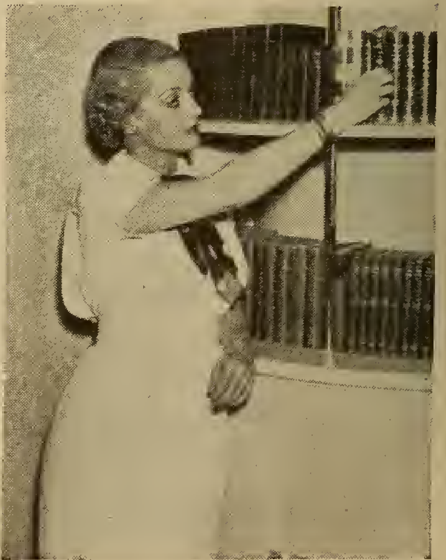
"Personally, I just can't live up to it. Like Popeye, 'I yam what I yam.' I simply couldn't bore myself or my husband trying to affect a rôle that isn't me. All of those five thousand hairdresses and arty photographs they took of me in the beginning were wasted. So were the dire predictions they heaped on me. I'm very matter-of-fact about this business. I think if a girl has a supreme naturalness *and a good cameraman,* she's set. And of the two, perhaps the cameraman is the more important!

"The thing," continued the articulate Bette Davis, "most of us are apt to forget here in Hollywood—as well as elsewhere—is that *there's nothing wrong with ourselves.* If I should have a message for girls today, I'd say: 'Don't Be Afraid to Be Yourself!' That doesn't mean that one shouldn't try to *improve* oneself. Hollywood is a perfectly marvelous place for helping one discover one's best points. It's only necessary to study some 'before Hollywood and after' photographs of stars to realize how well, actually, they know their business here. Those who don't know their business are dropped like fading stars.

"BUT, with all their magic work, they've never succeeded in changing a player's innate, innermost *self.* I contend that a lot of players are trying to live up to the *surface personality* given them by make-up men. That's the hardest and most idiotic job in the world. That means that many of them are so busy trying to be what they're *painted* to be that they lose sight of their real selves! If one hasn't glamour, why not come out and admit it?

"I think we've put too much stress on the entire business of glamour. And, certainly, I think it's easy for those outside the show business to do so. Glamour is part and parcel of this industry. We need it here. It's one of our tricks in trade. But if a girl finds she hasn't it, that realization shouldn't break her heart. Remember that 'plain Mary Smith' can be far more interesting and exciting to the majority of men today than a Mary Smith who is obsessed with the idea of appearing glamorous and mysterious — a Mary Smith who, ashamed of her natural self, attempts to hide her true nature under a flock of gestures and mannerisms designed to render her attractive to men.

"For the moment," Bette continued vehemently, "you start kidding yourself—the moment you begin playing a part rather than being yourself—you're lost. Let's," she went on, "get down to earth. Let's leave the glamour to those born to it. When she's glamorous, Garbo isn't playing a part. She's built that way. Good enough. Personally, I'm glad of it. Her glamour never fails to thrill me. For Garbo, and anyone else who comes by it *naturally,* I say go ahead! But for those who, definitely lacking glamour, are trying to cultivate it, I have nothing but mixed pity and scorn."



"Glamour, the art of being mysterious, isn't everything," says Bette Davis, "and honesty is still the best policy"

No More Headlines for Jean Harlow

[*Continued from page 33*]

I did. I had never seen Jean look quite so well-dressed before. She had that sleek, well-groomed finish, which so many women attempt and so few achieve. Even her famous silvery hair was brushed smoothly, instead of flying wildly in a platinum mop as it used to do, with merely an "Alice-in-Wonderland" ribbon pretending to hold it in place. But only pretending.

THE second shock came when we sat down to talk. A year ago Jean had babbled and bubbled not only enthusiastically but carelessly. Sometimes she had said things which she regretted bitterly later but, being Jean, she hadn't tried to recall them. She was, is, and always will be a square-shooter who stands by her word. However, now she speaks slowly and pauses a moment between sentences. The enthusiasm is still there but it is tempered by thought.

"I have changed, inside as well as outside," she said after one of those pauses. "When Hal Rosson and I separated, I sat down and took stock of myself. Seriously. Frankly. You can lie to yourself, you know, but I didn't. I suddenly realized that I had been a girl long enough, that it was time for me to grow up. I decided that the first, and most important, matter to consider was my work. There are two kinds of careers in motion pictures as in any other field. The headline kind, which flashes quickly, lives briefly on notoriety and then dies. And the sober, sane, slow kind which lasts for years. The first kind had been forced on me. Please believe me. I didn't seek or want those headlines. So I made up my mind to forget them, to wipe out the first kind of career and earn the second by hard work.

"THERE are going to be no more headlines for me, from now on, if I can prevent them. I'll get my publicity in the legitimate theatrical pages, not in big, black headlines or in the gossip columns. I want to make many more pictures, really good pictures, and I'm not going to be my own worst enemy. I realize now that that is exactly what I have been. I've said and done things without realizing how they could be changed and distorted and misunderstood. Some girls can do whatever they please and no one thinks anything about it. But I can't. And I'm realizing that now. Sometimes it seems almost hopeless," Jean sighed. "I have gone out to public places exactly three times since last October. A short time ago, Bill Powell and I were invited to a dinner party at one of the popular night clubs. Bill had been working all day and he was dead tired when we arrived. After dinner Bill and one of the studio executives settled down to a long, involved discussion of Bill's newest picture. Bill would rather talk than dance any time. So I danced several times with other men in the party. And why not?

"The next day, there were three different versions of that evening in three different gossip columns. One said that Bill and I had a violent argument and that I had danced with another man all evening. The second stated that Bill had left early in a rage and that I had stayed to dance gaily with several other men. The third reported that Carole Lombard, who was a member of the same party, and I had staged a grand battle and that I had flaunted my victory—or defeat—by dancing every dance with a different man. So you see what a problem I'm facing. There was a perfectly happy evening reported in three different ways, and all utterly untrue. That's what hurts."

I CAN remember a time not so long ago when Jean was a familiar figure in Hollywood's popular night spots. Although there might have been a dozen other famous and beautiful women present, the attention of the gossip writers always seemed to center on Jean, her actions and her escorts. If the escort wasn't particularly interesting, then they said Jean was there because she was in love with the orchestra leader. And Jean didn't care. "Let them say and think what they please!" That was her motto! But now it isn't.

"I never used to pay much attention to my publicity," she explained. "I wanted to play fair and cooperate with the press so I gave interviews to everybody and talked on any subject. I left it to their decency to quote me correctly and to be fair with me. Most of them did and to them I shall always be grateful. But the others grossly misquoted me or else twisted my words to suit themselves," said Jean frowning.

A YEAR ago Jean was the center of the gaiety and laughter of the stage where she was working. It was all innocent fun—practical jokes, silly nonsense to fill the long hours of waiting while technical details of cameras and lights were arranged. Now Jean has stopped that. During those waiting hours she reads or talks quietly to her friends. Indeed, she's maturing.

"Playing and having fun were perfectly all right," Jean said. "I know that and so does everyone who works in a studio. All of us are nervous and keyed-up when we're making a picture and a little silly fun helps to break the tension. But I can see how undignified it might have looked to strangers. Please don't collapse when I tell you what I'm doing now. Sewing! It began on the *Reckless* set. One day I saw Rosalind Russell hemstitching a napkin. It fascinated me. She showed me how to do it. Then I bought some linen and a sewing kit and went to work. Now when I'm not studying my

[*Continued on page 83*]

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You can get all the news of Hollywood by reading the Hollywood News Reel and Harry Carr's Shooting Script in this one concise, breezy magazine.

Other features of the September issue include a Natural Color photograph of Shirley Temple, a side-splitting article by Jack Oakie himself entitled "I Got Stung"; a hilarious lesson in juggling as engineered by the incomparable W. C. Fields; and innumerable anecdotes and articles about the stars.

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Nelson Eddy —Hollywood's New Sensation

[*Continued from page* 31]

my thumb at Hollywood when *the* call came—and we went to work on *Marietta*."

The result is history! Everybody knows it!

When I asked Eddy about "the old days," he replied:

"I was a big, strong kid of fourteen and got a job in the Mott Iron Works. I wasn't worried about the future believing that I had a voice and one day would sing and make a lot of money. I'd been a kid success as a singer and the day I went to work for the Mott company, I drafted a blueprint of my future, and charted my career. I studied nights and soon graduated from the iron works to the Philadelphia Press as a night 'man and boy' at $8 a week. Mother and I needed $12 a week for expenses, so I went to work, on the side, in the composing room, as a proof puller, at $4 a week. The city editor was willing to give me $2 a week for a part-time job calling undertakers and writing three-line obituaries.

"AT FIFTEEN, I prepared myself for the next step by taking a correspondence-school course in art—and I caught on in the art department as a layout man—and got $16 a week. Then I dropped the art course in favor of journalism. I bought a typewriter. I spent hours each day trying to write better leads on stories printed in the *Press*. Then, hearing the *Ledger* needed a reporter, I applied, and got the job. Later I did courts, shipping and police for the *Ledger*. In the meantime I had been studying a course in advertising, and practicing voice. I had purchased a phonograph, and a lot of records, and had been listening, and studying, the records of Caruso, Bonci, Scotti, Plançon and David Bispham, the great baritone of that day.

"With my discovery of the phonograph and its possibilities as a teacher of voice, I began practicing inflections, tone development, and the musical idiosyncrasies of the great singers. I soon found I was actually learning. It was practical. It showed me how a song should be sung! The technique, the voice method, came later but I did learn my fundamentals, and a lot of other things, right and wrong, from imitating phonograph records!"

NOW, to beat back a bit, Eddy, prepared by his correspondence course, quit the newspaper business for a job with an advertising agency, as a copy writer. And, because he could sing, he was drafted for the entertainment committee of the agency, and because he devoted more time to entertainment than to work, was fired! When David Bispham, the famous baritone, whose records Eddy had been imitating, arrived in Philadelphia, someone told him about the young man who had lost his job because he was forever singing, and who was now devoting most of his time to the chorus of the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company. Bispham was curious. He sent for Eddy, listened to him, and said:

"You've got a voice. With a little training you can become a great baritone."

Eddy saved, went to Europe, studied, and returned to Philadelphia.

"Let me tell you a bit more about this 'Lucky' Nelson Eddy business," he requested. "During my idle hours, upon my return from Europe, I studied Bach's *Passion Music*, according to the versions of both St. Matthew and St. Luke. Why? Maybe I had a hunch; maybe because I had nothing to do. Maybe because I knew that *few* baritones, *if any*, could sing it offhand. Anyway, one day I sat in on a conference of executives of the Philadelphia Philharmonic. They needed a baritone to sing Bach's *Passion Music*.

"'Whom shall we employ?' an executive inquired.

"'Me,' I answered, quite unexpectedly.

"'You? Why, you don't know the first line of it.'

"'Get a piano, and I'll show you.'

"THEY got a piano, and I got the job. There was another period of idleness and for no reason at all, 'tis said, I studied the role of *Amonasro*, in Verdi's *Aïda*. So, when a Philadelphia opera company needed an *Amonasro*, on short notice, I was 'luckier than ever,' because I knew the music. I was 'lucky' again when the same company wanted a *Tonio* for *Pagliacci*—another rôle I had studied while idle. Then came my substitution, in Hollywood, for a well-known baritone. I'll give you the real, first-hand, low-down on that concert.

"I was determined to click in Hollywood. Pictures had long been my goal—the final goal on my blueprint career. So I took my pianist into an executive session and said: 'Let's get our stuff down so letter-and-note perfect that we can pitch the music sheets into the ash can. Let's practice until we can walk out on that stage with no music, and a bored look. We'll make 'em think we really know our stuff.'"

Eddy laughed very heartily.

"We did just that—and I got a screen offer. What more can I say? I drew a blueprint, and here I am."

There's one thing I can add. I broke in on Eddy the other evening in his lovely Beverly Hills home. He was singing to his radio! For, no matter how high he soars on the wings of song, he's always very near to that invention of Mr. Edison's that equipped him with his wings!

No More Headlines for Jean Harlow

[*Continued from page* 81]

dialogue or reading or talking, I sew."

That was the final shock! Imagine Jean Harlow, the vibrant, glowing, buoyant Jean, calmly sewing in the midst of the noisy confusion of a sound stage. But there was something so sincerely honest about her voice and her eyes as she talked that even the sewing became an understandable phase of this new, serious, determined Jean.

"PLEASE don't think that I've gone from one extreme to the other. I'll always be the same Jean. I'm just trying to be my age, that's all. Until recently, I've been skipping along, taking my work and my fun in one stride. Now I know that I have to sacrifice a great many things, if I want success and not oblivion."

Behind Jean's silvery head, I suddenly felt the shadow of Bill Powell, whom Jean met about a year ago and with whom she worked in *Reckless*. Bill has been a Hollywood success for years. He has gone steadily forward, never sensationally exciting, but always going ahead. He has built a wall of dignity about himself and he has figured in no headlines and in no scandals. He has taken the slow, steady, enduring route which Jean missed in her headlong, and headlined, flight. Now, unless I miss my guess, it is Bill's wise, steadying hand which is helping to pull Jean into the safe and sane path.

A short time ago, Jean obtained a quiet divorce from Hal Rosson in the Los Angeles courts, which give only interlocutory degrees, making remarriage illegal before the end of a year, when a final decree is granted. That sensible, unexciting procedure was proof of the sincerity of the new Jean. The other Jean would have rushed to Reno or Mexico or some other colorful spot and the rumors would have followed close on her heels, predicting another marriage to this man or that. Now, there's nothing to predict, because Jean can't marry again for a year and anything can happen in twelve months in Hollywood!

"I don't think that I'll marry again, as long as I'm working in pictures," she said quietly, "I've made my share of mistakes, and I don't want to make any more."

Jean walked with me to the door when I left. I turned to look back at the small, gray-clad smiling figure, standing under the light above her door. She seemed to belong to the peace and dignity of that Colonial house where before she had been a restless, colorful, careless girl, searching for the happiness which she never could find. Perhaps now, she'll find it.

Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 15]

mus, we had dinner with Herbert Mundin, the English comedian. Mundin told how he was supposed to blow a trumpet in a certain scene, with the result that he blew a front tooth into the horn. He had another put in, and that night went to the fights and in hissing a fighter, blew that one six rows ahead. The third was lost forever in the briny deep when he expectorated over the side of the *Bounty*, four miles off the Catalina coast and now he is discouraged.

Mrs. Gable Calls on Clark

WHEN a woman visits her husband it isn't usually news. But when MRS. CLARK GABLE walked on CLARK'S set it brought a round of gasps. She has only been on CLARK'S set twice in the history of his career. The second time happened about a week ago when she strolled on the stage where they were making *China Seas*. It actually stopped production for half an hour, and CLARK sent out for some refreshments in celebration of the occasion.

Just Like "Postoffice"

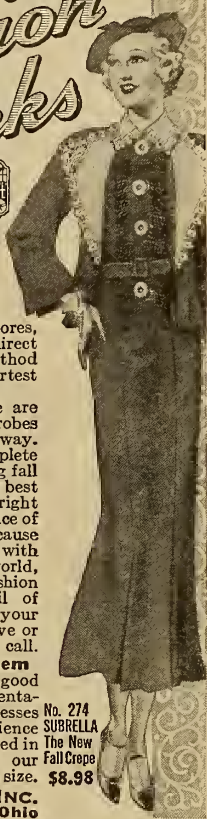
MAE ROBSON kissed 182 people! ! It was at her birthday party which was held at MGM studios. Mae was the life of the party in spite of her seventy years—well, anybody who could kiss that many people and still survive is the life of something or other.

Sunburn for Stepin

STEPIN FETCHIT has his woes. In his latest picture he is forced to wear British Army shorts, and although they are very cool, STEPIN is complaining about his legs becoming sunburned!

What! No Compass?

CHARLES LAUGHTON was thoroughly in the mood to play his rôle of *Captain Bligh* of the good ship *Bounty* the other day when his water taxi, which was to meet the *Bounty*, some 26 miles off Point Vincente, became confused in its bearings and for four hours they cruised, running out of gas before finding the ship.



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How Long Will Shirley Last?

[Continued from page 42]

relate about the object of his affections, Shirley, but the most pertinent comments he offers are about Shirley's ability to last. Warming to his subject, he added: "I know that a good many youngsters who are well trained make a hit on the screen and only last a couple of years, but I don't think that will be true of Shirley. While she is an exceedingly capable little actress, it isn't the result of training. She is not the 'child wonder' type, and perhaps this is why I feel that she will successfully bridge the gap that comes with the so-called awkward age.

"I can't imagine Shirley ever being anything but beautiful and gracious. As an example of her complete understanding, there is an incident that happened during the shooting of *Our Little Girl*. I wasn't completely familiar with the script and suggested to Shirley that we 'run' our lines again before shooting them for the camera.

"Instead of replying as I have known other children to do—'No, I know my lines—learn your own'—Shirley replied, 'Of course, Mr. Talbot, I'm not very sure of this scene either—let's run it again!' She is very considerate.

"Shirley is so understanding and self-possessed in an unconscious way that she will take her coming awkward age in stride. Perhaps when she becomes about ten years of age, she may be off the screen for three or four years while going to school, but it won't be because she hasn't the ability to go on through those difficult years. Her family probably plans to take her away to some school for a time—I don't know—anyway, as she is only six now, that is some years off." A future problem!

LYLE TALBOT'S eyes sparkled as he recalled another amusing anecdote.

"Near the end of the picture—I believe it was during my last scene—I noticed that Shirley was weaving a basket out of cellophane and decorating it with figures of rabbits. She brought it to me and said, 'This is for you, Mr. Talbot.' But that wasn't all.

"Shirley's stand-in—'step-in' as she calls her—didn't want to be outdone in generosity. She, too, had been making a cellophane basket, but hadn't finished it. A bit later, she came over with hers and explained, 'Here's a present for you. I didn't have time to put rabbits on it, but maybe I'll see you again and then I'll finish it!'

"Shirley's stand-in is also a fine little trouper and she and Shirley get on splendidly. And by the way," Talbot's train of thought was halted by a sudden memory, "in this same picture you've probably seen the little Scottie perform a number of tricks. He learned them in just a few weeks from an actor who used to have a dog act, and the Scottie also had a stand-in. Maybe that sounds like nothing but a publicity stunt to you, but it isn't!

"I don't know yet how Shirley and her stand-in were divorced from the Scottie and his stand-in. They were inseparable on the set."

I INTERRUPTED Lyle Talbot's dissertation long enough to question him about his recent New York trip. He drove his own car with an old college pal as far as Omaha, where he picked up his father, going the rest of the way by train. He recalled an incident.

"When we were about to board the train in Chicago, I was talking to a group of reporters. Suddenly somebody shouted, 'There's Garbo!' Believe me, I've never been deserted so quickly as I was then, in my whole life.

"A friend of mine, who used to stand in for 'Doug' Fairbanks, Jr., and now works with George Brent, was accompanying Garbo to arrange the details of her trip and act as sort of an unofficial bodyguard at the studio's request. As we approached New York, Garbo, who knew I was on the train, sent word to find out just how they could detrain in New York and still avoid too large a crowd, in order to be able to catch the boat which sailed at eleven that morning from a New York pier.

"It was my suggestion that they change their original plan, which was to get off at Philadelphia and, instead, leave the train at Newark.

"They did this, but—even then—the train filled up immediately with reporters. One of them cornered me and said, 'Come on, Talbot, be a good fellow and tell us why you're going to Sweden,' they joked."

THE BRISK Mr. Talbot has little to say about his own acting. He has played everything from Mary Boland's husband on the stage to butlers in walk-on rôles. He has had thirty-six parts in pictures and complains about none of them.

It is his firm belief that a young actor should take almost everything that comes his way. "The more you play, the more background you have. I like to take as wide a variety of rôles as possible. Perhaps a young actor who proceeds along this line doesn't become a sensation overnight, but he's liable to last longer and be equipped to deliver when something big comes his way."

Before I left him, he did get in another word. "If you ever want anything more about Shirley, just come around. I'll have a lot more next time because I hope to appear with her again—and I'll have the chance! She has only just started to go up. If you ask me, Shirley Temple is the most important thing that has happened to Hollywood in years!"

Do I hear anyone giving Mr. Talbot an argument on that point? No? Fair enough.

Here Eric Linden is seen with the clever ash tray that he devised

HOLLYWOOD Home Hints

●Eric Linden has gone the ladies one better in his choice of clever household conveniences! If you don't believe it, just consider that ash tray of his, equipped with a tiny glass globe. The globe is filled with water and when he—or anyone else handy—wants to put out a cigaret, it is necessary only to press the lighted end to a tube in the globe. This releases a drop of water and Presto! The cigaret is out without a protest. Better than the old method of stubbing out a cigaret, eh what?

●The rug in a boy's room gets a lot of wear, but George Breakston's mother has found what she thinks is a grand solution to the problem of keeping her famous son's floor looking well. Every once in a while, she sends the wornout rugs that have accumulated in the house to a renovating firm (the Olson Rug Company, which has establishments in Chicago, New York, and San Francisco) and has a new rug for George's room made out of them. You can get any size and color and practically any design you want, she says.

●Helen Morgan hates a messy kitchen, even when she is busy cooking. So she has thought up a way to keep the sink boards and the kitchen table immaculate. She does this by saving the want ad sections from newspapers and, when she goes into the kitchen to fix a salad, for instance, she puts a thick layer of paper down where she plans to work. Then, as each top surface becomes cluttered up or stained, she rolls a sheet up with the debris inside and chucks it into the garbage can, leaving a nice clean place to work.

●David Manners of *Jalna* fame goes in for household convenience in a big way! Referring to the air-cooling system he has had installed in his ranch home near Victorville, California, he becomes very enthusiastic. You see, it gets pretty warm out there on the desert amid the cactus and joshua trees. Dave didn't know whether he could stick it out or not in summer, even though he loved the glories of a desert sunset and the lovely quiet of the nights. Then, someone suggested the air-cooling system. It is worth the initial cost ten times over, he says.

●They taste and look very appetizing and unusual . . . Meaning Lilian Harvey's biscuits, which are her special culinary pride. You see, she cuts them with vari-shaped cookie cutters, so that some are diamond-shaped, some square, some shaped like spades and clubs. Novel idea, eh what?

●Kitchen scissors are just as necessary as a paring knife, in the opinion of Kay Johnson who sometimes "goes domestic." She uses hers for any number of things, such as cutting parsley, marshmallows, celery, green peppers, citron, candied orange peel, even cooked meat for creaming. When you cut up marshmallows, dip your scissors in warm water every two or three snips. The marshmallows won't stick, then.

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William Powell Discusses the Devastating Woman

[*Continued from page* 32]

goddesses who walk the earth!

"The things you admire in one woman may be deadly in another. From one woman you will take baby talk, and resent it as irritating in the next one. One woman can, with safety, stimulate a man's mind, but intellectuality coupled with a childish state, is an incongruity which might drive a man to homicide. There's a happy mean.

"I can conceive women with accomplishments, holding a room full of men enthralled, because those accomplishments stand for something significant. Having added to the sum total of human knowledge or human happiness, such women command attention and respect—a Mme. Curie, an Amelia Earhart, or a Maude Adams. But that is quite a different effect than that which a woman, whom a man seeks out, has on him. Very different indeed.

"THE one woman for every man is the woman who answers a certain quality in his deeper nature—who fits into the groove of his personality and becomes a complement to him. She gives vitality and life to every one of his potentialities—gives him strength where he has known weakness before. Not that she makes a perfect human being out of him—but rather that she gives him the sense of perfection—and an ambition to grow.

"Beauty may be an asset, but it is not essential. The women of fame have rarely had perfection of feature. But they have all had an inner glow, an indefinable something which has set them apart—made them felt by more than the average number of men.

"Only boys in their teens and their early twenties," the philosophic Powell added, "go into rhapsodies over flashing eyes, pearly teeth, and gardenia-skin. The mature man looks below the surface—looks for that priceless ingredient which can't be catalogued or defined. That's what he seeks.

"While I deny that there are 'devastating' women—I quite agree that there are women who are impressive in their effect on men. They are usually women of great charm. They are stimulating and vital. Their personality is triple-threat. They establish not only an emotional contact with other personalities, but a spiritual contact as well. Those are the women who wear—the women whom a man remembers long after the passion of youth is past, for there are stable things to remember—a fire is easier to forget than a glow!

"THERE are qualities in a woman to which every man responds. A woman with all these qualities, I imagine, would come fairly close to being the 'devastating' woman—in the sense that every man would be disarmed before her and by her.

"First, she would be a woman with such great understanding that dull people would say scintillating things and find depths within themselves which they did not suspect. She would be pliable in that she could adapt herself to all situations, no matter how difficult. She would be a woman who would never gossip—because gossip is for and by small minds—and her charity would be too encompassing to run the danger of hurting anyone. She would be a woman with an impressive simplicity who could feel a community of interest and a sympathy with those far less endowed than she is.

"She would be a woman with an emotional balance—who would know values, and not ascribe too great importance to unimportant things, or lessen the importance of great things. She would be intelligent enough to be stimulating, and not so arrogantly intelligent that she would stifle and awe those less endowed. She would be human.

"This woman," Bill said, "naturally would have a sense of humor and an ability to enjoy a joke on herself wholeheartedly as well as at the other fellow's expense. She would have a sincerity which could be felt. And that, to me, is important in a woman.

"She would be tender without being weak or maudlin, and kind without being patronizing. Moreover, she would be poised without pose, and self-reliant without being aggressive. An adult person, in other words, yet with the capacity for the enthusiasms of a child. Such a woman would be not only a 'devastating' woman, but a great woman! The ideal woman!

"YET these are qualities which are not apparent on the surface. They must be discovered bit by bit. The effect of such a woman on a man grows daily. Her appeal is intensified as new phases of her mind and her heart and her emotions are disclosed. This woman will not make men gasp and sigh, the moment she enters a room—but, given a short time, she will be the magnet to which every individual in a room is drawn. She will fascinate.

"Such women are rare—I have yet to meet one who is the embodiment of all these virtues—but I have met women who had an approximation of them. And they made delightful friends and companions. Speaking from experience, I have never been 'devastated.' But it must be nice when it happens."

Bill Powell has made the suave gentleman with the probing eye and the galloping humor a hero on the screen. The ladies whom he has conquered, and who have conquered this seemingly invulnerable person, have invariably been glamorous, exotic, tantalizing women—seemingly "devastating" women. But it is Powell's contention that the perfect woman—the sublime woman—the only truly "devastating" woman—is the one who makes her mark as a *person*, not only as a *woman!*

HOLLYWOOD Takes the Stand

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who tells you things you never knew till now

Q. Have you ever met Constance Bennett and did she speak to you?

A. Yes, I have met her. Miss Bennett always speaks to people who are introduced to her. Don't you?

Q. Who made the first real motion picture?

A. C. Francis Jenkins, a stenographer, of Washington, D. C., in 1894. His film showed a dancer who was then appearing in a local vaudeville house. His mother, an uncompromising puritan, objected to the subject and was afraid of the invention. His father, naturally, liked both the subject and the invention.

Q. How much money did Samuel Goldwyn invest in Anna Sten?

A. Including *Nana*, well over $1,200,000.

Q. Do many of the film stars have footmen with powdered wigs?

A. Not now. In the old days, when the celluloid sirens were unable to move from their dressing rooms to their sets without retinues designed to slay their rivals, they were quite the vogue. Hollywood now is in the throes of simplicity. The way of all flesh!

Q. How old is Buddy Rogers? How much does he weigh? What is he doing now?

A. He is 31. Weighs 180 pounds. Is making a comeback in an RKO-Radio picture, *Old Man Rhythm*.

Q. Did Mae West really make all those wisecracks, spontaneously, over the telephone to the thirteen editors in the nation-wide interview, or did she have rehearsals?

A. She did not have rehearsals. Mae's wit, both off the screen and on, is, apparently, as endless and as spectacular as her *wardrobe*.

Q. What was Josephine Hutchinson's first picture?

A. Don't know, but anyway it wasn't *Pursuit of Happiness*. When she was eight years old, she appeared in a film with Mary Pickford.

Q. Where was Ruby Keeler born?

A. Nova Scotia.

Q. What was Jean Muir's first rôle on the screen?

A. Well, you saw her, and you didn't see her, in the Warner Brothers picture, *Bureau of Missing Persons*. Miss Muir didn't have a line. All day long—her first day on the set, by the way—she was wheeled around in an ice-box in a morgue, lying flat, and covered by a sheet, on those trays that slide in and out of the refrigerator. She played the girl who commits suicide upon hearing of her mother's death.

Q. What do movie stars do with all their money?

A. They live on it. And a lot of other people live on it. Quite a few of the wiser stars turn over their entire salary to Rex Cole, best known financial manager in Hollywood. He regulates their charities, tells them when they can and cannot have a new car or a new coat, curbs their extravagances, gives them an allowance and invests their money. He is the only "No-Man" in this city of "Yes-Men."

Q. Is it safe to go out alone on Hollywood Boulevard in the evening?

A. So many people are under the impression that Hollywood is a combination of Port Said and a rip-roarin' mining town of the '50s. As a matter of fact, Hollywood Boulevard after nine o'clock is much quieter and safer than the main street of Needles. There are a few cut-rate drug stores open, several theatres and the usual number of restaurants. If you are looking for excitement, you must go to the Trocadero or the Cocoanut Grove or any of the other night clubs, which are, invariably, miles away from the Boulevard. Evelyn Venable's father was so worried at her coming to Hollywood that he insisted she carry a gun and have a chaperone. She acquired both, but after a day completely devoid of insults, and after a party which broke up at nine o'clock, as the host had a six o'clock call at the studio the next morning, she discarded both.

Q. Can Richard Dix and his wife tell their twins apart?

A. Nobody is able to tell these twins apart, not even their parents. Which gives [*Continued on page* 89]

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28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
...5.50-17	3.35	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
...6.00-16	3.75	1.45
...6.00-17	3.40	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25
33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25
32x6.50-20	3.75	1.35

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34x5	4.25	2.00
32x6	7.95	2.75
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34x7	10.95	3.95
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33x4½	3.45	1.15
34x4½	3.45	1.15
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33x5	3.75	1.45
35x5	3.95	1.55

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New Latin Lover Stirs Hollywood!

[Continued from page 56]

Lisbeth Higgins, to steer him into the Broadway musical show in which she danced. In a very short time, however, he decided that dancing, as a way of making a living, wasn't for him.

EVEN such a prejudice, so foreign to our cut-and-dried ideas of Latin screen types, couldn't save Cesar from the ladies. There was Margaret Sullavan, for instance, encountered on the eve of his stage career. She was leading lady in *Strictly Dishonorable*. Cesar succeeded Tullio Carminati as the male lead of that stage success. Quite a step forward! It was, indeed!

Surely the Hollywood gossip hounds must have been asleep when *la* Sullavan became a Universal star and her friend of theatre days, Romero, followed her right into that studio's fold. If their past friendship had been known in Hollywood, a romance would have been rumored at once.

The real facts concerning Cesar's date with Marlene are both amusing and revealing, not only in their relation to Romero, but also to Marlene and Von Sternberg. It all came about because Cesar was actually diffident enough to feel uncomfortable during his early days on the set of *The Devil Is a Woman*. It wasn't just his natural bashfulness. Circumstances made this picture a rather formidable psychological adventure for him.

"Frankly, I was scared to death," he confesses. "You see, entering the cast of a Dietrich picture is something like taking part in a voodoo rite."

So when he went out on the set, the first day, he was—almost literally—shaking at the knees. Both Marlene and Von Sternberg instantly sensed his attitude, and liked him for it. Far from being such inhuman creatures as popular fancy tends to picture them, they promptly set about putting the young actor at his ease. Marlene knew best how to do it. The remedy proved not only simple, but an enjoyable experience for the star and an unforgettable one for the young leading man. That Romero's "date with Dietrich" made the papers, and was chronicled pictorially by news photographers was the least important part of it.

Dancing, music, drama and poetry are all fields in which Romero is interested. He plays the piano well, but only for his own enjoyment. He has composed two popular songs, and has tried his hand at writing and sketching. And he thinks that he has an inherited love of the tropics, which the warm climate of California satisfies.

Along with his characteristic modesty, young Romero has the determination to succeed, and the will to enjoy life possessed by those old pioneering dons who were his forebears. Can you wonder that the ladies of filmland have become Romero-conscious?

How Readers Rate Them!

[Continued from page 18]

the two-feature bills are to those who can't afford to attend many shows. Besides, no one has to sit through a double bill if he doesn't want to. All he has to do is to call up the theatre and ask what time the feature he wants to see will be shown. The manager will tell him, and he can arrive in time to see the picture he prefers and skip the other one. It's very thoughtless to ask abolishment of double bills, when they bring so much extra enjoyment to those who must count their pennies.—Mrs. M. Clement, 109 Davis St., San Francisco, Calif.

There are many opinions expressed about double feature programs. Mrs. Clement wants more of them.

HATES DOUBLE BILLS
($1 Prize Letter)

This is an open letter to theater owners: Must we have double features? Somewhere there is something wrong with your psychology. I am just a very ordinary young man, with very ordinary friends, and we are all faithful movie-goers. And, we are all sick of double features. There is a strange paradox in the movie theatre world. To see a good film, sufficiently important to fill a program all by itself, or with the short features that go to make a well-balanced program, one must pay what is for me and for my friends a prohibitive price. If we wait two weeks, we can see that same picture, plus another picture, plus any number of short features, and too often plus a very dull vaudeville, all on the same program for less than half the price of a single feature theatre ticket. All it costs us is the agony of sitting through it all from eight o'clock to midnight and an increasingly blunted perception, so that our appreciation of the good pictures is somewhat less as a result. Won't somebody somewhere be revolutionary and initiate a theatre for the poor where one can see one good film at a time,—a little after the first bloom has gone, for a reasonable price? My friends and I would appreciate it.—Ivan Case, 980 East Del Mar, Pasadena, Calif.

Here is an emphatic letter against double bills. Is the writer right?

He Directs for Laughs—and Gets 'Em

[*Continued from page* 69]

he has the widest and deepest sympathy for human nature of any man I have ever met. He has more staunch and devoted friends than any man I know.

"To my fellow actors I say never to be in doubt or fear when taking directions from Leo McCarey. Several times during he development of the *Ruggles* characterization, I would have gone astray, had it not been for his true comedy vision.

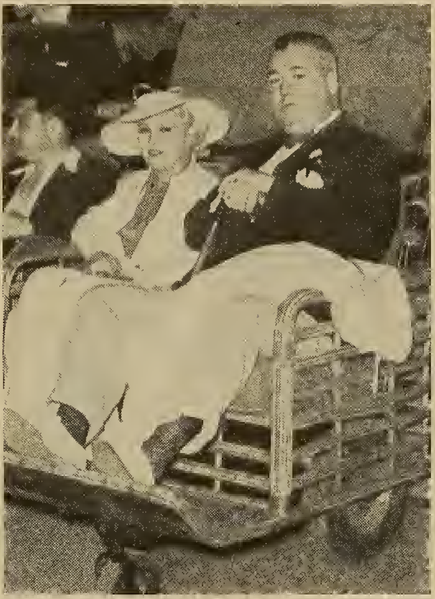
"He sees the story in terms of other people. He gives it life. That's the real dramatist. He is a magnificent story-teller. He knows all the comedy tricks with which it is sometimes easy to get laughs. Yet, in *Ruggles,* he threw away much brilliant comedy in order to stick to the story line.

"His characters are always people who have high aspirations. He gets his comedy out of showing their spirits being frustrated by the facts of everyday life. But, in the end, somehow he brings out not the frustrations but the high aspirations."

High praise, indeed, coming as it does from a man who is recognized as one of our greatest actors. Leo McCarey's song only paid him $1.73, but it certainly taught him a lesson.

"People who sit on their patios never get anywhere!"

Cesar Romero and Sally Blane appeared highly pleased as they met at a party at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. And why not? Their romance is real!



Wide World

Mae West, and her manager, James Timmoney, seated in an Exposition wheel chair, visited the Fair at San Diego

Hollywood Takes the Stand

[*Continued from page* 87]

rise to the conjecture that Robert may have to go without socks all his life, as he has a birth-mark the size of a half dollar on his left calf, the only way in which he differs from his brother, Richard.

Q. How long does it take to shoot one sequence in a picture?

A. That's a tough one. But it takes much, much longer than the time you spend watching it. Here's an example. Lyda Roberti sings a song, *Double Trouble,* in *The Big Broadcast.* She rehearsed it from one until two o'clock. From two o'clock until six she sang it for the benefit of camera and microphone. One song—eventually five minutes on the screen.

Q. Does Greta Garbo wear false eyelashes?

A. Hollywood is divided into two bitterly antagonistic contingents, one claiming that she wears false lashes on the screen, the other insisting that she does not. Garbo's own lashes off screen are the longest things ever seen outside of a weeping willow tree.

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AT ALL 10¢ STORES

Between Ourselves

MOVIE-GOERS used to talk about he-men. Now the topic of conversation is G-Men. Hollywood is off on another film cycle.

The smart Warner Brothers, who read their newspapers and know what the country is talking about, beat the other producers to the draw with *G-Men*—which was a "natural" as a title, had a story that packed a punch, and gave James Cagney a chance to be on the side of the law for a change. At that, though, they were not far ahead of M-G-M, with its *Public Hero No. 1,* and United Artists, with *Let 'Em Have It.* Both of these demonstrated, as *G-Men* did, that the movies had hit upon a new source of dynamic, dramatic material. Now they all are scouting around for sequels, with Warners again heading the parade—this time with *Special Agent* and a script that sounds as if it might outpunch *G-Men.*

When a wave of protest surged through the country against films glorifying gangsters, Hollywood thought that the "machine-gunning-doesn't-pay" theme was all played out. Then someone got an inspiration. Why not put the gangster stories in reverse, and tell them from the ace crime-detectors' side? And the change of formula has worked like a charm. We still have the same situations and same characters, but now we have new sensations. Instead of sharing the desperate fears of the hunted, we are sharing the exciting determination of the hunters. The sensation is less morbid than its predecessor, more healthy and invigorating. The wonder is that Hollywood didn't give it to us long ago.

SPEAKING of films about Federal agents, something that a few million other realists and I are still hoping to see is a picture in which (1) a G-man is not motivated in his intense pursuit of a gangster by any personal enmity, (2) the most likable girl in the picture isn't a distraught associate of mobsters, (3) the hero doesn't get shot in the arm in the last reel, just to induce an extra helping of sympathy. In short, a picture in which a liking of the work for the work's sake—not romance or a personal feud with some gangster—motivates the G-man's courage and quick-thinking.

Up to now, looking at the movie versions, you have run the risk of supposing that a Department of Justice man must have either a deep, undying hate for some particular mobster or a deep, undying affection for some beautiful and innocent victim of circumstance, or both, before he can really put his heart into his work.

BY THIS time, practically the whole country has had a chance to see *Becky Sharp.* And the early returns from the box-office precincts indicate a healthy curiosity about color photography.

It is fairly safe to assume that this is one picture whose primary selling point is not its star or its story, well-known and popular though both are. Its primary selling point is its color photography . . . But it is equally safe to assume that people are not coming out of theatres talking about the color alone, beautiful though that is. They will also be talking about the story and the acting. If they like these, they will vote for more color films. If they don't like these, they won't be particularly interested. For Shakespeare was right and always will be right: "The play's the thing."

Natural color is a novelty now. It will cease to be a novelty after a few more Technicolor pictures. Audiences will begin to take it for granted just as quickly as they took sound for granted, after the first few talkies. When they realized that Hollywood, absorbed in the new medium, was doing more talking than story-telling, they started staying away from the theatres again. Only good stories brought them back. And they will do the same with color, if Hollywood just plays with it for effects, instead of making it an integral, dramatic part of photo-drama.

BECKY SHARP, based on Thackeray's famous "novel without a hero," *Vanity Fair,* is—at first glance—a strange selection as the story to popularize natural color. It has a colorful background, but it is sophisticated and stinging, not simple and romantic. Yet the compelling, half-unexpected irony of the story may be precisely the thing to make the advent of natural color compelling, memorable. Certainly it is an intelligent story, intelligently handled. Certainly it has more to offer than any of the first, experimental talkies had.

Thanks to the genius of Robert Edmond Jones, color designer of the picture, the lack of action in the story is not immediately apparent; one does not stop to think about it until leaving the theatre. His dramatic shifts of color give the same effect as dramatic action in black-and-white films. This is one sample of what color can do for films, when properly handled. What it can do for actresses, for glamour queens, is something else again. The color camera has a way of picking up lines, shadows, and skin blemishes that an ordinary camera would have missed. In the coming color era, actresses will have to be either beauties or Bernhardts. Halfway beauties who are also halfway actresses just won't click.

COLOR is inevitable—whether it arrives *pronto* or a few years hence. And when it does arrive, I know a few million people will hope that it will tell some of the colorful stories that have not yet been told on the screen—the stories of the development of America, particularly the West. Westerns, made according to Formula 2X392 (that's the one about the brave cow-puncher, the girl whose father has a cruel landlord, and the snaky cattle rustler), have been overdone. But the story of the West has yet to be told, except for scattered epics like *The Covered Wagon* and *Cimarron.* The surface of this story gold mine has hardly been scratched. And isn't it about time some mining was done?

Larry Reid

I GIVE UP! I SIMPLY CAN'T KEEP MY WASH FROM GETTING GRAY AND DINGY. AND I HAVEN'T THE STRENGTH TO SCRUB IT ANY WHITER
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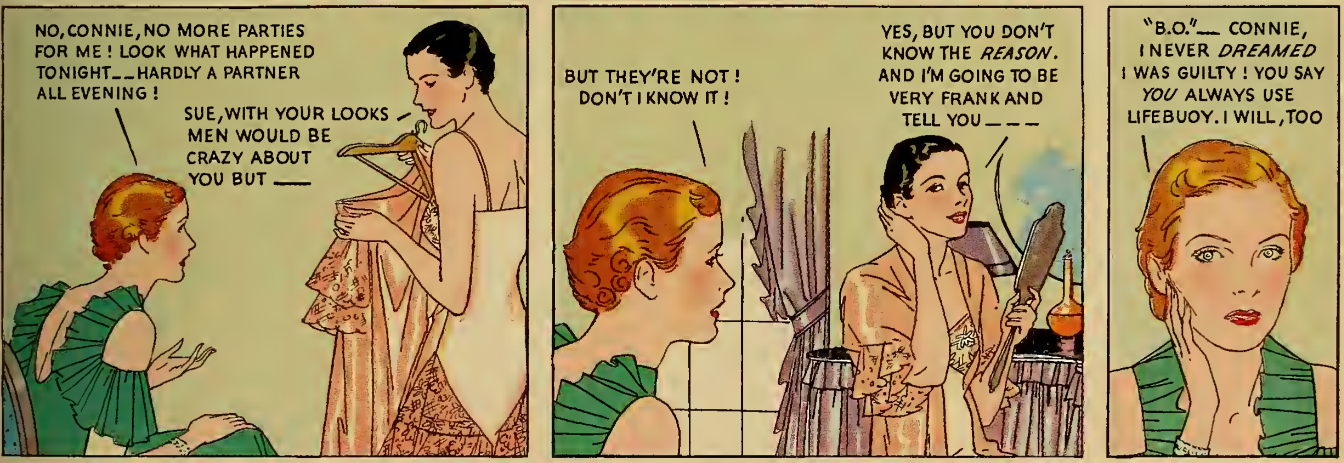
NO, CONNIE, NO MORE PARTIES FOR ME! LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TONIGHT—HARDLY A PARTNER ALL EVENING!
SUE, WITH YOUR LOOKS MEN WOULD BE CRAZY ABOUT YOU BUT —
BUT THEY'RE NOT! DON'T I KNOW IT!
YES, BUT YOU DON'T KNOW THE *REASON*. AND I'M GOING TO BE VERY FRANK AND TELL YOU — — —
"B.O."— CONNIE, I NEVER *DREAMED* I WAS GUILTY! YOU SAY *YOU* ALWAYS USE LIFEBUOY. I WILL, TOO

"B.O." GONE—Men *fight* for her dances now!
SAY, IT'S *MY* TURN NOW. YOU'VE BEEN DANCING WITH SUE ALL EVENING
AND DO I HATE TO GIVE HER UP!

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HE left a trail of broken hearts from Warsaw to Naples and from Constantinople to Paris, this swashbuckling, diplomatic, engaging soldier of fortune known to history as Casanova. Women high and women low, women brilliant and women dull, all found him fascinating . . . And not the least of his charms was his astonishing fastidiousness. Centuries before halitosis was a household word, he realized that unpleasant breath was a fault that could not be forgiven even in him. Consequently, before he awooing went, it was his habit to chew the leaves of certain fragrant herbs that would quickly render his breath sweet and agreeable.

• • •

If halitosis (bad breath) were an uncommon condition, few would be concerned about it. Unfortunately, however, it is an ever-present threat. Everyone is likely to have it at some time or other for this reason: even in normal mouths fermentation of tiny food particles constantly goes on. Unpleasant odors are released *without the victim knowing it.*

Don't take a chance

Since it is impossible to know when this condition is present, the wise course is to take sensible precautions against it. The quick, wholly delightful method is to use Listerine as a mouth rinse before any engagement at which you wish to appear your best. Because it is antiseptic, Listerine instantly halts fermentation. Then it overcomes the odors fermentation causes. The breath—indeed the entire mouth—becomes cleaner, purer and sweeter.

Keep a bottle of this delightful mouth wash handy at all times. It *is* your assurance that you will not offend others needlessly; that you will be welcome.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine puts your breath beyond offense

QUICKLY CHECKS HALITOSIS

Greta GARBO
Fredric MARCH

Anna Karenina

"ALL THAT I KNOW...I KNOW BY LOVE ALONE"

The heart of a man called to the heart of a woman. "We love", it said, "and love is all." Heart answered heart. With eyes open to what she was leaving forever behind her, she went where love called...to dark despair or unimaginable bliss. It is a drama of deep, human emotions, of man and woman gripped by circumstance, moved by forces bigger than they—a great drama, portrayed by players of genius and produced with the fidelity, insight and skill which made "David Copperfield" an unforgettable experience.

FREDDIE
BARTHOLOMEW
(You remember him as "David Copperfield")
with MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
MAY ROBSON · BASIL RATHBONE
CLARENCE BROWN'S
Production

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture . . . Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

SEP -3 1935 ©ClB 273329

MOTION PICTURE

ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

OCTOBER, 1935

Volume L, No. 3 Twenty-Fourth Year

HOLLYWOOD CAN'T CHANGE FRED ASTAIRE!

"I want to live a normal, balanced life," says Fred. "That's why I like all sports. I love tennis and I also enjoy swimming, fishing, golf and driving . . . and hunting is my hobby." Read Fred Astaire's story in the November MOTION PICTURE

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FIRST PREVIEW OF

"THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1936"

A Picture With More Stars Than There Are In Heaven

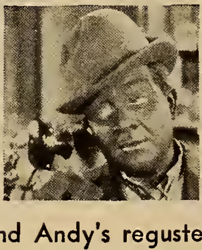
Ray Noble's boys play *Why Stars Come Out at Night*

There's romance in *The Big Broadcast!* Lovely Wendy Barrie and debonair Henry Wadsworth are the lovers

Ethel Merman sings *It's the Animal in Me.* What a song! And boy, what a girl!

Gracie's forever dropping things! And Georgie *loves* it!

Amos does his stuff



And Andy's regusted

Above, you see the

(Advertisement)

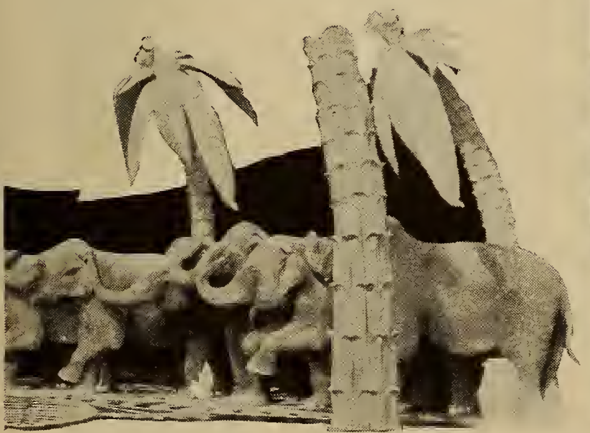
including

Bing Crosby
Burns & Allen
Jack Oakie
Lyda Roberti
Wendy Barrie
Henry Wadsworth
Amos 'n Andy
Ethel Merman
Charles Ruggles
Mary Boland
Sir Guy Standing
Bill Robinson
Jessica Dragonette
Ray Noble & Orchestra

Hot feet and hot rhythm, —and how Bill Robinson goes to town! Watch him!

Does mama love papa? That's Charlie Ruggles' question here. What will Mary Boland answer?

Arms around Henry Wadsworth, Lyda Roberti still has a kiss for Jack Oakie



Big Broadcast chorus,—ten tons of it!

I Wished on the Moon is Bing Crosby's hit song in the picture

(Advertisement)

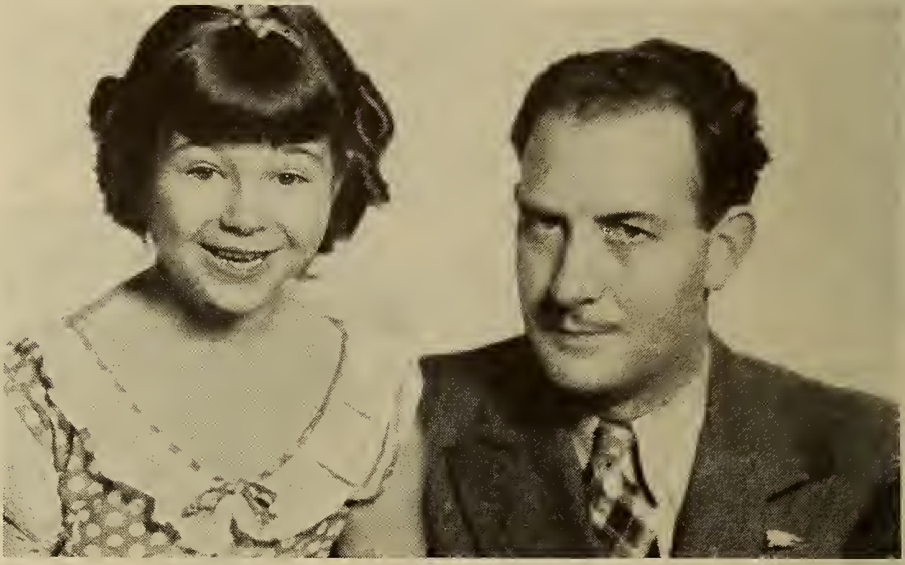
The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings-on in Hollywood

By

J. Eugene Chrisman

UNLESS Dame Rumor and Madame Grundy are not speaking to one another, the next big event on the Hollywood social calendar will be the marriage of REINE DAVIES, the writing sister of MARION, and PAUL CAVANAGH. REINE'S close friend, EILEEN PERCY, let the cat out of the bag at the press club and REINE displayed a huge diamond ring on the third finger of her left hand so you can take your choice. It is also rumored that CAVANAGH will be MARION'S next choice for her leading man.



This time, the cameraman caught up with J. Eugene Chrisman, the Talkie Town Tattler, when he was interviewing the smiling child star, tiny Jane Withers

Cabots Kayo Cupid

THE famous romance between BRUCE CABOT and ADRIENNE AMES comes to an end. They part, with both agreeable to the arrangement, or at least so both have stated. BRUCE feels that he will be more happy as a bachelor and ADRIENNE that she will also much prefer to be single again. For the sake of memories, sentiment or sumpin, they had a final fling together the other evening at one of the town's swanky resorts.

Wide World

While taking a brief vacation in Bermuda, Leslie Howard was seen wearing an informal bathing suit—his towel!

Strange Rumors

RUMOR has it that MICHAEL STRANGE, JOHN BARRYMORE'S ex-wife, would make a picture in Hollywood, if any producer were interested. MISS STRANGE insists that she is in no manner interested in her ex-husband's rumored interest in a young New York girl, but that it is entirely MISS COSTELLO'S affair. Miss Strange is cutting quite a social swath in Hollywood and Pasadena and her wit is nearly as devastating as Dorothy Parker's, at Dorothy's best!

Bravos for Bartlett

MICHAEL BARTLETT, whose voice was trained in Italy, and who is the tenor opposite GRACE MOORE in *Love Me Forever*, has without a doubt one of the greatest voices ever to be heard in the talkies. Hollywood wonders that MISS MOORE, with her own tremendous popularity, gave this young man, unknown to screen fame, such a tremendous opportunity, but he fulfilled it with gusto and effect as the audiences of MISS MOORE'S most recent masterpiece will admit. He is also a graduate of the Cornell Dramatic School and has been cast as Claudette Colbert's next leading man, in her picture for Columbia All of which proves

[*Continued on page* 10]

Sweeping on to new fame together, three distinguished players join hands with a distinguished producer to start the new season with a production of unparalleled dramatic force.

The tenderly beautiful story of two who loved a woman . . . beyond the hope of ever loving another! To one, she was a dream he could never realize - - to the other, a memory he could never forget!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN
presents
FREDRIC MARCH
MERLE OBERON
HERBERT MARSHALL
in

THE DARK ANGEL

with JANET BEECHER · JOHN HALLIDAY · HENRIETTA CROSMAN · KATHERINE ALEXANDER
From the play by Guy Bolton · *Directed* by SIDNEY FRANKLIN
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

[*Continued from page* 8]

that he is just as fine an actor as he is a singer and doubtless, before the year is out, will become one of the truly big stars of the screen.

Train 'Em Young

HAROLD and MILDRED LLOYD are bringing up their children in sensible fashion. At a recent Hollywood party, both GLORIA and PEGGY wore dresses of their own making and both are learning to be expert designers and dressmakers. What about JUNIOR? Well, from all accounts Daddy LLOYD will groom him for the screen. The youngster is a born mimic and Hal Roach would put him under an Our Gang contract the minute his pappy says the word.

Crooner Oakie

A NEW threat has come along to menace BING CROSBY'S popularity. JACK OAKIE, yes sir, old JACK in person, received an offer from a recording company to croon two numbers from *College Rhythm*. The studio did a lot of ribbing, but not when JACK proudly displayed a check for $200 in royalties and a request for more songs out of *The Big Broadcast of 1936*.

Nails *au Naturel*

YOU might be interested to learn that JOAN CRAWFORD has given up tinting her nails and will let them appear in their own natural color in the future.

Gable Going Places

WHETHER or no, CLARK GABLE intends to take a long, lonely dash to Europe when *Mutiny on the Bounty* is finished. He will leave his usual haunts and be gone for some time as he has long wanted to do some long-distance traveling and has never had the time before. It is understood that not even MRS. GABLE will accompany him on his jaunt over the ocean waves.

Luck of the Irish

THE question of who would play the romantic *Captain Blood* has at last been settled. The rôle goes to ERROL FLYNN, LILI DAMITA'S romantic young Irish bridegroom. FLYNN has been a whaler, a pearl-fisher, and a contestant at Olympic games and is a handsome young stalwart, if ever you saw one.

Wide World

They're thinking of the future, these Hollywood starlets! Caught by the camera eye while limbering up are, left to right, Paula Stone, Anne Shirley, Gertrude Durkin, Phyllis Fraser, Grace Durkin, Patricia Ellis and Toby Wing

Snapped on the set of *Dark Angel*, are, left to right, Frederic March, Merle Oberon and Herbert Marshall

Back to Jungleland

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER and MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN, whom we thought had graduated from leopard skins and jungle stuff, are at it again, tossing off another *Tarzan*. JOHNNY had a narrow escape the other day when a trip down a crocodile-infested river almost resulted in a real tragedy.

Europe Can Wait

HAL MOHR and EVELYN VENABLE, his wife, had planned a trip to Europe, but now HAL has been given a contract as a cameraman, director, and supervisor for his fine work in *Midsummer Night's Dream* and they will postpone it. He will photograph *Captain Blood* and then will be given a chance to direct and supervise his own next film, later to be decided upon.

Locating Lederer

FRANCIS LEDERER is making *The Gay Deception* for Jesse Lasky and they say this is the finest thing the star has done to date. RKO evidently still believes in him for he has been asked to play opposite LILY PONS, but the chances

[*Continued on page* 64]

"PAGE MISS GLORY"

...and you'll find magical Marion Davies in her first picture for Warner Bros. —her finest for anybody!

Look who's Marion's new screen sweetheart... Yessir, it's Dick Powell! And when he sings to Marion he does things to her—and you!

SHE'S back, boys and girls! Back with that glamorous gleam in her eye... that laughing lilt in her voice... that merry, magical something that makes her the favorite of millions.

Of course you read the headlines a few months ago about Marion Davies' new producing alliance with Warner Bros., famous makers of "G-Men,' and other great hits. Well, 'Page Miss Glory' is the first result of that union—and it's everything you'd expect from such a thrilling combination of screen talent!

It's from the stage hit that made Broadway's White Way gay—a delirious story of Hollywood's 'Composite Beauty' who rose from a chambermaid to a national institution overnight...

It has a 12-star cast that makes you chuckle with anticipation just to read the names...

It has hit-maker Mervyn LeRoy's direction, and Warren & Dubin's famous song, 'Page Miss Glory'...

It has 'Picture-of-the-Month' written all over it!

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Don't think you're dreaming! All these celebrated stars really are in the cast of Marion's first Cosmopolitan production for Warners:—Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh, Mary Astor, Allen Jenkins, Lyle Talbot, Patsy Kelly, and a dozen others.

TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

Brief Reviews of the Current Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD; AA—FAIR; A—MEDIOCRE

In *College Scandal,* Arline Judge is a campus coed, and a cute one! She practices on her ukulele too

Becky Sharp—AAAA—This picture would have been outstanding even if it had not been used as the vehicle for introducing three-tone Technicolor in feature-length films. Miriam Hopkins breathes life into the character she portrays. All the zest, sparkle, and vitality of Thackeray's hard-hearted heroine in *Vanity Fair* is brought vividly to the screen by Miss Hopkins. Alan Mowbray, Frances Dee, Nigel Bruce, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke play supporting parts splendidly.—*RKO.*

Love Me Forever—AAAA—There were many who doubted whether Grace Moore would be able to repeat her spectacular success in *One Night of Love.* But she did. Use of new sound apparatus brings to film audiences, the lovely voice of the great singing star. And it is a treat to hear! Great drama, apt comedy, unequalled singing make this rare film fare indeed! Leo Carillo gives *the* performance of his long screen career. Michael Bartlett, grand opera tenor, casts a spell with the charm of his song. One of the truly great pictures of all time!—*Columbia.*

China Seas—AAAA—Clark Gable really comes into his own in this story of love and piracy in Oriental waters. Jean Harlow rises to new dramatic heights as the girl who wins the love of Gable. Wallace Beery is a pirate leader; his acting has never been better. And Rosalind Russell puts everything into her rôle. In short—a great cast interprets a strong story.—*M-G-M.*

The Farmer Takes a Wife—AAAA—The struggles of canal workers to adjust themselves to the coming of the railroad is brought to the screen in this story, starring Janet Gaynor and Henry Fonda. Believing that canal boats will be put out of business by the railroads, Fonda saves to buy a farm. And hopes to win Janet. The action moves rapidly. You will experience few dull moments at this show!—*20th Century-Fox.*

Call of the Wild—AAAA—Jack London's popular novel, dealing with the search for gold in the Yukon, is presented effectively in this film. Although this is primarily a tale of adventure and daring, there is introduced a comedy element too. In the able and well-chosen cast are Clark Gable, Loretta Young, and Jack Oakie.—*United Artists.*

The Thirty-Nine Steps—AAA—Although a woman spy is murdered near the beginning of this film, and although Robert Donat is hunted by the police for a murder which he did not commit, there is romance, comedy, and witty dialogue in this film, making it delightful entertainment. Madeleine Carroll, in the feminine lead, gives an excellent performance, and Donat assures himself of a place as a romantic hero in the hearts of feminine fans.—*G-B.*

Broadway Gondolier—AAA—What is most noticeable in this production is the improved quality of Dick Powell's singing. The story itself is slight. But there is no need for it to be otherwise. Humor and song makes this delightful entertainment. Louise Fazenda, as the widow of a cheese manufacturer, who sponsors radio programs, is perfectly cast in a comedy rôle.—*Warner Brothers.*

Jalna—AAA—Although the action moves slowly and the cast names are not well known, this is a picture worth seeing. Made from Mazo de la Roche's prize novel of the same name, it features an able group of players. Kay Johnson, Ian Hunter, Jessie Ralph, and David Manners are outstanding members of an able, but little-known, cast.—*RKO.*

The Black Room—AAA—Even those who may not have cared for Boris Karloff's super-macabre rôles of the past will like his performance in this thrilling mystery romance. Karloff is superb in two parts—as the twins, Anton and Gregor, one of whom is doomed by legend to kill the other. There are thrills and chills, but Karloff is not as ghoulish as he has been before. Marian Marsh is delightful. And Katherine De Mille distinguishes herself.—*Columbia.*

The Clairvoyant—AAA—There is a weird, unearthly quality apparent in this picture, dealing with the career of a stage magician who suddenly turns into a genuine prophet. Claude Rains gives an accomplished performance as the man who looks into the future and Fay Wray, as his wife, presents skillfully all the emotions through which a woman in her position might pass.—*G-B.*

Paris in Spring—AAA—Sophisticated comedy is the substance of this story. In the first scene, Tullio Carminati is talking to Mary Ellis about committing suicide,—hardly a comic subject. But in the way that it is treated here, it becomes a subtle farce. Mary Ellis thrills with her lovely singing, and Carminati acts his part with his usual finesse.—*Paramount.*

Robert Donat solves a mystery as Madeleine Carroll fears for his safety in *The Thirty-Nine Steps*

College Scandal—AAA—Although this film teems with murder and mystery, there is also plenty of laughs. With a college campus as the background, murder is hardly what might be expected. But this picture shows three homicides! Arline Judge plays the feminine lead, while Kent Taylor appears in the opposite male rôle.—*Paramount.*

April Blossoms—AAA—If there had been a man like Nelson Eddy instead of Richard Tauber in the leading rôle in this film, *April Blossoms* would have been highly popular with screen audiences everywhere. Richard Tauber sings superably but is somewhat inadequate in the rôle of a lover. Jane Baxter appears in support of Tauber.—*B.I.P.*

Woman Wanted—AAA—An escape by a woman convicted of murder forms the basis for the plot in this film. Maureen O'Sullivan appears in the leading feminine rôle, while Joel McCrea plays opposite her. Exciting adventure and thrilling action feature this fast-moving picture throughout. Lewis Stone and Adrienne Ames are in the supporting cast.—*M-G-M.*

She—AAA—Here the magic wand of the studio technicians waves. Though *She* was five hundred years old, she was young, beautiful. By bathing in a radioactive flame, she renewed her youth. Though she lived beyond arctic wastes, her home was a tropic paradise. *She* is Helen Gahagan, famous Broadway stage star. Randolph Scott, Nigel Bruce, and Helen Mack perform ably in support of Miss Gahagan.—*RKO.*

Murder Man—AAA—Given to drink, a newspaperman, a genius—that's Spencer Tracy in this picture. After causing a man to be sent to prison under sentence of death, there is a surprise ending, which you will be more interested in seeing than in reading about. Virginia Bruce plays the feminine lead skillfully.—*M-G-M.*

Page Miss Glory—AAA—In spite of the fact that there is very little in this story that cannot be anticipated before it happens, it is highly pleasing, gay, light entertainment. Marion Davies is a bewildered girl from the country who becomes, first a hotel chambermaid, then a beauty contest winner. Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh, Mary Astor, and Lyle Talbot appear in the star-studded cast.—*Warner Brothers-Cosmopolitan.*

Front Page Woman—AAA—George Brent and Bette Davis, as a pair of reporters on rival newspapers, make a pleasing couple in this film. Comedy and clever dialogue are the leading features here, but the plot includes the successful solving of a murder. Brent's final admission that Bette is a competent reporter furnishes the climax.—*Warner Brothers.*

Dressed to Thrill—AAA—You will discover a new screen personality when you see this picture. Her name is Tutta Rolf. She has a dual rôle,—appearing both as a dressmaker and an opera star. Clive Brook plays the male lead. Difficulties arise when Brook seems to forsake the dressmaker for the opera star. But see it for yourself.—*Fox.*

Escapade—AAA—The importance of this film is increased by the appearance in it of a new foreign star,—Luise Rainer. William Powell is a noted painter,—noted not only for his works but for his affairs with women. Luise Rainer is a naïvely charming governess whom he meets quite unexpectedly. You are likely to see more of Miss Rainer. Much more.—*M-G-M.*

Don't Bet on Blondes—AAA—Warren William is head of a unique insurance company here. He will insure anybody against anything! However when he writes a policy to prevent Claire Dodd from marrying for three years, he finds himself in trouble. Finally, he marries Claire (who is a blonde) himself. Guy Kibbee is Claire's father. And *such* a father!—*Warner Brothers.*

The Girl Friend—AA+—Jack Haley plays the part of a small-town boy who seeks to make a name for himself as a playwright. Roger Pryor leaves New York, meets Haley and is compelled to stage a play in Haley's barn. Eventually, the play reaches New York and is a bit. Haley and Ann Sothern, the leading lady, give creditable performances.—*Columbia.*

Boris Karloff plays a dual rôle in *The Black Room.* He is twins! But, at that, he's less gruesome!

Reduce . . . *your* WAIST AND HIPS THREE INCHES IN TEN DAYS

with the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
or it won't cost you one cent!

. . . . Read how Miss Jean Healy reduced her hips 9 INCHES!
"Why Jean! What a gorgeous figure, how did you get so thin?"
"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder".
"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial . . .
"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER".
"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy".
"The massage-like action did it . . . the fat seemed to have melted away".
"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds".
"Jean, that's wonderful, I'll send for my girdle today!"

You can TEST the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere for 10 days
. . . at our expense!

DOES excess fat rob you of the grace and charm that should be yours?

■ Has unwanted flesh accumulated at waist, thighs and diaphragm in spite of all your efforts to retain that girlish slimness? Then you will rejoice over the marvelous Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere that reduce hips and waistline *inches* without effort . . . simply by their beneficial massage-like action.

Safe! No Diet, No Drugs, No Exercises!

■ The wonderful part of the quick Perfolastic method is its *absolute safety* and *comfort*. You take no drugs . . . no exercise . . . you eat normal meals . . . and yet we guarantee you will reduce at least 3 inches in 10 days or it will cost you nothing! We can dare to make this startling guarantee, because we have tested the Perfolastic Girdle for many years.

Reduce ONLY Where You Are Overweight!

■ The Perfolastic Girdle kneads away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce. Beware of reducing methods which take the weight off the entire body . . . for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

You Need Not Risk One Penny!

■ You can *prove to yourself* that these marvelous reducing garments will take off at least 3 inches of fat from *your* waist, hips and diaphragm or no cost!

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41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 710 NEW YORK, N.Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________ *State* ____________

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

Why doesn't it EVER ring?

WHAT wouldn't she give to hear it ring? To hear a girl friend's voice: "Come on down, Kit. The bunch is here!"

Or more important: "This is Bill. How about the club dance Saturday night?"

• • • •

The truth is, Bill *would* ask her. And so would the girls. If it weren't for the fact that underarm perspiration odor makes her so unpleasant to be near.

What a pity it is! Doubly so, since perspiration odor is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

Just half a minute is all you need to use Mum. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed.* For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Mum doesn't prevent perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. Use it daily and you'll never be guilty of personal unpleasantness. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

How Readers

SAILORS HAVE DOUBTS
($15 Prize Letter)

SOMETIMES we sailors have our doubts. For years, the Navy has been priding itself on raising the standards of its enlisted men to all-time highs. Everything has been done, and with gratifying success, to diminish drunken sprees, accent higher moral tones, and raise educational and social standards. But, apparently, someone forgot to tell the motion pictures. Thus, in practically every picture, I've seen—which supposedly glorified the Navy or the Service in general,— the enlisted men were portrayed as saloon habitués, women-chasers and heavy drinkers. Whenever a tough joint was shown, even in civilian pictures, a "gob" appeared in the background with some questionable woman. Perhaps the height of such nonsense was reached in a Joe E. Brown opus, which had the hero, a sailor, drinking his finger-bowl water, consorting with Admirals, and acting generally like a lout. Furthermore, the part represented an Aviation Machinist's Mate First Class . . . yet showed him as knowing nothing about an airplane or a parachute!! We've seen so many pictures using Navy ships or men as central themes that we're beginning to wonder whether or not we enlisted at the wrong place. Maybe we should have joined up at the casting office!—Charles M. Hatcher (Aviation Machinist's Mate, 1st class, U. S. Navy), 251 So. Vinyard St., Honolulu, T. H.

Do naval films give a true picture of sailors? What do you think? What should a real, true-to-life navy film be like?

FILMS BEHIND THE TIMES
($10 Prize Letter)

NO MORE Ladies and *The Daring Young Man* both contain burlesque Englishmen, played by Arthur Treacher, and though they are funny they are not funny enough, the chief trouble being that the Englishman guyed passed out about a couple of decades ago! "I *don't* think. Don't-cher-know. Strike me pink, Cheerio, old top," and such like are never heard now. We have their modern counterparts, and Hollywood script writers ought to catch up on them,—not use the ones which our fathers used. The burlesque would be funnier if they were more true to life. Looks to me as though Arthur Treacher is pulling a fast one by giving the producers *their* idea of burlesque instead of actually burlesquing the Englishman as he really is. After all Ronald Colman, Clive Brook, Herbert Marshall, Robert Donat, Arliss, Chaplin, Sir Guy Standing and Victor McLaglen are all English and all "typical," and each one has sufficient racial characteristics to form the basis of good burlesque. Treacher's "Englishman" is comparable to the English "stage American"—of ten years ago—who wore a suit with two inch stripes and high, padded shoulders, great stub-toed shoes, horn rims as big as bicyle wheels, who chewed a quarter-pound wad of chewing gum and smoked a fifteen-inch cigar, starting each sentence with "Wal, kid, I kinda guess and calculate." Guy us by all means. We don't mind that. But please guy us as we *really* are and not as we were thirty years ago!—Miss Girda Terry, 110 Adelaide Road, Primrose Hill, N. W., 3, London, England.

Letters still pour in, praising Nelson Eddy for his performance in the film, *Naughty Marietta,* months ago!

Englishmen do not mind having fun poked at them ("guyed"—as Miss Terry says) *but they do wish that we would keep up with the times. We wish the same about ourselves!*

SCREEN SERVES MANKIND
($5 Prize Letter)

SOMETIMES I wonder if we have a deep enough appreciation for the wonderful service rendered us by moving pictures. What would the mass of moving picture fans do without movies? Without the magic of moving pictures, with their power to lift us out of the sordidness and monotony of everyday life, with their ability to make us forget our troubles for the moment and thus allow us to project ourselves on the screen and live for a time as heroes and heroines—life would indeed become dull. It is impossible to estimate what the moving pictures meant to everyday Americans during the depression. We

Rate Them!

can all undoubtedly point to instances where a bright movie helped us over a particularly bad spot, helped us to keep going . . . . . put all these instances together and the result would be tremendous. Certainly there have been many mistakes made and many faults have appeared in pictures, but should we let minor imperfections mar the beautiful whole? The moving picture industry, as a whole, has been unusually loyal to us—stopping not for strikes, depressions, crime-waves nor any of the other ills that have beset us during the last few years. Certainly the least we can do to show our appreciation is to return that loyalty, forget petty differences, graciously overlook minor mistakes,—and be fervently grateful for the movies!—C. E. Boggs, Frederick Book Store, Huntington, West Va.

Is Mr. Boggs right? Is there so much good in films that the flaws should be overlooked?

Prizes for Letters!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over two hundred words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

ACCENT ON CHARM
($1 Prize Letter)

ARE actresses *really* at fault in not being as convincing as actors on the screen? Men are mainly desirous of "well-done jobs" and, accordingly, throw themselves into film work wholeheartedly. But can a leading actress become entirely submerged in character, when her every charm of figure, face, voice and posture has to be accentuated to most advantage? Can she be other than conscious of how the "takes" will turn out, when advance press notices describe her as reaching the "height of her career." Feminine interest predominates in films and is naturally always criticized. One critic saying, "She ran the gamut of emotions from A to B," certainly does some box-office damage. Everyone knows that Garbo was born in Sweden, yet how many know that much about Clark Gable? The private lives of filmdom's feminine personalities have been exploited to such an extent that when we see Joan Crawford in *No More Ladies,* we do not see the distraught girl of modern society, but only a Joan Crawford "acting," benefited by every wonder of make-up, photography, settings and gowns. Yet this proves *not* that actresses are unequal to actors, but that *we,* the audience, see pictures played by personalities, instead of "stories lived by characters."—Mrs. Florence Brown, 216 Maple Ave., Irvington, N. J.

Do you want to see stars for themselves alone? Or do you go to movies to see those stars lose their individual personalities in their parts?

WHAT PRICE BEAUTY?
($1 Prize Letter)

DO WE value mere beauty too highly? Have we forgotten that old stage aphorism, "The play's the thing", or are our film producers forcing this steady stream of musical froth, dancing feet and gossamer-like stories upon us with the unspoken dictum that we *must* like it, or else? Pictures with a real story and honest-to-goodness acting are becoming altogether too rare. Producers, generally speaking, are starring players instead of plays. No wonder the films are in the doldrums with such wishy-washy material. No one can exist on a steady diet of ice cream and candy. Theatregoers want something more substantial than musical comedy and beautiful faces. What the films need is better stories and men and women who can act well the parts in them—Anna E. Johnson, 1540 Shehy Street, Youngstown, Ohio.

Is there any relation between beauty and acting? Do they go together? Is one necessary to the other? Do you see films because of the beauty of the stars, or because of their ability as actors and actresses? Or both?

TRAILERS CRITICIZED
($1 Prize Letter)

I SHOULD like to register a protest against those flamboyant advance notices of coming attractions. Trailers, I believe they are called. "Coming to this theatre," they proclaim in splashy titles which pinwheel at the audience from nowhere, zoom up to enormous size and zip off into thin air. Then bombastic superlatives are hurled at us, such as thrilling, tempestuous, magnificent; unscrambling from nothing and dizzily disappearing in a flash of jagged lightning. A good picture will sell itself without all this disgusting and asinine ballyboo. The public isn't so dumb that it can't recognize real quality in a picture. I don't say that pictures shouldn't be advertised, but I do wish they would be introduced in an intelligent, sincere, and sane manner.—K. L. Crosby, P. O. Box, Springdale, Pa.

Are trailers of any real value?

"Where have you been all my life?"

{Intimate conversation of a lady with herself}

"I'VE been doing nasty things to my palate with bitter concoctions. I've been abusing my poor, patient system with harsh, violent purges. The whole idea of taking a laxative became a nightmare. Why didn't I discover you before . . . friend Ex-Lax. You taste like my favorite chocolate candy. You're mild and you're gentle . . . you treat me right. Yet with all your mildness you're no shirker . . . you're as thorough as can be. The children won't take anything else . . . my husband has switched from his old brand of violence to you. You're a member of the family now . . ."

Multiply the lady's thoughts by millions . . . and you have an idea of public opinion on Ex-Lax. For more people use Ex-Lax than any other laxative. 46 million boxes were used last year in America alone. 10c and 25c boxes in any drug store. Be sure to get the genuine!

When Nature forgets—
remember

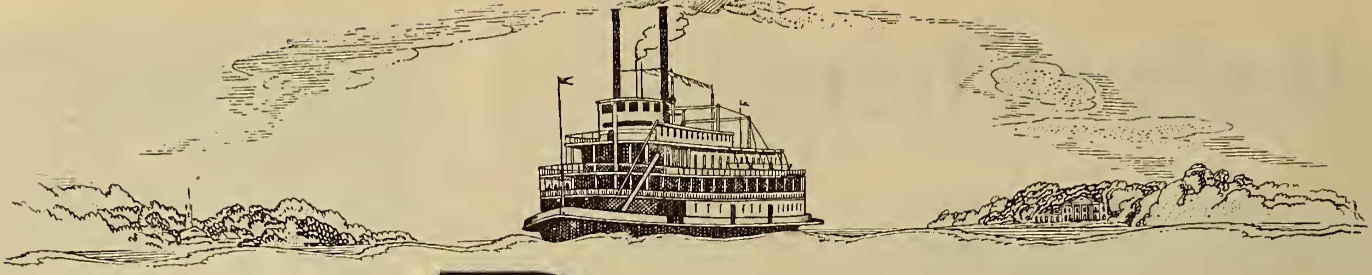
EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!
EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
MP105 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name ______________________
Address ______________________
____
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.



Will ROGERS

in his greatest picture

'STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND'

ANNE SHIRLEY • IRVIN S. COBB • EUGENE PALLETTE • STEPIN FETCHIT

Directed by John Ford • From a novel by Ben Lucien Burman

IT'S BIGGER than a laugh picture!

Will blazes a new path in his screen career as he scores his greatest triumph! Hollywood calls it the most important event of the season!

'Steamboat Round the Bend' throbs with the romance, the humor, the adventure, the human emotions of the old, colorful days on the roaring Mississippi! And what a climax! Spellbound, you will watch Will Rogers and Irvin Cobb, rival captains, race their boats down the river with a girl's happiness and a man's life at stake!

FOX

TRAPPED IN THE HELL OF MODERN LIFE

they fight.. AS YOU DO.. *for the right to love!*

ENTHRALLED—*you'll watch this*
BLAZING SPECTACLE OF TODAY TORTURE
THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE DAMNED!

See this man and woman living *your* dreams, *your* despairs. Fascinated . . . behold the raging spectacle of hell *here and hereafter* . . . of Inferno created by Man and Inferno conceived by Dante! This drama blazes with such titanic power that IT WILL BURN ITSELF INTO YOUR MEMORY FOREVER!

FOX FILM PRESENTS

DANTE'S INFERNO

SPENCER TRACY • CLAIRE TREVOR • HENRY B. WALTHALL • ALAN DINEHART

Produced by Sol M. Wurtzel Directed by Harry Lachman

THRILL AS YOU SEE

Ten million sinners writhing in eternal torment—cringing under the Rain of Fire—consumed in the Lake of Flames—struggling in the Sea of Boiling Pitch—toppling into the Crater of Doom—wracked by agony in the Torture Chambers—hardening into lifelessness in the Forest of Horror!

Plus the most spectacular climax ever conceived!

FOX

A STARTLING DRAMA OF TODAY. . . AND FOREVER! TIMELY AS TODAY'S NEWS . . . ETERNAL WITH ITS CHALLENGING TRUTHS!

Cleanliness is the reason for her lovely and fresh skin, Ida Lupino, seen in her own dressing room, says

Cold Weather Beauty Regime . . .

by Denise Caine

THE approach of cold weather causes the furrier and the cough-drop manufacturer to grin broadly, but it fills a beauty editor with sadness . . . For she knows that from the first biting day of fall until the first balmy day of spring, women have a tendency to hibernate. And hibernation, she also knows, never did anything to improve a girl's looks. During this lethargic state, the average woman takes a minimum amount of exercise, eats roast-goose-and-plum-pudding fare, for the most part, and rarely sits more than two feet away from the radiator . . .

And so, soon after New Year's Day, the beauty editor begins to get complaints about blackheads, excess pounds around hips and tummy and all sorts of beauty ills that can be traced directly to the sedentary life.

My purpose in pointing this out now is to warn you of the dangers involved in "hibernating" and to urge you not to lapse into any such torpor this winter . . . Your skin, hair, and figure will thank you if you manage to get outdoors for a brisk walk at least an hour every day—no matter how bitter the wind may be. Watch your diet closely and insist on having as many fruits, vegetables, and salads as possible. Try to drink as much water as you do in the summer, and don't neglect your daily bath even though the temperature of the bathroom is arctic.

PERHAPS a brief detour into the realms of physiology will convince you more readily of the necessity for this Spartan regime. When the body is fed, exercised, and cared for properly, it manufactures just enough of all secretions to keep itself in order. But when it is overfed with rich, greasy meats and pastries and not exercised, it begins overproducing. The rich food is transformed into fat pads that lodge where they meet with least resistance—usually around the stomach and hips—and remain there, gaining in bulk and solidity until something drastic is done . . . Sebaceous oil, too, begins to be produced in too-generous quantities by the skin glands. And then you have the unfortunate, but inevitable combination of fat hips and shiny nose, all the result of physiological chemistry—and foolishness on your part!

To prevent any such manifestations this winter, follow my advice about exercise and diet and, in addition, give your face the benefit of a couple of good scrubbings daily with a bland toilet soap, warm water, and a complexion brush. A tendency toward excessive oiliness always means a tendency toward blackheads because when oil glands overproduce, the pores do not have the strength to eject this amount and the oil remains in some of the pores, hardens, and develops into undesirable blackheads.

The mild and soothing action of a good soap is often very effective for oily skin, enlarged pores and blackheads. Cleansing with soapsuds and a washcloth is beneficial, but the gentle friction afforded by a complexion brush makes it doubly so. The friction of the brush banishes excess oil, opens inactive pores and stimulates the skin so that it becomes more zealous in discharging sebaceous secretions. Then, too, [*Continued on page* 88]

BEAUTY ADVICE

Your beauty problems may seem most puzzling to you, but quite simple to MISS CAINE, *our beauty expert. Why don't you write to her today? You may ask her for advice on any phase of beauty that might be troubling you. This service is free, of course. All that is necessary is a stamped, self-addressed envelope for* MISS CAINE'S *personal reply to your letter. Simply write to* DENISE CAINE, MOTION PICTURE, *1501 Broadway, New York City.*

Sally Eilers

Although seen in films as a *blonde,* Sally Eilers was once called by the late Florenz Ziegfeld the most beautiful *brunette* in California, her hair being reddish-brown. Her last film was *Alias Mary Dow.* Now she's in *Pursuit*

—Hurrell

Ruby Keeler

Since she made her first great success in *42nd Street,* Ruby Keeler has been starred again and again. Did you see her in *Go Into Your Dance* with her husband, Al Jolson? And before that, in *Flirtation Walk* with Dick Powell? *Anchors Aweigh* is her next picture. In this romantic story of the Naval Academy, Dick Powell stars with her

Carole Lombard

It hasn't been just her golden hair and clear blue eyes that have made Carole Lombard a winner. She has always made her mark, wherever she has been, because of her achievements. When she was a bathing beauty on the Mack Sennett lot, she was one of the very few who could swim. Later, she shared honors with the late Lilyan Tashman as the "best-dressed star." Her coming picture has been tentatively entitled, *Hands Across the Table*

Dining with the Stars

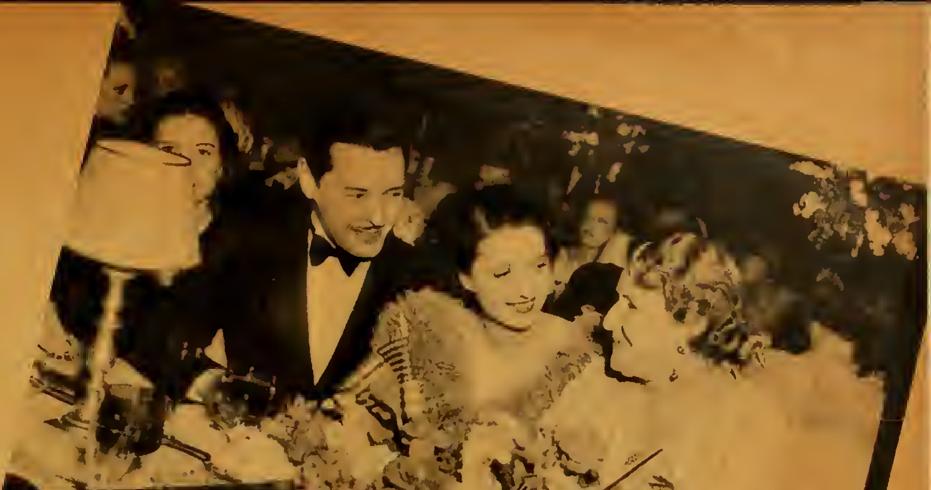
It can be no pleasant joke that the suave Menjou is telling diners here! Seen at table, above, left to right, are Verree Teasdale with her husband, Adolphe Menjou; Josephine Hutchinson and Jimmy Townsend, her husband

In the happy foursome, above, are seen, left to right, Pat O'Brien, Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. Moore and husband, Owen Moore

Just a bit of supper is what (above), left to right, Herbert Marshall, Merle Oberon, David Nivan and Gloria Swanson eat here

Banqueting, at right, are, left to right, Maxine Doyle, D. E. Griffiths, a London visitor, and vivacious Glenda Farrell

When the day's work has been done, dinners and suppers are in order, in Hollywood as everywhere else. A toast to them!



Notice the flag in front of Wera Engels? Give me liberty or laughter may be her slogan. And laughter she gets! Left to right, above, are seen Ivan Lebedeff, Miss Engels and May Robson

The camera didn't catch the three couples, above, unawares! Starting with Bob Young, who turned way around, and going to his left, they are Mrs. Young, Roscoe Karns, Mrs. Karns, Cliff Edwards and Mrs. Edwards

With dinner over, the couples here, at right, are ready for a sip. Left to right, are Robert Cobb, Gail Patrick, Marian Marsh and Howard Hughes

With his back to the camera (at left) is the smiling Joe E. Brown. He sees just across the table, a congenial pair, none other than Mr. and Mrs. Paul Muni

I'm No Ladies' Man says CLARK GABLE

"Women don't give me stage-fright now. But I still feel sort of wary with 'em," Gable adds reservedly

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

BY THE last exhibitor's census, Clark Gable is Public Lover Number One of the Screen. And yet—out in Culver City—they have a hard time getting him into a dress suit in order to hold a girl against his starched shirt front while he looks down into her eyes and murmurs sweet nothings. It makes him—Clark explains—feel foolish. He isn't—he insists—the Great Lover type. He doesn't—he confesses—understand women, and he never will to the end of his days.

"Most boys learn about women from their mothers," he says. "They unconsciously form their image of the girl they hope to marry someday by patterning their ideal after the one woman they know best. However, my mother died when I was only seven months old."

The tough captain of a coolie ship in *China Seas* or the unshaven, unwashed castaway of *Mutiny on the Bounty*—these are the parts into which Clark really gets his teeth. "I know men like them," he says. "I've *been* men like them!" he adds forcefully.

In the strangest life story of any screen star (which is Clark's), every other chapter has been an episode, built upon raw realities—men pitting their strength against circumstances, men without comforts, or homes. Men without women. Between theatrical engagements, William Gable's boy who ran away from home to be an actor could have been found in a brass foundry, laboring in the inferno of furnaces with men from the fields of Lithuania, or the coal-pits of Poland, sharing the slumgullian of other brothers of the road in hobo jungles, or answering the welcome yell of "Come and Get It" with Oregon lumberjacks, out in the wilds.

"I'VE lived with lonely men most of my life," Clark told me, pushing back one straggling black lock (his unruly hair, strong and straight is the despair of make-up men but it would be a brave director who would suggest to Clark Gable that he get a permanent). He continued speaking.

"Most fellows of my age were taking girls to the Hopedale high school dances when I was mucking in the oil fields," he remarked. "Those years when boys are being

Here's Clark Gable as seen in *Mutiny on the Bounty*

In *China Seas*, Clark Gable appears as the rough and ready captain of a passenger liner, plying between Oriental ports

educated in the ways of the world—and especially the ways of women—I was travelling with some one-horse road show, learning a new play every week, helping with the scenery, and acting everything from a butler to *Romeo*, or else I was stranded in some God-forsaken place where I had to get whatever work there was to be had. No time for calling on a girl in the evening with a box of chocolates. No dances! No girls! I skipped that part of my life. Why, do you know, when I began to get into the better theatrical companies, and Broadway shows, *I took lessons in the things most men of my age had known for years!*

"I learned how to come into a drawing room gracefully, how to hold a tea cup, how to bow and how to sit and talk the patter of polite society. In other words I had to learn my manners. Lumberjacks aren't in the habit of taking afternoon tea. Telegraph linemen are more at home in a one-arm lunchroom than at a formal dinner party. Hoboes aren't finicky about forks.

"NATURALLY, after such a life as mine, I'm more at home with men than I am with women. But I think most men are. They talk the same language. When a man says anything, no matter whether he's a millionaire or a truck-driver, he means just one thing. But I've learned that when a woman makes a remark, she may mean a dozen things! I can pretty nearly figure out how any man I've ever met will act under certain circumstances, but I can *never* tell what a woman will do!

"I've met more women in the five years, since I've been in Hollywood, than I ever knew in the other twenty-nine, and I've learned something of course. I've learned that all women have a quality of the mother in them. This makes them heavenly kind in trying to help a fellow along. I'd never be where I am today, if it hadn't been for six women who were willing to take time from successful lives to encourage and comfort and teach a struggling young actor. I've learned how to talk to women, too, and say—more or less—what I'm expected to say. I believe [*Continued on page* 68]

"Give me parts that I can get my teeth into!" says the lovely grey-eyed Ann Sothern in her article on the opposite page. There was steel in her eye and determination in her tone when she said, "I'd trade a 'pretty girl' role, any day in the week, for that of an old hag, if the hag was a real character. Right now, I stand a good chance of being a 'looker type.' I don't want that!" With an outlook such as this, plus ability and perseverance, Ann should go far. Her current film is *The Girl Friend,* with Roger Pryor

I don't want to be typed —says ANN SOTHERN

BY ROBERT FENDER

"I'm not blaming Hollywood for my bad breaks in the beginning" says Ann. "It's all part of the game. But now character parts are what I want!"

"DARN the ingénues! Give me wrinkles! Give me a chance to throw things. Give me parts I can get my *teeth* into!"

Ann Sothern was speaking her mind, facing me, her blue-grey eyes meeting mine squarely, honestly. Ann's are the eyes of a Viking. She's a fighter.

She should be angry with Hollywood, but she isn't. As Harriette Lake, she left the University of Washington to visit her mother who taught voice and singing in Hollywood. That was in 1929. A Metro scout saw her dance and urged her to sign with them. Note, please, that Hollywood was asking for Harriette, *not* Harriette for Hollywood. She signed, and as shrewd a man as the late Paul Bern saw a great future for her. Months passed, and at the end of those months, she had accomplished precisely nothing. Not, mind you, because she hadn't proved herself, but simply because they'd kept her idle all this time, with *no chance* to prove what she could do! She had a similar experience at Warner's. They and Metro *knew* she was good looking. They *knew* she could act, dance, sing, and that she had personality. Why, then, did they keep her and still give her nothing to do?

"One day at a party," Ann recounts, "I met Florenz Ziegfeld. He said he thought he'd have something for me in New York. I smiled to myself. So many people had 'had something' for me! But when the call actually came through for a part in *Smiles,* a musicomedy in which I was to have second lead next to the great Marilyn Miller, I lost no time in kissing Hollywood a none-too-fond good-bye In *Smiles,* I got a chance to sing and dance. I loved it! This was followed by a few others, ending with a road company presenting *Of Thee I Sing.* And it was while I was in this that Hollywood decided to give me another chance—or vice versa!"

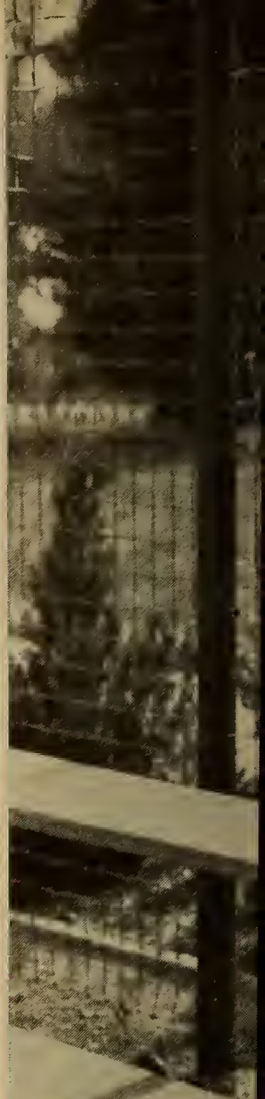
It's fairly well known, by this time, that Harry Cohn of Columbia decided that Ann (who was still Harriette Lake) was the only girl for the lead in *Let's Fall in Love,* in which she made a hit. Then came *Melody in Spring* for Paramount, *Kid Millions* with Eddie Cantor, *The Party's Over, The Hell Cat, Blind Date, Folies Bergere, Eight Bells, Hooray for Love* and now, *The Girl Friend.*

This girl, who had been tucked away in Hollywood's best moth-balls, showed, when she had the chance, that she was an able actress. What does she say about Hollywood now?

"Like Hollywood? I love it! I prefer it to Broadway. I don't like it in any silly way. It isn't fooling me. I *know* Hollywood, that's [*Continued on page* 63]

The *Real* GINGER ROGERS

When Ginger Rogers took her first dancing lessons in a Texas barn, her great career began!



IT IS to the pluck and perseverance of her mother that Ginger Rogers owes much of her success. She worked on a newspaper in Dallas, Texas, as feature-writer and dramatic editor until Ginger was thirteen years old. And Ginger often accompanied her mother to the theatres of the city, thus gaining her early impressions of stage and screen. It was during a holiday season that she saw the "Charleston" danced for the first time.

"I'd like to practice that dance, Mother," confided Ginger.

"Go ahead," said her mother, hardly dreaming that the dance was later to make her daughter famous, not only in Texas but throughout the world.

An old man, a "tap dancer," long away from the road, had a small cottage and barn on a few acres of ground not far from where Ginger and her mother lived at the edge of Dallas. The old man had a raised platform at one end of his barn, upon which the neighbor children danced—just for fun.

"You don't mind, Mother, if I go to Daddy Wilson's, do you?"

"Certainly not, Ginger," was the answer. From then on, Ginger spent all the time possible at Daddy Wilson's barn. The old man would watch her by the hour, and tell her of various intricate steps.

IT must have been a picture for the gods. The dashing young girl was starting on the road which the old man had left, and was absorbing his hard-earned knowledge like a sponge, as he gazed at her with rheumy eyes.

When Ginger was fourteen, the manager of the leading theatre had an idea. As there was no better person than the dramatic editor of a newspaper, he went to Ginger's mother and suggested that she allow her daughter to appear at his theatre and pretend to be taking a "Charleston lesson" from a well-known dancer, then appearing in Dallas.

Ginger's mother consented on condition that Daddy Wilson be allowed to appear on the stage with Ginger and be given mention as her teacher—*and* twenty-five dollars weekly for his trouble. The deal was made. And the act was a sensation in Dallas for several weeks. Ginger, by her nimble feet, became a local celebrity.

Old Daddy Wilson had never been so happy as he was then—at the end of the road. One would have thought that he had invented dancing. When Ginger would accuse him of not caring for the "new-

Here is the Ginger Rogers of today, with her nimble toes at rest. However, in her new film, *Top Hat,* those toes are busy!

BY JIM TULLY

fangled dances"—using his own words—he would say, "You're wrong, Ginger, the world must progress."

WITHIN a few weeks after Ginger had appeared at the theatre, Eddie Foy's children came to Dallas. Ginger appeared with them at every performance. After the Foys had gone, another fine trouper came to town. He was Bert Wheeler, who, along with Jack Benny, the present radio star, was one of the greatest "audience kidders" ever seen on the American stage.

Bert began to coach Ginger the first day he arrived in Dallas. Before the curtain went up, it was announced that the second act of the show had failed to appear. Ginger Rogers was substituted.

Bert was held over for another week, and during all this time, the young girl helped him to amuse the audiences. Shortly after Bert had gone, another trouper came to town. He had a different idea—and out of it, a famous star was born.

His name was Henry Santry, and he was to stage a Charleston contest in which all the youth of Texas could participate. Upon hearing the news, Daddy Wilson smiled with joy. He was at Ginger's house that night. Before he left, Mrs. Rogers had given him her word that Ginger would be allowed to enter the contest. Over three hundred entered. It was a heartbreaking contest. For, at that time, even the crossing policeman could do the Charleston.

It lasted three weeks before all contestants were eliminated, except three redheaded children, Ginger—and another redheaded boy and girl. Daddy Wilson remained always in the wings of the theatre to watch over "his pupil." After hours of dancing by the three, the judges took a final vote. Ginger won the contest. Her reward was a five-weeks' engagement at the theatre at a salary of a hundred dollars a week.

AT THE end of this period, Daddy Wilson had another conference with Mrs. Rogers. That shrewd woman engaged the redheaded boy and girl who had been Ginger's nearest rivals in the contest. They were to appear with her in a dancing act in which seven different kinds of "Charleston" were introduced. After appearing in all the principal cities of Texas, the children were booked elsewhere for twenty-four weeks.

The two redheaded children were induced to desert Ginger in California. Mother and daughter returned to Dallas. Worn out from twenty-four weeks of strenuous travel and dancing, it was Ginger's intention at this time to return to school. But once rested, the lure of the stage was too strong. She begged her mother to allow her to return. To please Ginger, her mother accepted bookings for a café in Galveston.

When after so many weeks of dancing, Ginger began to tire, her mother had the happy thought of allowing her to sing several numbers. To the surprise of both Ginger and her mother, the act became even more successful, and was likewise the means of allowing Ginger more rest from the strenuous exercise of dancing. Her salary was doubled the second week. Her fame spread so far from Galveston that two theatrical agents in Chicago sent a man to see her. After the performance they booked her at $225.00, a week, plus railroad fare for mother and daughter.

The vivacious girl "died" in Memphis at the afternoon show. The manager wired Chicago his disapproval of the act. Nothing is more capricious than an American theatre audience. Going on that night, the girl made a decided hit, and the manager sent another wire, cancelling his first opinion.

Many months of wandering [*Continued on page* 85]

WALLY BEERY—Caught Off Guard

Wally talks about that first job of his—pounding a piano!

BY LLOYD BROWNFIELD

WALLACE BEERY, hero of *Viva Villa, The Mighty Barnum, West Point of the Air* and countless other smashing screen successes, reached far into his cherished store of memories to help me write this story. It it seldom that any writer is lucky enough to catch Wally "with his guard down,"—ready and willing to talk,—anxious to provide heretofore unprinted and interesting incidents from his long and busy life in the amusement world. For that reason, this tale may leap merrily about and skip from one subject to another without a trace of a connecting link. It is a straightforward account of a pleasant afternoon spent with one of the really entertaining veterans of Hollywood,—Wallace Beery.

"Treat, Trade, or Travel" was once Wally's motto

One day, Wally and I were lounging comfortably in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity offices. Outside, rain was pouring down in a steady, monotonous drizzle. Wally was seated in a big leather chair with his legs hanging over one side, busily engaged in searching his memory for something that might be of interest to motion picture fans in general,—and his own film friends in particular.

"Say," he burst forth in his heavy, booming voice, "if I tell you something about how I started in this amusement business, will you promise to print it?"

Not being a publisher of magazines, I could hardly promise to print anything but I could guarantee to *write* it. That was about all.

"WELL," he chuckled wickedly, "all the rest of these writers have been saying for years that I started working in a circus, tending elephants when I was just a kid. That's true enough. I did work in a circus but that wasn't my first job. My *first* job," he laughed, "was pounding a piano in a Leavenworth (Kansas) dance hall. I was just sixteen years old. Let's see you write that. And, another thing, right above the piano, the boss of the joint had hung a big sign that read *'Treat, Trade, or Travel.'*

"Well," he wanted to know after I had finally stopped chuckling, "guess you've never been in one of those places, huh?" We'd both laughed so loudly and so long at Wally's unexpected revelation that we attracted the attention of two or three M-G-M exploitation experts from near-by offices and they came over to hear the joke and to get in on the fun. For, when Beery is in one of his rare reminiscing moods, his conversation is worth hearing. And they knew that.

"Hey, you fellows," Wally greeted the new arrivals, "I've got some real news for your gang! Carol Ann (Beery's 4-year-old adopted daughter) has signed a contract! Yessir, a year's contract with an option for another year."

Beery seemed happier over his tiny daughter's success than he would have been had M-G-M suddenly decided to triple his own robust pay check, sign him for ten straight years without an option, and let him pick his own parts. As the publicity men scrambled for pencil and paper, Wally explained that [*Continued on page* 76]

The Grandest Romance Ever Born from the Fire-Dipped Pen of Dumas!

Reckless sons of the flashing blade ride and fight for love again!

WALTER ABEL, dashing young Broadway stage star as D'Artagnan, gay and audacious, as Dumas must have dreamed him! Beloved PAUL LUKAS as Athos, MARGOT GRAHAME, who soared to dramatic heights in the year's most praised picture "The Informer", plays the alluring Milady de Winter together with a superb cast including Heather Angel, Ian Keith, Moroni Olsen, Onslow Stevens, Rosamond Pinchot, John Qualen, Ralph Forbes and Nigel de Brulier as Richelieu.

Cast to perfection! Produced with a lavish hand by Cliff Reid.

Fencing arrangements by Fred Cavens.

This month a real thrill comes to the screens of the world as RKO-RADIO gives you one of its finest pictures.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS

Superbly directed by Rowland V. Lee.

RKO-RADIO PICTURES YOU WILL WANT TO SEE!

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in "TOP HAT." Music and Lyrics by Irving Berlin . . . . Katharine Hepburn as Booth Tarkington's most loved heroine "Alice Adams". . . . The superb screen play from Mazo de la Roche's prize novel "Jalna". . . . Lionel Barrymore in David Belasco's greatest stage success "The Return of Peter Grimm" and Merian C. Cooper's spectacle drama "The Last Days of Pompeii"

Search for
Talent Contest!

Here is Opportunity knocking right at your door. There are no strings tied to this offer of screen fame. There is nothing to buy. Simply read this article, note the rules, then fill out a coupon. That's all! And remember—You Too Can Be a Movie Star!

AT LAST—the opportunity of a lifetime!

Here is your chance to obtain a free screen test in a national Search for Talent tour, and all your expenses paid for a trip to the studios of Universal Pictures in Hollywood!

After weeks of preparation, the search has begun. As you read this, the first screen tests of men and women whose talents indicate that they may be fitted for a movie career have been made by the Talent Scout car and crew.

Motion Picture Magazine has joined forces with Universal Pictures and the makers of Hold-Bob bob pins in financing this remarkable expedition which will take the crew of men making these tests all over the United States between now and the first of the year.

It is a costly undertaking. But it will be worth while if we can help *you* get that chance in pictures which you have been wishing for!

Robert Pearson, above, has news!

HOW YOU CAN ENTER

Universal Pictures and the co-sponsors of this Search for Talent Contest have tied no strings to this ambitious plan. It is simplicity itself to enter your name for a screen test.

Everyone knows that there are many, many persons who would be ideal for success in pictures—*if they could only be found!*

And everyone knows also, that it is impossible to bring all the people with talent to Hollywood for screen tests. That much is obvious.

That's why we're going to bring the screen tests to you! These tests will be made right in your home towns! Instead of having to come to Hollywood, at great expense and with little opportunity to crash the studio gates, you will have the Search for Talent movie truck bring Hollywood to you!

All that you need to do to register for these tests is to fill out an application blank and attach your photo. Entry blanks for this purpose will be found in this magazine for your convenience. They will also be available on all cards to which are attached the world-famous Hold-Bob bob pins. These are distributed in more than a hundred

Have you longed to go to Hollywood? To crash the gates? To enter the studios? If you have, the truck above will delight you! You won't have to worry! When you see this truck, you'll know that Hollywood is seeking you!

thousand stores all over the United States.

Just fill out one of the blanks, or copy one of them, and mail—as directed—with your photograph to the headquarters of the Search for Talent Contest.

HOW TESTS WILL BE MADE

On board the movie truck will be the tour director, H. E. Howard, in charge of a crew comprised of cameramen, technicians, make-up men, and all the necessary equipment for making screen tests right in your own city. This huge movie truck is also equipped to show movies on its own screen, with sound.

Ask your local Universal Pictures exhibitor for information on when it will arrive. If you live in a small town, the convenience of modern auto travel will place you within a few hours journey of the larger cities where the truck will appear for these tests. Full information is available at the stores which handle Hold-Bob bob pins and at news stands where Motion Picture Magazine is sold.

The route followed will be from West to East. It may be some weeks before the truck reaches you —but you'll be able to keep yourself fully advised by reading accounts of progress of the Search for Talent Contest in this magazine.

WATCH YOUR LOCAL SCREENS

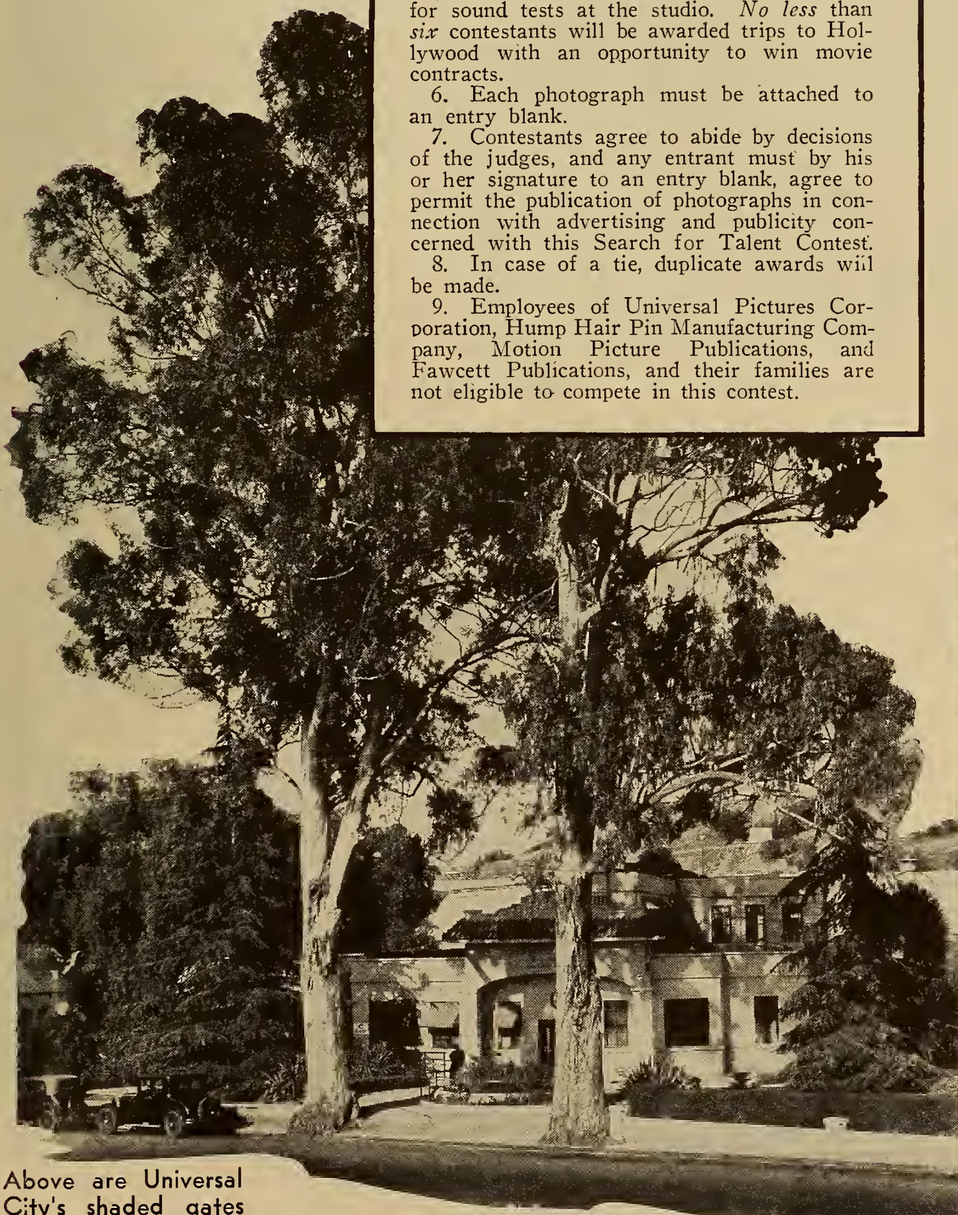
Universal Pictures will supply their thousands of exhibitors with trailers which will keep you posted on progress. This studio, known as the largest and oldest of the great major studios of Hollywood, is eagerly looking for new talent.

Never before have there been such real opportunities for screen careers for unknowns. Every day, newcomers are getting opportunities undreamed of in other times, when every picture had to have big stars in order to succeed.

At Universal Studios, this very minute, there are many young men and women working in pictures which will make them famous—yet, the probability is, that you've never observed them before on the screen.

RULES

1. Any man or woman, sixteen or over (minors must have consent of guardians), who is a resident of the United States, may enter this contest. It is not necessary to purchase any article to enter.
2. Contest opens September 1, 1935, and closes January 1, 1936.
3. Winners of the Search for Talent Contest will be judged by photographs and by motion picture screen tests made at your local Universal theatres at times to be announced in newspapers and in Motion Picture Magazine.
4. Judges of the contest will be executives of Universal Pictures. Their decisions will be final.
5. Judges may select as many contestants as they deem fit, contestants to be given all-expense free trips to Hollywood and return, for sound tests at the studio. *No less* than *six* contestants will be awarded trips to Hollywood with an opportunity to win movie contracts.
6. Each photograph must be attached to an entry blank.
7. Contestants agree to abide by decisions of the judges, and any entrant must by his or her signature to an entry blank, agree to permit the publication of photographs in connection with advertising and publicity concerned with this Search for Talent Contest.
8. In case of a tie, duplicate awards will be made.
9. Employees of Universal Pictures Corporation, Hump Hair Pin Manufacturing Company, Motion Picture Publications, and Fawcett Publications, and their families are not eligible to compete in this contest.



Above are Universal City's shaded gates

At her new Bel-Air home, Margaret Sullavan, Universal star, takes her morning stroll

Dorothy Page

Clark Williams

June Martel

This very minute, there are many young men and women at Universal, destined for fame! Among the promising players on the Universal lots, at present, are the three seen above

But you *will* see them in some of these forthcoming Universal pictures. *King Solomon of Broadway,* starring Edmund Lowe, is one. Dorothy Page is the leading lady and thus gets her big chance in this picture. Carole Lombard in *Spinster Dinner* will bring many newcomers in the cast to the screen. Two new Margaret Sullavan pictures will have new faces in the cast. Clark Williams, young newcomer to the screen, has just been cast in Universal's serial *Tailspin Tommy.* Universal's line-up of thirty-six big feature pictures for this coming season will undoubtedly launch many new stars in the Hollywood firmament.

NEWSPAPERS TO CARRY ANNOUNCEMENTS

In addition to the local screens where Universal Pictures are shown, you'll be advised in your newspapers of the arrival of the movie truck.

Robert Pearson, who last year was in charge of the personal appearances of Carole Lombard in the East, and who has managed the trips of many famous stars, is the advance man for our Search for Talent Contest. He will precede the scout car to arrange with your newspaper to tell you when to expect it.

Naturally, a magazine which appears once a month cannot give you the daily reports on the progress of the Search for Talent—but your newspaper can. It will spread the good word as to when the truck will arrive and as to what preparations are made to make screen tests of all the persons whose talents make them appear suitable for picture work.

HOW TESTS WILL BE MADE

We all know that talents are sometimes hidden. Only an actual screen test can reveal your real talent for picture work. Does your face photograph well? That is a question that only an actual [*Continued on page* 83]

WIN A SCREEN TEST!

Here is your entry blank for the UNIVERSAL PICTURES Search for Talent Contest, conducted by Universal Pictures, Motion Picture Magazine and Hold-Bob Bob Pins. *It is your chance to win fame in the movies!* Fill this blank out and enter this national contest now!

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Height .... Weight .... Coloring ....Age ....

Attach your photo and send to:

IRVING RICHARD GREEN,
MANAGING DIRECTOR,
SEARCH FOR TALENT CONTEST,
1918 PRAIRIE AVE.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Win Popularity
VIRGINIA BRUCE'S Way

Take a few tips from the girl whom all Hollywood likes!

BY DOROTHY DONNELL

THEY *say* that Virginia Bruce is the most popular girl in Hollywood. But that isn't all.

They *say* that she is that mysterious "beautiful, willowy blonde" who is always being mentioned in the screen society columns as the recipient of the roses or the attentions of an anonymous "certain famous star."

They *say* that nearly all the unattached males in Hollywood have tried to date her up at one time or another. And that Virginia has turned a lovely but chilly shoulder on some of the most successful lovers in the colony.

Virginia *says*—with that curious stillness and quiet which is so refreshing today, because so many super-vital girls seem to be constantly trying to put themselves across —"Popular? Oh, I wouldn't say that! I have a good time if that's what you mean. I go places. No, I'm not engaged to Pinky Tomlin, nor to an Italian Count, nor to a successful scenario writer, nor to anybody else with whom I've been going out lately. As a matter of fact, I go to a good many parties alone. I like that because I'm not one of those 'bitter-enders' who can stay till the last guest has gone. Toward midnight, I become tired. And, if I haven't an escort who's just warming up for the evening, I can slip away without breaking up the party. I used to have my father call for me. Now, I just let my chauffeur drive me home.

"I DO go dancing—to the 'Troc' and to the Grove—with the men I know, of course. And I do know a lot of men, being unattached and—well, youngish and rather interested in wearing evening gowns. But—compared to the rush I had years ago when I was in North Dakota at Fargo High School—I'm a wallflower in Hollywood. I can say now without conceit that I was really a belle in Fargo—like the old lady counting her medals you know! Why the boys used to fight over me in those days! You see, two of my special beaux were on the football team and, after a game, they would have it out in the locker room to settle [*Continued on page* 84]

"My impulses have never played me false," Grace Moore remarks

BY
JAY CHAPMAN

'I'm not a Prima Donna' —GRACE MOORE

Once Grace left films, discouraged. Read her real story here!

"EVEN TODAY, I'm paying for a mistake that I made on entering pictures several years ago," declared Grace Moore. "It was a misunderstanding of life and Hollywood and above all, failure to yield to an impulse!

"You see, I had a vague, impulsive feeling that the way I came to Hollywood and launched my film career, was all wrong. It was a matter of impulse against logic. But as the facts proved, my impulse was correct, while my logic was based on a faulty premise. I should have known better than to trust mere logic, for my impulses have never played me false!

"Under the circumstances, perhaps it was just as well that my first pictures were unsuccessful, and I left Hollywood so quietly that hardly a ripple marked my departure. It would have been even better if that first visit could have been totally forgotten. But since that isn't to be, I must face whatever lingering consequences there are for not obeying that impulse!"

Failure? It is hard to associate the word with the triumphant Grace Moore of today. *Love Me Forever* seems destined to achieve an even more spectacular success than her original hit, *One Night of Love.* But her two earlier films, made some years ago, were not successful. *A Lady's Morals* was anything but a hit, and *New Moon,* her second, was no better. The opera star's glorious voice was not properly recorded, due perhaps to the imperfections of apparatus then in use. And by standards of her present films it would seem that neither photography nor make-up in these earlier pictures did her justice. But now, Grace is tops!

SO she left Hollywood in defeat, and the know-it-alls pointed to her as living proof that these ritzy, artificial, temperamental opera people have no place in the movies! Only Grace knew, in the fighting Irish-American heart of her, that she would come back one day to turn defeat into victory. But [*Continued on page* 66]

HOW JOAN CRAWFORD Helped a New Star

Julie Haydon is a rising star, after appearing in *The Scoundrel.* Here she's thanking Joan

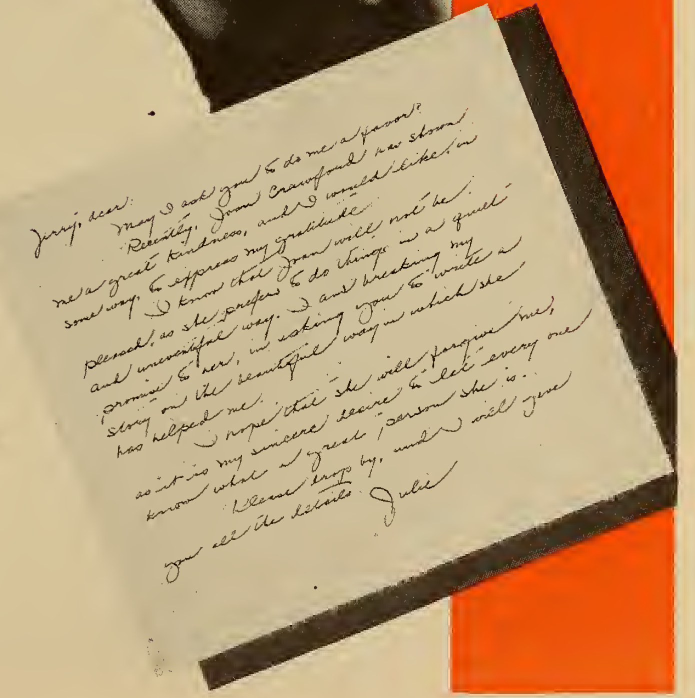
BY JERRY ASHER

IT was première night in Hollywood. For blocks, the curious crowds lined the streets to see the passing parade of splendor. One by one, the shining motors drew up in front of the El Capitan Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard. Applause rang out as famous stars smiled and bowed over their orchids and ermine.

Suddenly, a hushed silence settled down over the crowd. The air seemed to be filled with that strange calm that comes just before the hour of dawn. There was a tenseness to the night, the feeling that something unforeseen, something unexpected, was about to happen. Just then, a great, black shining car pulled up to the curb. On the radiator cap was perched the gold statue of a woman, her arms outspread, her head held high in the breeze. For one more breathless moment, the silence remained sacred. Then the door opened and out stepped Joan Crawford.

An ermine coat gracefully swept the toes of her silver sandals. At her side stood Franchot Tone. In her hand she nervously clutched a lone gardenia. The cheers burst forth like the booming of many cannons. Hollywood shouted itself hoarse as it applauded its favorite daughter. A trifle embarrassed, Joan bowed to the right and to the left. Graciously, she posed for the cameras. There, in all its glory, stood a shining example of success. Joan Crawford, a great star possessing wealth, beauty, fame, gratefully acknowledged an adulation she had so justly earned. The heartbreaking story of the struggle behind this acclaim is too well known to repeat here. Besides, it does not belong in this story.

IN a hot, unattractive dressing room backstage, another drama was taking place. What a strange contrast to the exciting scene that had just been enacted in front of the theatre! There were no applauding crowds for the fragile-looking girl, who sat in the dressing room, staring straight ahead into her mirror. Her eyes were dry and seemed to hold a hurt, numb feeling. She wore a heavy, unattractive tweed suit of an [*Continued on page* 79]



Jerry, dear:
May I ask you to do me a favor?
Recently, Joan Crawford has shown
me a great kindness, and I would like in
some way to express my gratitude.
I know that Joan will not be
pleased, as she prefers to do things in a quiet
and uneventful way. I am breaking my
promise to her, in asking you to write a
story on the beautiful way in which she
has helped me.
I hope that she will forgive me,
as it is my sincere desire to let every one
know what a great person she is.
Please drop by, and I will give
you all the details.
Julie

"Thanks, Gleason," said Detective Ryan (at left) as he stepped in when Gleason stopped Page

The Mystery of Glenda Farrell's Missing Necklace

SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS ONE AND TWO:—Frances Dee and Joel McCrea drive Pat O'Brien and Bill Ryan, Pat's lifelong friend, to a party at Glenda Farrell's home. O'Brien lets it accidentally slip that Ryan is a federal detective searching for a Russian spy in Hollywood who resembles Bill Powell. All the guests admire an odd pendant hanging from Glenda's neck. She tells a romantic story of how a gypsy gave it to her for luck. Joan Blondell, Glenda's intimate friend, confides to Mary Brian her fear that the good-luck charm will bring bad luck because Glenda puts too much faith in it. Mary wishes Glenda would give it to her. During a new game, called "Gangster," the lights go out. When Joan Blondell finds the switch, Glenda's pendant is missing. After frantic search, Bradley Page, usually mistaken for Bill Powell, finds the chain to the pendant hanging on a window catch. The chain has been cut by a sharp instrument. Detective Ryan announces this is proof that the necklace has been deliberately taken. Only guests were in the room!

The guests vote for Detective Bill Ryan to take over the investigation upon his guarantee that there will be no publicity. O'Brien suggested the investigation. An elaborate cigar clipper is discovered behind Joan Blondell's chair. She says she picked it up beside Glenda Farrell when the lights went on and is almost certain Pat O'Brien dropped it. Pat admits it is his, but denies it has anything to do with the case, as he is always dropping it somewhere. The investigation proceeds. Mary Brian and Bradley Page were standing close to light switches when the room was plunged into darkness. Detective Ryan makes the statement that the motive is the most important clue to the disappearance of the necklace and questions all of the guests for possible motives. Four principal ones are discovered:—Joan Blondell's anxiety to relieve Glenda of her pendant because she felt it was bringing ill luck rather than good; Mary Brian's and Bradley Page's admitted anxiety to secure a good-luck piece immediately; Pat O'Brien's over-anxiety to help Joan Blondell, or any other man or woman implicated, plus circumstantial evidence against him. Bill Ryan leaves, saying he wishes to ponder the motives alone. Joan Blondell jumps up, exclaiming that she is certain that the detective himself is guilty.

(Guests at Glenda Farrell's party are Frances Dee, Joel McCrea, Mary Brian, John Mack Brown, Ralph Bellamy, Pat O'Brien, Joan Blondell, Jimmy Gleason, Bradley Page and Federal Agent Ryan.)

Now go on with the story:

CHAPTER III

THERE was a moment of startled silence when Joan exclaimed about the detective as a possible suspect. Then Jimmy Gleason sprang up. "We'd better get him and quick! He's probably off now—"

"Hold on, old man—" Joel McCrea stopped Jimmy.

BY RUTH BIERY

"I think that fellow has something up his sleeve. If he's made a getaway you couldn't get him anyway. He's clever, that guy. Right, Pat?"

"Well I don't like the feeling of having him on my neck. I never thought my old school pal would be tracking me down. Doggone you, Mary!" He glanced mischievously at Mary Brian.

Mary did not return his smile. "I'm so nervous I think I'm going to scream. It's stuffy in here." She walked over to the closed window and threw it open. They heard an exclamation. She turned and came back toward them.

"To whom does this belong?" She held a man's linen handkerchief toward them. "It has 'W.R.' embroidered in the corner."

NO ONE answered for a moment. Then Pat O'Brien stepped forward. "Why that's Bill's. He's a bit of a dandy, you know. Has all his things monogrammed. Where'd you find it, Mary?"

"At the foot of that window where Bradley found Glenda's chain hanging. Caught in the drapes. I think the person who took your necklace escaped with it after having a lot of fun at our expense. It's probably just a gag, Pat. Did you bring a real detective, or is he another Vince Barnett, a professional ribber?"

"I swear he's a real detective!" Pat's face was so red he looked like a man about to have a stroke. "Do you think I'd frame anything like *this* for a gag? Glenda, you don't think that, do you?"

Glenda's own face became several shades redder, as she answered, "N—no."

"See here," Pat walked around them excitedly. "I don't like this a bit."

"Neither do we." Bradley Page stepped in front of Pat. "You asked Glenda if you could bring him, didn't you?"

"Certainly I did. I tell you I've known Bill since I was born. We were born on the same day and our mothers lived next door to each other, and we cried out the window at each other—"

"Rot!" Page scowled. "This is no time to tell bed-time stories. I didn't take the damned thing and I'm going home. I have to be on the set at nine in the morning. You can search me, if you like, before I go. And I'd like to know why he didn't search everybody. Seems to me a real detective—oh, let's all go home. I think your necklace is more valuable than you realize, Glenda, and this *stranger* knew it. He may have changed, you know Pat, since he was a baby!"

Page started toward the door. Jimmy Gleason was ahead of him. "I wouldn't go, Page." Gleason blocked his way. "I'd give him a chance to return, you know, out of courtesy to Pat. I've been a pal of Pat's a long time and I don't like these insinuations."

The two men eyed one another several seconds. Finally Page shrugged, "Sorry, old man. Everyone knows I'm hotheaded. I guess this thing's gotten on my nerves. I

[*Continued on page* 80]

RULES

DO NOT WRITE YOUR SOLUTION until you have read THIS, the THIRD INSTALLMENT of this story HERE!

Your solution of the mystery must be written in not more than TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY WORDS, and must ANSWER the FOLLOWING QUESTIONS:

Who is responsible for the disappearance of the necklace?

What is the motive?

How was the disappearance of the necklace accomplished?

PRESENT YOUR SOLUTIONS NEATLY. WRITE ONLY ON ONE SIDE OF THE PAPER.

Mail solutions to NECKLACE GAME EDITOR, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Members of the staff of MOTION PICTURE and their families are not eligible for prizes.

The editors of MOTION PICTURE are the final judges.

To be eligible for the PRIZES, your written SOLUTIONS must reach the NECKLACE GAME EDITOR of MOTION PICTURE not later than SEPTEMBER 15, 1935!

WINNERS of the PRIZES will be announced in the DECEMBER issue of MOTION PICTURE!

The ACTUAL SOLUTION of this MYSTERY will also appear in the DECEMBER issue of MOTION PICTURE!

HOW GOOD A DETECTIVE ARE YOU? Do you peep at the last page of a detective story?

You can't see the last page of this! How did the necklace disappear?

Test your powers of observation and deduction with

HOLLYWOOD'S FASCINATING NEW MYSTERY GAME!

Hollywood plays it for fun. You can have the same fun and win a prize!

An exact copy of GLENDA FARRELL'S LUCKY NECKLACE will be given as FIRST PRIZE.

In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

GIVE A NEW KIND OF PARTY!

Prove yourself a clever and popular hostess.

Old and young enjoy this exciting new game originated by GLENDA FARRELL.

It is keeping the stars guessing. Guess with them!

This is an UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY for readers of MOTION PICTURE.

PLEASE REMEMBER that this story, "THE MYSTERY OF GLENDA FARRELL'S MISSING NECKLACE" is *FICTION!*

HOLLYWOOD starts EVERYTHING! Here is your chance to get in on the BEGINNING of their NEW THRILL!

AND WIN THESE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE • An exact copy of Glenda Farrell's good-luck necklace.

SECOND PRIZE • A modernistic cigaret lighter, engraved to the winner and donated by Ralph Bellamy.

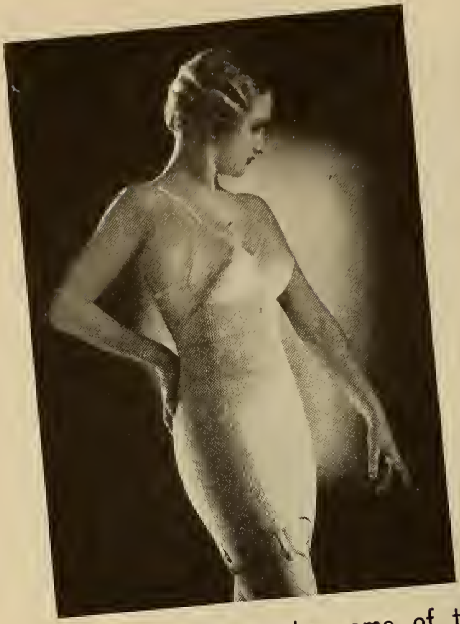
THIRD PRIZE • A pair of modernistic book-ends, made of crystal and given by Bradley Page.

FOURTH PRIZE • A friendship bracelet, with gold-leaf book between charms, engraved to the winner and presented by Joan Blondell.

FIFTH PRIZE • A gold-filled cigaret case (man's or woman's), engraved to the winner and given by Pat O'Brien.

SIXTH PRIZE • A lady's gold inlaid scarf pin, donated by Mary Brian.

SEVENTH PRIZE • A man's watch chain and key ring, with the fob engraved to the winner and presented by John Mack Brown.



"Figure Flattery" is the name of the full-fashioned, two-way stretch garment shown here. And it hasn't a seam!

Glorifying the American Figure

FIGURE control—that's what is most important to the smart American girl. Of all the items in the modern girl's wardrobe, there is none that is more necessary than her corset. And no section of the country is more appreciative of this fact than Hollywood. No star can hope to succeed without adequate attention to the maintenance of a pleasing figure. Consequently, each star studies her own individual garment problem with care. Since the world follows Hollywood's lead, there came,—out of this individual study,—a group interest in the common problem. And (with the cooperation of the makers of Hickory

Esther Ralston has chic fall outfit

Gloria Stuart wears smart day frock

Sally Blane chooses black for trips

Soft curves prevail in Adrienne Ames' hostess gown

Smooth lines feature Binnie Barnes' evening frock

Creations) the Hickory Fashion Council was formed. Included in this council are five stars, noted for their alertness with reference to the latest fashion trends. Gloria Stuart, Adrienne Ames, Sally Blane, Binnie Barnes, and Esther Ralston are the five. Serving in an advisory capacity to the Hickory staff of designers, they submit suggestions, make recommendations and present criticisms. Out of this very satisfactory working arrangement, in the case of the essential foundation garments, have come the ideas for the highly useful specimens shown here.

. . . or Lines for a Lovely Form

"Suave" is the all-purpose pantie-girdle, being as suitable for sports as for day and formal evening wear

Above, Henry Fonda

HENRY FONDA —He'll take *you* too!

Even hard-boiled Hollywood cameramen ask Fonda to sign his photos for them. He takes with them all!

BY IDA ZEITLIN

IN New York, last winter, there took place an event of major theatrical importance—the opening of *The Farmer Takes a Wife,* Marc Connelly's first play since the beloved *Green Pastures.* That evening, a tall young man, unknown to most of the first-nighters, walked out on the stage to play *The Farmer.* By the time the curtain fell and he'd taken a wife to his heart, the audience had taken him to theirs.

When I met this tall, young Henry Fonda, he was well on his way toward winning a vastly larger audience. Opposite Janet Gaynor he had played his stage rôle in the film version of *The Farmer,* giving a performance so sensitive and true that all Hollywood was ringing with his name, that from all sides producers were clamoring for a chance at him, while prophets were hailing the rise of a new star.

Across a luncheon table, I tried to get his reaction to all this furore. He smiled a noncommittal smile and shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know," he said. "People tell you things, but it's hard to make yourself believe them." And steering away from the subject to create an atmosphere in which he could breathe more freely, he continued: "What's impressed me most is how kind everybody's been to me. I was so nervous about coming out here. I'd heard so much of the difficulties of Hollywood. But they've all gone out of their way to make things easy for me."

I'D HEARD a story—not from Fonda, needless to say—which perhaps illuminates this phenomenon. On the set, one day, he was approached somewhat sheepishly by a cameraman and a sound technician.

"Hey, Mr. Fonda," one of them blurted, "how about signin' a couple photos for us?"

"We don't want you to think we're a pair of sissies," the other interposed hastily, "goin' around askin' movie stars for their pictures. We just want yours," he explained, earnestness struggling with embarrassment, "because we like you better than any guy we ever worked for." That was flattery enough!

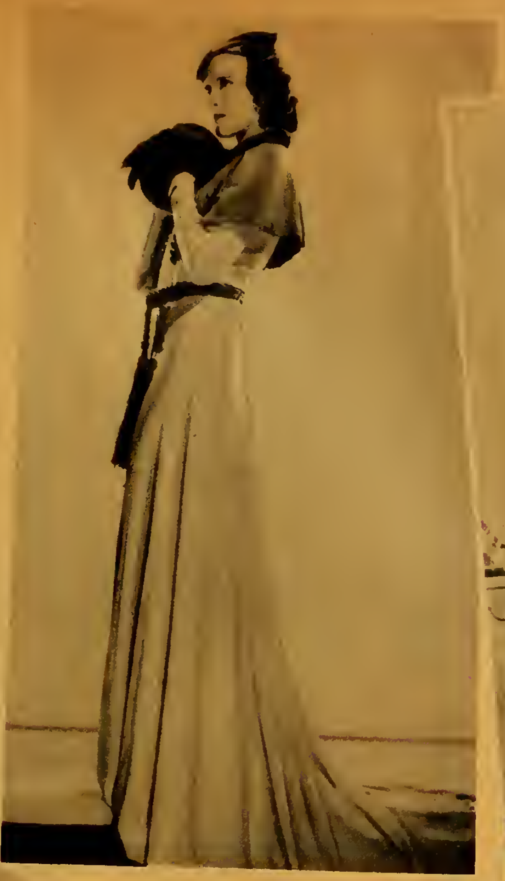
With Fonda, it's apparently a case of getting as he gives. He seems entirely free of that species of ego, generally attributed to the acting profession. Natural courtesy wars with natural reserve when he's asked to talk about himself. He compromises by treating the subject lightly, by ducking down irrelevant side alleys, by detouring whatever might be, even remotely, interpreted as a compliment to himself.

His face is a study in contrasts—delicately moulded, with eyes clear and candid as a child's and strikingly blue under dark hair and lashes, a wide firm mouth, a jaw that expresses purpose,—and a hint of melancholy, even when he smiles. Though he's Dutch in origin, he looks enough like Maureen O'Sullivan to be her brother.

HE lived a normal boyhood in Omaha, against a normal background of family and school. He wanted to be, not an actor, but a writer. Two years at the University of Minnesota convinced him that practical experience might net him more than academic training, and back he went to Omaha—to look for a job. But the local newspapers there, found themselves managing very nicely without him.

"Go down to the Studios," a friend phoned him one day, "and see Mr. Foley."

The "Studios" were a block of shops and offices, given over largely to artists and architects. "Nice if I could get a job with one of them," thought Henry as he made his way downtown. He'd long since uncovered in himself a leaning toward sculpture and design. That, indeed, had been one of his reasons for leaving the university—he'd found himself spending more time at sketching and modeling than at [*Continued on page* 73]



The red velvet cape gives color to Kitty Carlisle's white robe, as seen above

Would you like a Burgundy lace gown? If you do, look at Gail Patrick's, above

"Age of Romance" is what this gown of white net lace is called. Kitty Carlisle, above, looks lovely in it

Have You a Theme Gown In Your Wardrobe?

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Kitty Carlisle, Wendy Barrie, Gail Patrick and other Paramount players bring you this month, not only creations, but genuine inspiration

NOT so long ago it was only Hollywood songs and plots that had themes. Now they have put *ideas* into clothes, and, according to Kitty Carlisle, it is a dull wardrobe, indeed, that hasn't at least one gown that tells a story of another day, another age, or another mood.

"Of course, these so-called novelty gowns have been popular for screen wear for sometime," the stunning and ultra-smart Kitty explained, "but few of us indulged the fantastic in personal wardrobes. Anything verging on the 'tricky' was supposed to be in bad taste. But, suddenly, and rather unexpectedly, Paris and Hollywood gave the 'go' signal on the inspiration gown and quite the most

Peach crêpe is chosen by lively Lyda Roberti for dinner gown, shown above

For street wear, Joan Bennett, above, picks a navy blue suit in novelty crêpe

Navy blue is the color of Gracie Allen's smart gabardine suit, as seen above

successful models of the Paris season were the ones that hooded milady's head, Indian fashion, or swathed her torso in silver mesh in the Twelfth Century manner, or sprawled flowers along her train after the manner of *Juliet* on her balcony!"

During a recent trip to New York, the clever Elizabeth Hawes created two mood dresses for Kitty Carlisle's personal wardrobe. These are pictured for you here. And, while Kitty does not claim them to be indispensable to the average girl's wardrobe, they are most certainly a valuable asset. You are bound to enjoy seeing them.

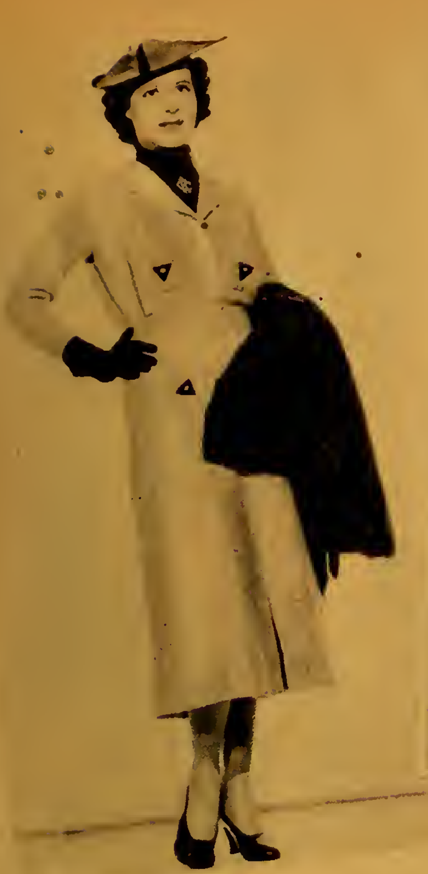
SHE continued: "The delightful feature of picturesque gowns is that they are not seasonal. Rather, they are moods, mere ideas in cloth that are equally wearable, no matter what the temperature."

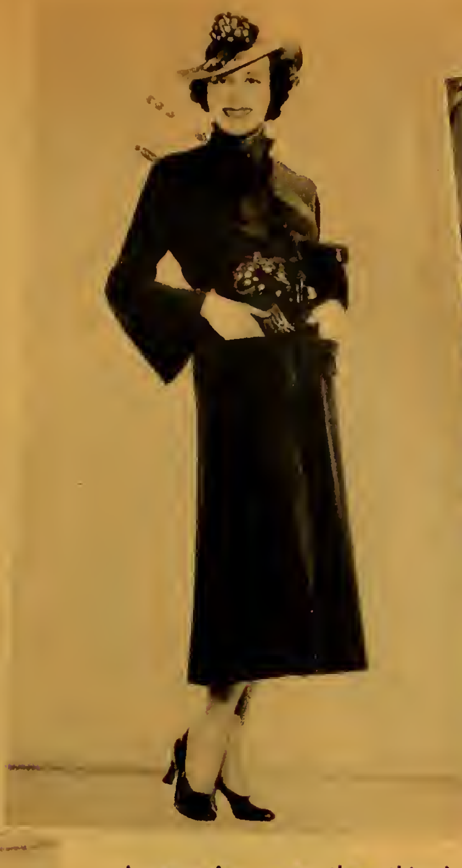
First, there is the very unusual "Personal Appearance" gown with its borrowed *Cardinal Richelieu* theme. This is not a dance gown, a hostess robe, nor is it in a formal evening mode. It was created for the exact purpose that its name implies . . . "personal appearance" when the stunning Kitty steps before "her public" to take a bow in the flesh. The robe is of rich white velvet, made startlingly picturesque with its brief shoulder cape of cardinal-red velvet, the flowing royal train, and the corded cardinal-belt. The tricorne hat (and back with a vengeance!) is of the same material and color as the cape, and the climax is the tiny muff of dark mink skins that adds a note of frivolity to the ensemble.

Second, there is "The Age Of Romance" evening formal that might have been worn by *Juliet,* herself. This glamourous gown is of white net-lace, studded with rhinestones and trimmed with clusters of roses and geraniums on the voluminous drapery. The drape, hanging from the shoulder and falling into a decorative train, may be arranged and re-arranged to produce any number of flattering effects. It may be swooped over the arm in the effect of a garland of flowers; or it may be draped about the shoulders as a cape. But it is most effectively worn as it is pictured here, in a cascading train on which great bunches of flowers are scattered.

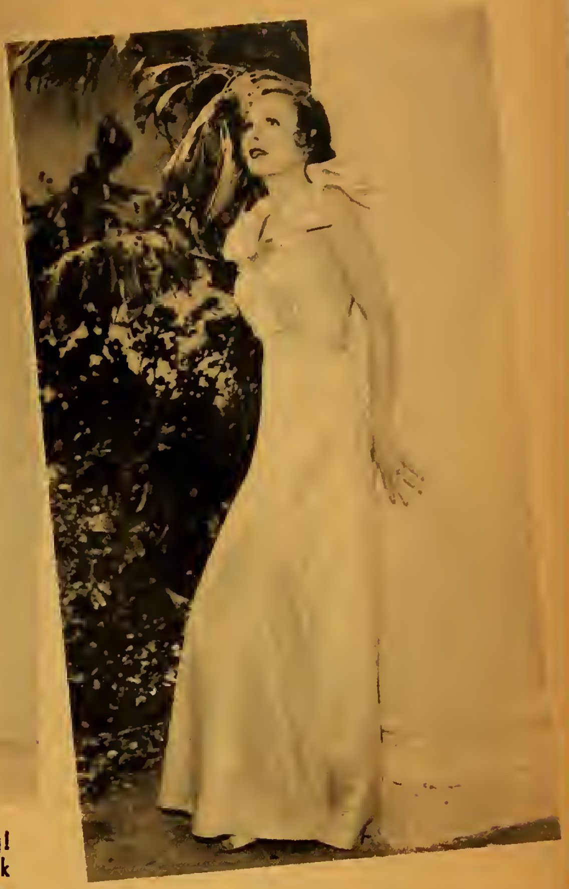
WE MIGHT say that Travis Banton, Paramount's own designer, had not been outdone in the picturesque dinner gown he designed for Gail Patrick, if it were not for the fact that Mr. Banton has for a long time (even before Paris got around to it) been an advocate of the "theme gown." Remember the startling *Devil is a Woman* wardrobe he designed for Marlene Dietrich's personal wear, following the release of her Spanish picture? Well, Banton makes no secret of the fact that he borrowed the idea of Gail's dinner gown, not only from the period of Cecil De Mille's *The Crusades,* but actually used the same material that fashioned Henry Wilcoxon's chain mail costumes, for the bodice.

The effect is one of twelfth century splendor, adapted to the 1935 modes. A panel of silver mesh is a smart effect on the heavy black satin skirt that just brushes the floor. And the satin repeats the compliment by being the only decorative note in belting the blouse.





Accessories are the thing! Note Kitty Carlisle's silk flowers, as displayed above



Featured by Wendy Barrie, above, in this pink satin gown, is the gored skirt

Tweed frocks are chic this Fall. Here, at left, Kitty Carlisle is wearing one, made in beige

For Wendy Barrie to wear in *The Big Broadcast of 1936,* Banton has designed a gown borrowed from the pattern of "the little girl's party dress." Here is an evening mode that should delight the heart of the sub-débutante with its sheer simplicity. Heavy pink satin fashions the dress in a sheath silhouette with a full, gored skirt. The skirt, although very deceptive until a certain moment in the film, turns out to be a separated one which enables Wendy to escape from a drawing room to go for a horseback canter in the moonlight . . . truly a Hollywood novelty gown! The huge bows on the shoulder are amusing and reminiscent of the hair ribbons that little girls wear so proudly.

Naturally, street clothes are not nearly as adaptable to the picturesque as dinner and evening models, but we did find three little "town-going" dresses among the new Paramount fashions, that offer smart and practical suggestions on that old problem . . . "what to wear between seasons."

KITTY CARLISLE wears Hattie Carnegie's lightweight wool coat dress in navy with that smartness she lends to everything she puts on her back. But Kitty, herself, is the first to call your attention to the accessories that "make" the ensemble. Into the brim of her navy hat, Kitty tucks a bunch of silk flowers and into the patent leather belt of the one-piece frock she tucks a matching cluster. This is the very newest way to continue to wear the popular artificial flower fad that came in so early in the Spring and will remain among the smart woman's accessories through Fall.

Joan Bennett's chic street costume is ideally suited to the California season and is just the thing you will see Joan wearing to Vendome or Trocadero luncheons. Of navy blue novelty crêpe, with natural crash linen collars and cuffs bound in navy grosgrain, this smart daytime suit was adapted from a model Joan is wearing in *Two For Tonight,* her new picture with Bing Crosby. The hat of braided ribbon with its important upturned brim is so flattering to Joan she has had it copied in felt and velvet to be worn with her Fall and Winter wardrobe.

BECAUSE no fashion march into Fall would be complete without that indispensable old stand-by, a suit or two or three, we're showing you Gracie Allen's favorite which she is wearing in *The Big Broadcast of 1936.* Gracie has two of these suits, one in navy and one in gray gabardine. Notice particularly the skirt length . . . at least two inches shorter than suits have been worn for several seasons, and the large patch pockets so flat on the coat. The smooth shoulder and hip-fitting is the

[*Continued on page 72*]

The TALK of

Tops as a dancer and comedian on Broadway, Clifton Webb, above, will soon be seen in films. Watch him!

You've heard Dorothy Page, above, on the radio. Now she's in *Manhattan Moon* with Ricardo Cortez

Merle Oberon, above, (she's making *Dark* to the sea to indulge in her favorite beach And what poor fish is there, that

HUGH HERBERT, a mighty fine comedian in any studio, was under contract to Radio at one time and no one there could see him, even as a bit player. He looked like a good prospect to Warner's and they guessed right. Recently Warner's loaned Hugh to a major studio to play the lead in one of the most pretentious musicals that studio has ever attempted. Sure, it was to Radio!

MINSKY'S Music Hall in the heart of Hollywood will have to offer something different from their ace idea "strippers"—to get by. If Minsky's strippers wear any less clothes on the stage than some of the extra gals wear on Hollywood Boulevard and at the beaches they will have to take off plenty.

ALEX KAHLE, German still photographer, and a mighty good one, is about the only cameraman that can induce Will Rogers to stand still while the shutter clicks. Rogers has great faith in Alex, so much so that, on days when he is working at the studio and he just cannot get to the wire office in Beverly Hills to file his little comment, he trusts only Alex to file the copy. Recently Alex was making stills of a group of actors in a picture with a war background. In one group, he thought he recognized a chap and he racked his brain, trying to think where he had seen the man previously. Under the pretense of making the actors appear a bit disheveled, he walked over to this particular chap and asked him to open his shirt and expose his chest—for the picture. The chap, reluctantly, consented. There was a scar, an ugly one. Then Alex remembered him. It was a chap he had bayonetted in a hand to hand conflict at Rheims, during the World War. Alex had always thought the fellow had died. They are the best of friends now.

MARLENE DIETRICH'S next picture will be *The Pearl Necklace* and Frank Borzage will direct her. A few days ago, Miss Dietrich was called to the studio to make costume tests for the picture. She brought her own technical adviser to the studio with her. The adviser was none other than Josef Von Sternberg, now a director at Columbia. And Joe is an advisor on photography—than whom there is none better.

JULE BESCOS, brilliant football end at the University of Southern California and last year's captain of the eleven, went through one of the most strenuous of seasons last year without an injury that prevented him from playing in any game including the tough Stanford and Notre Dame games wherein he was roughed plenty, as an end would be. After graduating from college he decided to do a little picture work. His first day on *Mutiny*

HOLLYWOOD

Who's who in Hollywood and who is doing what? Here is your chance to know all of the very latest inside answers!

When Joe E. Brown, above, goes into his laugh, everybody laughs! Here Ann Dvorak and Patricia Ellis do!

on the Bounty, a Metro picture, he took part in a mutiny scene aboard ship. In the scuffle he received a shoulder injury, (nearly dislocating it), that sent him to the hospital for several days. Proving that all those rough house scenes in pictures are not faked.

WINFIELD SHEEHAN, former head of Fox, sat in a projection room one day watching the "rushes" of *Farmer Takes a Wife,* and visualized Henry Fonda as having a resemblance to Abraham Lincoln as he must have looked in his youthful days. The idea intrigued Sheehan so much that he engaged Howard Estabrook, ace writer, to evolve the story, *A Younger Lincoln.* When this was announced, Estabrook was deluged with letters, telephone calls and the like which would indicate that the real Lincoln must have had more relatives than Brigham Young. Incidentally, at this writing, Estabrook has heard from 17 persons who claim to have been present in the theatre the night Lincoln was shot by John Wilkes Booth.

AT AN exclusive Pebble Beach, California, girls' school, there was recently produced by the pupils,

Angel) goes down sport, "surf-fishing". could resist her?

If you'll look past Marlene Dietrich, at right, you will see Carole Lombard with Lili Damita. They're seen as they looked while attending Carole Lombard's party at the Venice Pier

Here's Katharine Hepburn, at left, above, as she speaks to Evelyn Venable in *Alice Adams,* her new picture. There's charm in her smile!

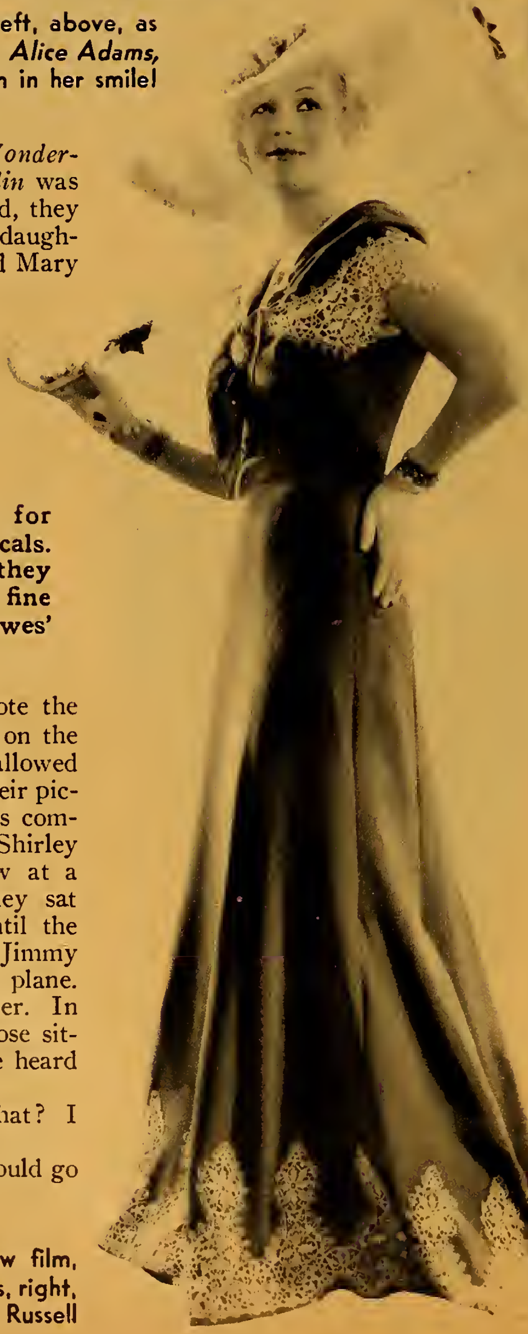
the story of *Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp*. The rôle of *Aladdin* was played, and mighty well played, they do say, by Mary Barthelmess, daughter of Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay. And is Dick proud of his little girl!

A MAJOR studio has placed under contract a hitherto obscure Hungarian singer, a baritone, and has started a buildup for the chap as a star in musicals. And where do you think they discovered this really fine baritone? On Major Bowes' radio Amateur Hour!

IT IS most interesting to note the reaction of the "kid" stars on the rare occasions when they are allowed to go to a preview of one of their pictures. When *Bright Eyes* was completed, the studio allowed Shirley Temple to attend the preview at a Beverly Hills theatre. Shirley sat quietly, made no comment until the scene which showed her and Jimmy Dunn high up in the air in a plane. Shirley could keep still no longer. In the quietness of the theatre those sitting within sound of her voice heard Shirley say:

"Mommy, how did they do that? I never went up in a plane."

Jane Withers was told she could go to the preview of *Ginger*. Her comment was: "Gee! that's swell. What's the other picture they are going to show? I hope it's good!"



Soon, you'll see Universal's new film, *Diamond Jim,* with Binnie Barnes, right, featured as the famed Lillian Russell

HOLLYWOOD is knee deep in opera singers this summer. Among the notables there, all contracted for pictures are Jeritza, Gladys Swarthout, Lily Pons, Marion Talley, Lawrence Tibbett, Nino Martini with Grace Moore expected early in the fall and Rosa Ponselle also expected. To quote Al Jolson:

"There are more opera singers in Hollywood than there are Marx Brothers."

Do you recognize the grimy coal miner of *Black Fury* in the photo above? You don't? It's Paul Muni

THEN there is the true story of the feminine star who brought her father to Beverly Hills for a visit. Although the star is in the real money, she lives in an inconspicuous home in the film colony. One afternoon, she came home from the studio and found her father missing. The girl was frantic and was about to notify the police when early evening came and her father had not shown up. But, before she called out the gendarmes to report her father missing, he showed up. He explained he had been taking a little walk in the park nearby and enjoying himself looking at the rare plants. The "park" was actually the front lawn of a bit player, a girl who had recently married a California oil man.

[*Continued on page 72*]

Frank McHugh, above

Here's the central figure in the trio—Jimmy Cagney, above

Pat O'Brien, above, completes trio

THE UNHOLY THREE

Jimmy Cagney, Pat O'Brien and Frankie McHugh are holy terrors when they play their practical jokes

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

IT ALL happened at one of the big round tables, in the executive dining room at Warner's. Cagney was there, and Frank McHugh, and the third of this inseparable trio, Pat O'Brien. There were also two visitors—one of them, a well-known composer, and the second, a famous novelist. They were all laughing and chatting merrily when Jimmy Cagney spotted Phil Regan, Warner's young singing star, coming in. Then the fun began.

"Wipe'em off, boys," said Cagney, speaking of the smiles. He beckoned Phil and Phil, seeing the celebrities at the table, came over, smiling. Cagney introduced him and then said, "Excuse me, gentlemen, but I have a personal question to ask Mr. Regan. . ." Phil leaned closer, to hear the whispered confidence. Jimmy, however, did not lower his voice, but raised it instead.

"My wife asked me to ask you if you knew the name of a good brass polish?" Jimmy shouted into Phil's ear. "She wants to clean up the andirons, and she wanted to know the kind of brass polish you used for your uniform buttons." Jimmy smiled innocently.

There was an ominous silence as Phil glared at Cagney. Pat O'Brien drew out a paper and pencil. "Yes, let's have it. I'm sure Mrs. O'Brien would like to know about it too." And then, in explanation to the novelist and composer, Pat added: "Mr. Regan was on the New York police force. And one year he got a medal for having the most perfectly polished buttons!" Pat laughed uproariously.

Instead of answering, Phil Regan fled. And it wasn't until he had closed the door behind him that the crowd broke into a loud guffaw! That, ladies and gentlemen, is just one little example of the insidious workings of that Irish threesome, McHugh, Cagney and O'Brien, better and more aptly known as "the unholy three." If there is anything you wish to forget about your past, I warn you—don't let this threesome in on your plans. For whatever you wish to forget, will be the last thing in the world that you will be allowed to forget. After all, Phil Regan only wanted to forget that he had once been a New York "copper"—but with Cagney, McHugh and O'Brien all on the same lot, that was impossible.

SOMETIMES the Warner publicity department would like to forget that it is the publicity department. Personally, each one of "the unholy three" is quite friendly with members of the publicity department, but they nevertheless hold to this principle: they should never appear to be overjoyed at seeing any publicity worker, man or women. Hence the "dead pans" when you hail one of

[*Continued on page* 70]

—Acme

Like most boys, Bing Crosby had little jobs to do around the house. And, like others, he tried to get out of doing them. As his mother says, in her story on the next page, "Bing was supposed to bring up the coal and keep the snow and leaves clear of the front lawn. He was still trying to avoid this job when he left home!" Now, in the photograph above, taken on the lawn of his own estate, Bing himself is faced with the problems of a father. Here he's holding his two-year-old son, Gary Evan, and one of the year-old twins, Philip. His wife, Dixie Lee Crosby, has the other twin, Dennis, in tow

HOW BING CROSBY'S Mother Guided His Career

Here's the star crooner's career, from the cradle up!

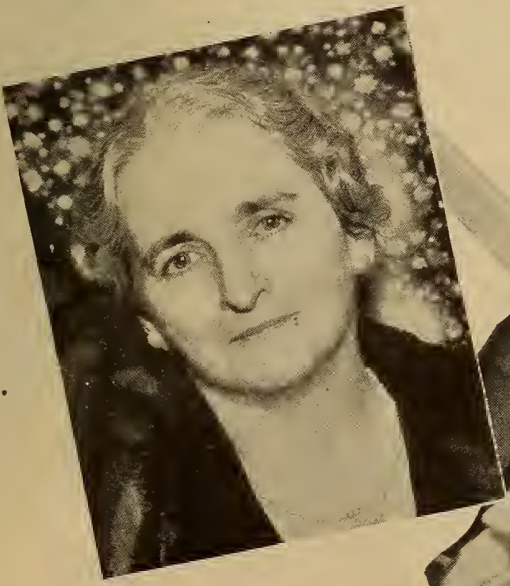
BY WILLIAM A. ULMAN, JR.

ON January 3, 1893, Kate Harrigan married Harry Lillis Crosby up in Tacoma, Wash. Forty-two years later, I walked into a meeting of the Ladies' Knitting Circle in a prominent Hollywood department store to interview her.

It was Larry's idea,—this trip of mine. Larry is one of her five sons,—the one who handles all of Bing's publicity these days. It was his idea that I should walk into her knitting circle to see his mother for the first time in my life! Now, I'm one of those men who become confused in the midst of any group of ladies. Mrs. Crosby, however, hasn't brought up one salesman, two writers, two singers and two young ladies, without getting some idea of what distress signals look like. She took me in hand. She put away her yarn and a pair of half-completed britches for Gary Evan Crosby and smiled.

"I SUPPOSE you want to see me about Harry—I mean, 'Bing'?" That's the way she said it,—with quotes. It seemed to her as

[*Continued on page* 86]



"Keeping one jump ahead of the boys wasn't any easy job!" says Bing's mother—about her sons!

The Picture

Stars who earned orchids
Garbo, Will Rogers, Edward
Shirley Temple, Herbert

Fearing that they're overheard, Greta Garbo and Fredric March talk guardedly in *Anna Karenina*

Will Rogers and Dorothy Wilson, seen here in a scene from *In Old Kentucky*, make a hit together

Giving vivid reality to his rôle in *Diamond Jim* is Edward Arnold. Jean Arthur's with him

Anna Karenina—AAAA—Garbo is tops again! In this new version of Tolstoy's immortal novel, she has an ultra-dramatic rôle, completely suited to her best abilities. And she gives one of the finest performances of her career. It is interesting to note, by the way, that it was in *Love,* a silent version of this same story, that she skyrocketed to the pinnacle of screen stardom. Now, she does it again.

Fredric March, as Vronsky, the dashing officer, for love of whom she abandons her coldly ambitious husband and her child, is mechanically perfect in his rôle but seems to lack something of the fire which animated John Gilbert's performance in the silent version. Freddie Bartholomew, as Anna's son, is sensationally good . . . . . so capable and so lovable that he steals every scene in which he appears. Maureen O'Sullivan, Basil Rathbone, Phoebe Foster, Reginald Owen, and Reginald Denny are outstanding in the supporting cast.

Anna Karenina is tragedy, somber and just a bit depressing. But it is a great picture, one of the year's masterpieces from every standpoint and should be seen by everybody. (M-G-M)

In Old Kentucky—AAAA—This is the most hilarious Will Rogers laugh-fest in years! This one has everything—Rogerian philosophy, a grand love story, a mile-a-minute plot, the rhythm-crazy, dancing feet of Bill Robinson and some plain, homespun tomfoolery that would make Old Man Gloom, himself, hold his sides.

The story's locale is in the Kentucky Hills, where the Martingales and the Shattucks carry on an ancient feud with undiminished venom. Rogers plays a homily-cracking horse-trainer. Fired by the wealthy Shattucks, he is promptly hired by their deadly rivals and devotes his talents, his schemes—and his philosophy—to the ultimate triumph of virtue, romance, and the Martingale race horse. His comedy has never been more humorous than it is here.

Charles Sellon, as the vindictive, shotgun-toting Martingale. contributes one of the most side-splitting farce characters seen in many a day. Dorothy Wilson and Russell Hardie are thoroughly capable as the lovers. Alan Dinehart and John Ince are outstanding in important rôles. (Fox)

Diamond Jim—AAA—During the gay nineties, Diamond Jim Brady, high-pressure salesman, prodigal spendthrift, super-gourmand and hail-fellow-well-met playboy, blazed on Broadway. His diamonds were fabulous, his tête-à-tête dinners were regal banquets, his friends were legion—and his life story, brought in this picture to the screen, was a flashing, colorful drama.

Edward Arnold, in the title rôle, is magnificent. His performance is so deft, so true to life and so virile that his name will probably be associated with that of *Diamond Jim* for the rest of his professional life. The story takes him from his humble beginnings as a freight clerk to his reign as a railroad mogul. It presents a kaleidoscopic picture of the whirlwind boom days at the turn of the century and dramatizes the birth of modern sales methods. But it never loses sight of its central intimate theme. Diamond Jim could buy anything—except love. That alone, he could not purchase.

Binnie Barnes, as Lillian Russell, is excellent. Jean Arthur proves herself a very capable actress. (Universal)

(Other current and recent

Parade

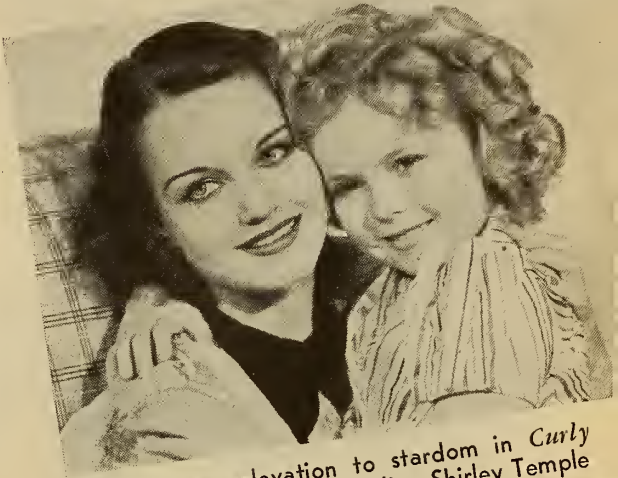
BY ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

for this month are Greta Arnold, Rochelle Hudson, Marshall and James Cagney

***Curly Top*—AAAA**—Here's a new formula for Shirley Temple pictures—and, by all odds, the best to date! *Curly Top* is in fact, a light operetta with a child prima donna. It gives Shirley a chance to display all of her talents. She sings, dances, and does imitations. She plays emotional scenes and comedy scenes. And, in every scene, you'll love her. Probably because no effort has been made to dramatize the simple, appealing plot, she is more natural than ever before.

John Boles, as the kindly bachelor who adopts Shirley and her older sister (Rochelle Hudson) from an orphanage, is human and believable. Rochelle Hudson gives a beautiful performance and her work in the scene in which she reveals her love for her guardian, fully justifies her recent elevation to stardom. Maurice Murphy, Esther Dale, Arthur Treacher, and Etienne Girardot feature the supporting cast.

High lights: Shirley's two songs, *When I Grow Up* and *Animal Crackers in My Soup*. John Boles' two songs, *It's All So New to Me* and *Curly Top*. Don't miss this one—it's a knockout from every point of view! (Fox)



Justifying her elevation to stardom in *Curly Top* is Rochelle Hudson, holding Shirley Temple

***Accent on Youth*—AAA+**—Breezy, sophisticated comedy-drama, as sparkling and as gay as vintage champagne,—that's what this is. *Accent on Youth* offers few "belly-laughs", but it does guarantee a steady barrage of mirthful chuckles. Perfect direction, witty dialogue, well-developed plot, and remarkably fine acting combine to make it one of the month's outstanding high lights.

The story deals with the love of a youthful secretary for her past-middle-age, playwriting employer—and with his efforts to convince both her and himself that June and November should never mate. What man could win such a battle? Herbert Marshall and Sylvia Sidney are co-starred and both turn in perfect performances. Marshall, in particular, is ideal for his rôle and this picture should carry his stock to a new high.

But, excellent as the principals are, the real comedy star of the picture is Ernest Cossart, playing the playwright's butler. Credit him with the most intoxicating comedy of the year! This one will be hard to beat! (Paramount)

Making love to Sylvia Sidney in *Accent on Youth* is Herbert Marshall, an aging author

***The Irish In Us*—AAA**—A highly enjoyable—and sometimes highly emotional—mingling of gusty, robust comedy and frank sentimentality is presented here. This picture, with its laughter and tears, may not be a major contribution to "art," but it will please every audience. And please note that, of all this month's screen offerings, *The Irish in Us* is most highly recommended for the children.

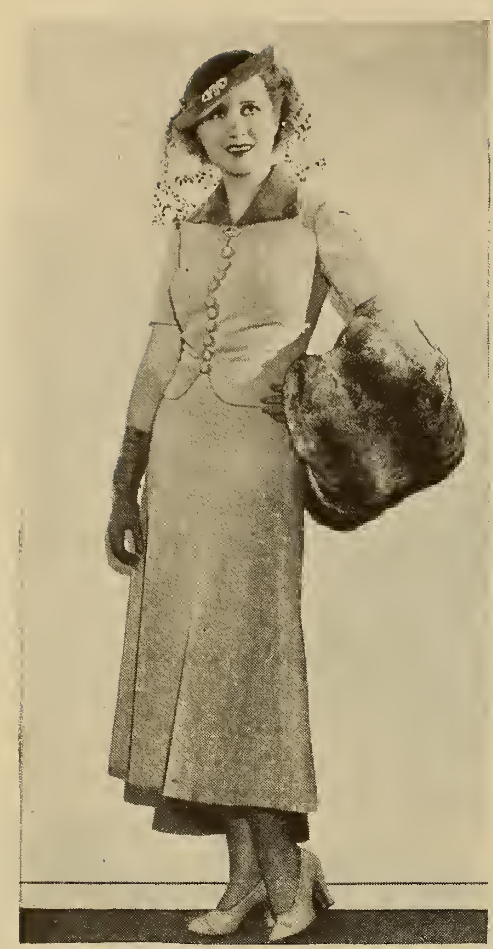
James Cagney, in the central rôle, gives one of the finest performances of his career. As the scapegrace youngest son of the family, he is devoted to his mother, at odds with his older brothers, and determined to make a success of the fight game. His scenes with Mary Gordon—the most convincing Irish mother ever glimpsed on the screen—have genuine tenderness and his work in the fight scene, which climaxes the story, packs a real two-fisted wallop. Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh are perfectly cast as his two older brothers. Olivia de Havilland, a new personality of considerable promise, is excellent as the girl, and Allen Jenkins, as a punch-drunk pug, turns in some delirious comedy. (Warner Brothers)

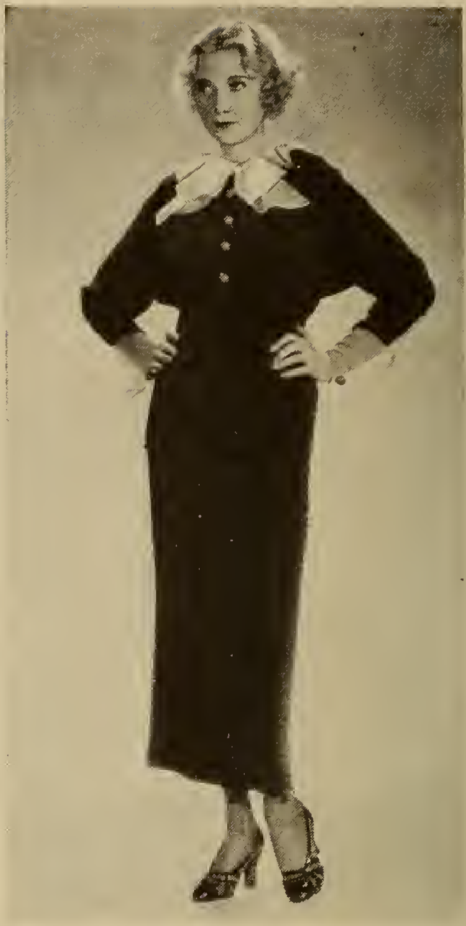
With his arms about Pat O'Brien and Olivia de Havilland in *The Irish in Us* is Jimmy Cagney

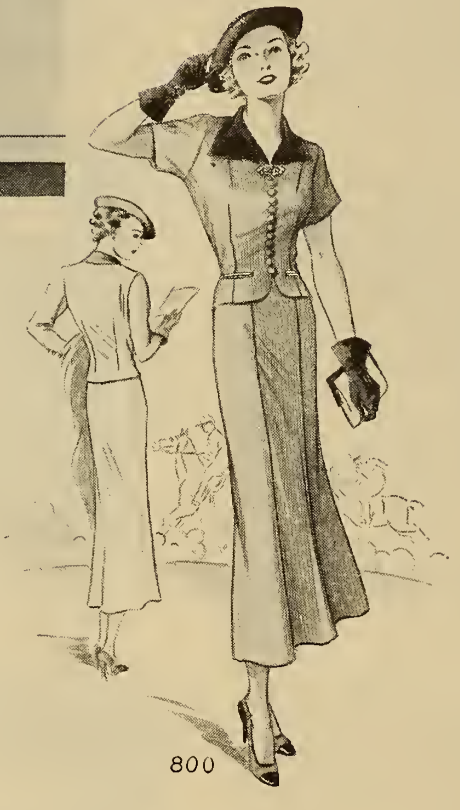
films are reviewed on page 12)

Pattern After the Stars!

Let Hollywood's queens of style help you dress!



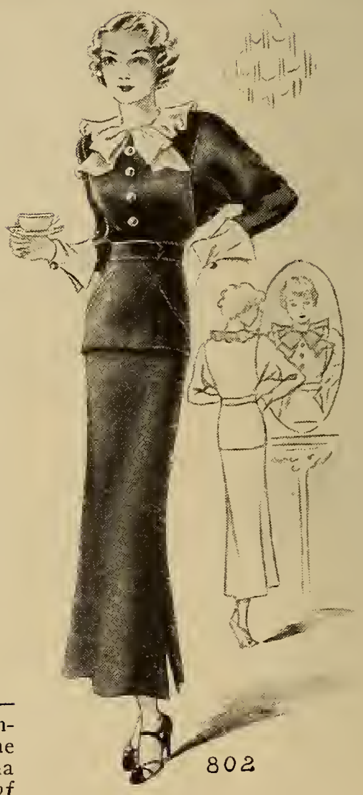




800

SMART TWO-PIECE DRESS

At right: Pattern No. 800—Here's a novel two-piece dress of gray corduroy with self-fabric collar in darker gray. It's the type you'll adore taking away to college. It's worn by Genevieve Tobin in *Here's to Romance.* Of course, in wool jersey, rabbit's hair, wool-like silks, etc., it's stunning too. Style No. 800 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38, and 40-inch bust. (Price of pattern, 25 cents.)



802

YOUTHFUL NECKLINE

At right: Pattern No. 802—Smart black crêpe dress with interesting treatment at the neckline in white organdie, worn by Una Merkel in *Broadway Melody of 1936.* The white note is repeated in the attractive cuffs. Huge red buttons trip down the front bodice and fasten the cuffs. The collar and cuffs would also be smart in ruby-red velveteen. Style No. 802 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38, and 40-inch bust. (Price of pattern, 25 cents.)

MOTION PICTURE Pattern Department,
529 South Seventh St., Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed.................cents, please send me a pattern of the:

Genevieve Tobin Dress, size................ bust................☐ Pattern No. 800.

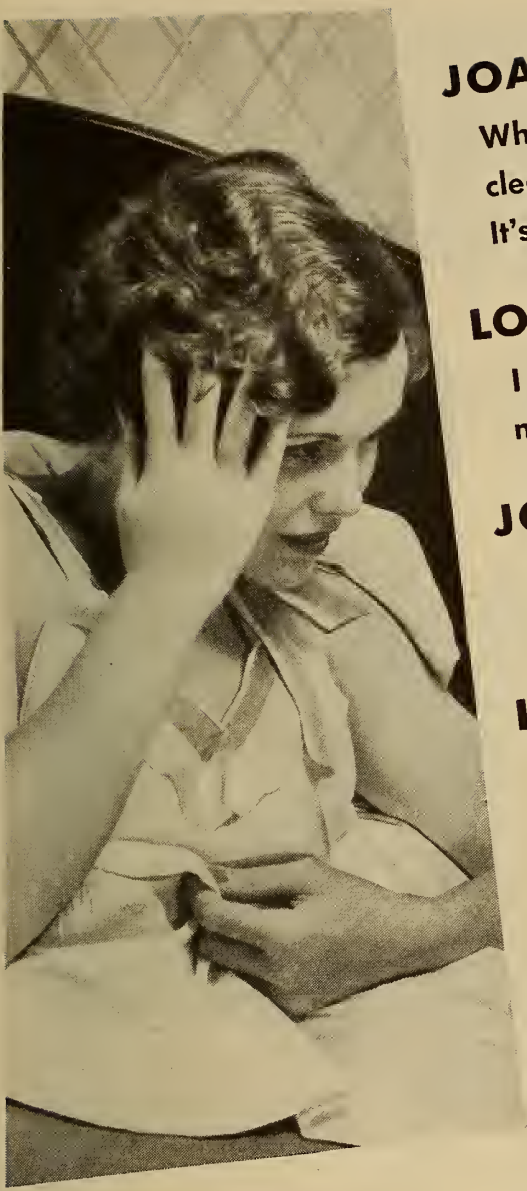
Una Merkel Dress, size...................... bust................☐ Pattern No. 802.

Name ....

Street ....

City.. State...........................

All pattern orders are filled promptly. If you enclose twenty-five (25c) cents with this coupon, you can get a pattern of **either** of the two dresses described. For fifty (50c) cents you can get **both!** Place check marks in the squares provided above to indicate what you wish to have sent to you.



JOAN
Why so fussy about cleaning your face? It's late.

LOTTY
I never leave stale make-up on all night.

JOAN
What's the harm in that?

LOTTY
Don't you know stale make-up left clogging the pores causes ugly Cosmetic Skin? Lux Toilet Soap's made to guard against it.

THE lather of Lux Toilet Soap is ACTIVE. That's why it protects the skin against the enlarged pores and tiny blemishes that are signs of Cosmetic Skin. If your skin is dull or unattractive, *choked pores* may be the unsuspected cause.

Don't risk this modern complexion trouble! Guard against it the easy way thousands of women find effective.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove from the pores every trace of stale rouge and powder, dust and dirt. 9 out of 10 screen stars have used it for years because they've found it *really works.*

Why not follow their example? Use all the cosmetics you wish! But before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—give your skin this gentle care that's so important to loveliness—and charm!

Margaret Sullavan

Star of Universal's "NEXT TIME WE LIVE"

USE ALL THE COSMETICS YOU WISH! I AVOID COSMETIC SKIN BY REMOVING MAKE-UP WITH **LUX TOILET SOAP**

Much more is expected from women today

These days are good to women. They have independence unheard of a generation ago. And with this new status every woman is expected to have a frank, wholesome outlook, particularly in those matters which affect her intimate feminine life.

Take the question of feminine hygiene. The modern woman has found out that *Zonite* is the ideal combination of strength and *safety* needed for this purpose. The day is gone when caustic and poisonous compounds actually were the only antiseptics strong enough. In the past, you could not criticize women for using them. But today every excuse for them is gone.

Zonite is *not* poisonous, *not* caustic. Zonite will never harm any woman, never cause damage to sensitive membranes, never leave an area of scar-tissue. This remarkable antiseptic-germicide is as gentle as pure water upon the human tissues. Yet it is far more powerful than *any* dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the human body.

Zonite originated during the World War. Today it is sold in every town or city in America, even in the smallest villages. Women claim that Zonite is the greatest discovery of modern times. Comes in bottles—at 30c, 60c and $1.00.

Suppositories, too—sealed in glass

There is also a semi-solid form—Zonite Suppositories. These are white and cone-like. Some women prefer them to the liquid while others use both. Box holding a dozen, individually sealed in glass, $1.00. Ask for both Zonite Suppositories and liquid Zonite by name at drug or department stores. There is no substitute.

Send coupon below for the much discussed booklet "Facts for Women." This book comes to the point and answers questions clearly and honestly. It will make you understand. Get this book. Send for it now.

USE COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION FG-510
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.
( ) Facts for Women
( ) Use of Antiseptics in the Home

NAME..
(*Please print name*)
ADDRESS.......................................
CITY........................STATE...............
(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P. Q.)

JOHN BOLES *answers* J. EUGENE CHRISMAN'S *September Letter*

DEAR FRIEND Gene:

The only thing you did in that open letter to me was to put a man named John Boles on a hot spot. How am I to answer all the nice things you said to me, without seeming conceited? A pretty kettle of fish you cooked up for me!

But, since you were kind enough to write me, I'll be considerate enough to reply to the best of my ability. I can only say that I do not kid Hollywood, nor permit Hollywood to kid me. You tell that old joke, paraphrased, about . . .

"That wasn't any lady, that was my wife," you remarked.

It is very appropriate. I simply am not a "play-actor"—once I take my make-up off and leave the studio. I am just a "small-town boy" from Greenville, Texas. That's all.

I do not go out, very often, to parties or dances, because the greater part of my leisure time is given to voice work—singing lessons and practice. And, besides, I am not very much interested in crowds. Then, too, if I am at work all day at the studio and go out to parties and night clubs in the evening, I have no time for relaxation,—and no time to spend with my family.

MY FAN mail is an important factor in my professional life and I pay a great deal of attention to it. My fan clubs also interest me. And their membership, which is large, is to me a most sincere expression of personal interest in my screen work on the part of the movie-goers generally.

You are right: My wife did teach me the art of screen love-making. She watched my first pictures intently. She saw I was stiff, unyielding in the love scenes. She took me in hand and said:

"What will people think of *me,* if your performances do not give a better interpretation of love-making? You should make love on the screen as you would at home. I'll defy any actress not to react to it in scenes with you!"

About my singing and my voice: My voice is improving, I believe, as I grow older,—or, perhaps, more experienced. I believe that, professionally, my voice is my greatest asset. The studio recognizes that and, in recent months, has given me parts in which I sing. I had several numbers in *Redheads on Parade.* In *Orchids to You,* in response to many requests from theatre-goers, I sang Oley Speaks' famous *Sylvia*—a song particularly adapted to my type of voice. And I also sang a little number by Eugene Fields, set to catchy music. In *Curly Top,* I sang the title song, and another called *Simple Things in Life,* and another, *It's All So New to Me.* All of them were adapted to my voice.

I HEAR you have been elected to honorary membership in my English fan club. I feel honored to know that you accepted. It is one of the most active and powerful clubs carrying my name.

Why should I be "high-hat," Gene? What *good* would come of such a pose? I do not believe anything in the world—success, fame, wealth, adulation—could ever change me. I have no illusions, you know. I look *life* squarely in the eye and I hope, at least, that I *know* life and all its vicissitudes. I do not look for miracles, although sometimes I feel the day of miracles has not passed forever. But why anyone wants to go "high-hat" in Hollywood, or any other place, is beyond my understanding.

Regarding the type of pictures I prefer: Clean ones, of course. It is cleanliness that sells pictures—recent developments have proved that.

I do not make friends easily, nor enemies, either, but when I do make friends with anyone, it is a lifelong affair. I believe I am one of the happiest men in the world. I do not want any change to disturb that happiness.

Thank you, sincerely, Gene, for your nice letter.

Always, your friend,

John Boles

"I'D SOONER DIE THAN GO TO ANOTHER PARTY"

Pimples were "ruining her life"

1 "I had counted so much on my first high school 'prom'! Then my face broke out again. I could have *died*. My whole evening was a flop. I came home and cried myself to sleep.

2 "Those pimples stayed. Even grew worse. Then, I heard about Fleischmann's Yeast. I began to eat it. Imagine my joy when my pimples began to disappear!

3 "Now my skin is clear and smooth as a baby's. I'm being rushed by all the boys. Mother says I don't get *any* time to sleep!"

Don't let adolescent pimples spoil YOUR fun—

DON'T let a pimply skin spoil your good times—make you feel unpopular and ashamed. Even bad cases of pimples *can* be corrected.

Pimples come at adolescence because the important glands developing at this time cause disturbances throughout the body. Many irritating substances get into the blood stream. They irritate the skin, especially wherever there are many oil glands—on the face, on the chest and across the shoulders.

Fleischmann's Yeast *clears the skin irritants out of the blood*. With the cause removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear. Many cases of pimples clear up within a week or two. Bad cases sometimes take a month or more. Start *now* to eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast as long as you have any tendency to pimples, for it is only by keeping your blood clear of skin irritants that you can keep pimples away.

Supplies Vitamins A, B, D, G
FLEISCHMANN'S
YEAST
Eat 3 cakes daily before meals

—*clears the skin*

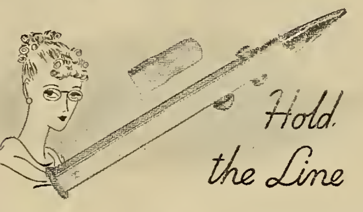
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Incorporated

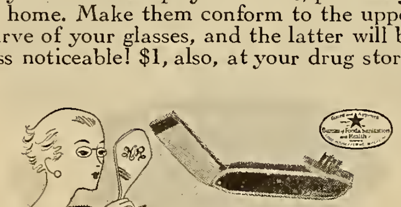
BRIGHT EYE-DEAS

EYES BEHIND GLASSES!

Lots of women we know hesitate to wear glasses because they believe them unflattering. Not a bit, if you beautify your eyes! Glasses make them look smaller—so enlarge them . . . with Kurlash, the little implement that curls back your lashes lastingly between soft rubber bows. Your lashes appear longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter, deeper! Opticians recommend Kurlash because it keeps your lashes from touching your glasses. $1, at good stores.



Don't neglect your eyebrows, either! Tweezette, which "tweezes" out an offending hair at the touch of a button, is the easiest way known to shape your brows, painlessly, at home. Make them conform to the upper curve of your glasses, and the latter will be less noticeable! $1, also, at your drug store.



Behind your glasses, you can use eye make-up liberally and defy detection! Try Shadette, at $1, to give your eyes size and allure. And the little marvel Lashpac to travel in your handbag everywhere. It holds a stick of mascara for accenting brows and a little brush to groom them later. Also $1. Write me if you aren't sure what shades to use!

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department E-10. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

NOW YOU'LL KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS

Just Ask the Cinema Sage

If you want information about a movie star, ask this department. Your answer will appear as soon as space permits its inclusion. Or, if you prefer an immediate personal reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your letter to The Cinema Sage, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Michael Bartlett—This operatic tenor is winning great popularity with Grace Moore in *Love Me Forever*. He was born at North Oxford, Mass., in 1903. He is five feet ten and a half inches tall and weighs 158 pounds. His eyes are blue-gray, and his hair is black. (A. L., Harrisburg, Pa.)

Spencer Tracy—Yes, he was born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 5, 1900. He was educated in the public schools of that city and at Marquette University. His new picture is *The Murder Man*, in which he is starred with Virginia Bruce. (B. K., Milwaukee, Wis.)

Robert Allen—His real name is Ted Baer. His first film appearance was in *The Quarterback*, with Richard Dix, in 1926. He was born at Mount Vernon, N.Y., March 28, 1906. He has blue eyes, light brown hair, weighs 150 pounds and is five feet eleven inches tall. (C.A., Syracuse, N.Y.)

Dorothy Page—Her real name is Anna Stofflett. Before coming to Hollywood to appear in *Manhattan Moon* with Ricardo Cortez, she was a radio star. She was born at Northampton, Pa., March 4, 1910, is five feet six inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. Her eyes are brown and her hair is titian. (C.N.H., Rock Island, Ill.)

Luise Rainer—Yes, *Escapade*, with William Powell, is her first American film. She was born at Dusseldorf, Germany, and has appeared on the stage in Berlin and Vienna. Her eyes and hair are brown. She is five feet three inches tall, and weighs 115 pounds. (K.L.A., Fort Worth, Tex.)

You will see the blue-eyed Ruby Keeler soon with Dick Powell in *Anchors Aweigh*. Watch for this!

Jackie Cooper—He was born at Los Angeles, Calif., Sept. 15, 1923. *Sunny Side Up*, made in 1929, was his first film. His name before entering the movies was Jackie Leonard. His mother and father are divorced. Jackie's new picture is *O'Shaughnessy's Boy* with Wallace Beery. (J.D., Little Rapids, Wis.)

Jane Withers—Since this child actress is growing daily, it is difficult to give you her exact height and weight. She is eight years old. Her coming picture is *Redheads on Parade*, in which she appears with John Boles and Dixie Lee. Before that she was featured with Jackie Searl in *Ginger*. (F.P., Baltimore, Md.)

Joe E. Brown—He is very much interested in baseball,—in all sports, for that matter. He once played second base professionally for the St. Paul, Minn., nine. Later, he was sent to the New York Yankees but did not play with that team. His first picture was *Hit of the Show*. His real name is Joseph Evan Brown. (C.H.R., Batavia, N.Y.)

Ann Dvorak—Her next film is *Dr. Socrates* in which she is featured with Paul Muni. Her husband is Leslie Fenton. She plays the piano well and her favorite popular music is George Gershwin's. Her initial picture was *Scarface*. (P.L.D., Cheyenne, Wyo.)

Marian Marsh—Her recent picture was *The Black Room* with Boris Karloff. Her real name is Violet Krauth. She was born on the Island of Trinidad, Oct. 17, 1913. Her first sceen success was achieved in *Svengali* with John Barrymore. (R.A.K., Memphis, Tenn.)

Arline Judge—She was educated at St. Agnes Seminary, Brooklyn, at the Ursuline Academy, New York, and for a year at New Rochelle college. Her recent picture is *College Scandal*. (N.S., Fargo, N. D.)

Mrs. Samuel L. Barlow *of Philadelphia, Pa., and New York City. Socialite . . . ardent horsewoman and dog lover . . . traveler . . . international hostess . . . collector and interior decorator. Her husband is a brilliant composer.*

AN INTERNATIONAL HOSTESS OF *Charm* AND *Distinction*

Mrs. Barlow considers Listerine Tooth Paste as much of a luxury in its small way as the antiques and tapestries that adorn her gracious homes in Gramercy Park, New York City, and Eze, on the French Riviera.

Mrs. Barlow's drawing room in her New York City home, with its rich 19th century French tapestries.

Mrs. Barlow's winter house at Eze, on the French Riviera, overlooking the Mediterranean. The foundations of the rambling buildings at Eze are partly Roman and the structures themselves are largely of the 10th Century. There has been little change here since mediaeval times. Like her other homes, this too, houses a rare collection of antiques and objets d'art, and is the scene of many a brilliant social gathering.

"It seems that we have always used the products of the Lambert Company. Naturally when Listerine Tooth Paste came out we were delighted to find that it came up to the usual high standards expected from such a conservative old company. I particularly like the clean, exhilarating feeling it gives to the mouth after using—it reminds me of a fresh wintergreen berry picked off the ground in a New England pasture."

It is significant that men and women who could easily afford to pay any price for a dentifrice, prefer Listerine Tooth Paste, made by the makers of Listerine. Obviously, the price of 25¢ could be no factor in their choice. They are won to it by its marvelous quality and the quick, satisfying results it produces.

Nearly 3,000,000 men and women have discarded old and costlier favorites for this better dentifrice.

If you have not tried it, do so now. See how much cleaner your teeth look. See how much brighter they become. Note how wonderfully clean and refreshed your mouth feels after its use. Remember that here is a product in every way worthy of the notable Listerine name; at a common sense price. In two sizes: Regular Large, 25¢ and Double Size, 40¢.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Marble bust of Joel Barlow, Ambassador to France in 1812, by Houdon, the famous sculptor.

Mrs. Barlow considers her carved coral jewelry one of her most valued possessions. The photograph, of course, does not do justice to its beauty and delicacy.

Listerine

TOOTH PASTE

Large Size 25¢ . . . Double Size 40¢

Beauty Robbing
DIRT VEIL
Removed from Hair in 10 Minutes

Amazing, new-type shampoo gives dull, faded hair gleaming life and lustre—with a single washing

ACCEPT GENEROUS TRIAL OFFER
NOTE COUPON BELOW

Is your hair dull and lifeless—even after you have just shampooed it? Then the chances are 9 out of 10 that the hair shafts are covered with a beauty-robbing *Dirt Veil*... A *single* shampoo of Mar-O-Oil will completely remove this *Dirt Veil*. When this happens, your hair will gleam with life and lustre. It will sparkle with beautiful highlights. And how soft and silky it will feel... Mar-O-Oil makes this startling change because it has the power to loosen and remove this *Dirt Veil*, when other methods fail completely. Then, being a scalp treatment and tonic, as well as a super shampoo, it nourishes the hair and imparts a lovely sheen... Get a bottle of Mar-O-Oil from your drug or department store. Use it only ONCE. If you do not agree that it is the finest shampoo you have ever used, your money will be refunded in full. Or, mail the coupon below with 10c, either in stamps or coin, for a regular sized 25c bottle.

*Magnified hair shaft showing Dirt Veil left on it after improper shampoo.

*Magnified hair shaft shampooed with Mar-O-Oil. Note how clean. Not a trace of Dirt Veil left.

*MAR-O-OIL
Soapless
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO

GENEROUS TRIAL OFFER
J. W. MARROW MFG. COMPANY
Dept. 105. 3037 N. Clark St.
Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your regular sized 25c bottle of Mar-O-Oil for which I enclose 10c in stamps or coin.
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

Being a fine hostess, Arline Judge uses "Card Partner" as shown

HOLLYWOOD Home Hints

●Arline Judge is what her Hollywood friends term "a swell hostess" . . . Small wonder, then, that she has several sets of Card Partners. A Card Partner is a triangle-shaped tray, with a gadget that can be bolted to alternate legs of a card table so that the tray is eight or nine inches below the level of the table. It can be used for lemonade glasses, thus keeping all moisture away from the top of the table. There are two special indentations to keep the glasses firmly placed in each tray. Also, there is space enough for an ash tray. Only two go with a table because each accommodates the glass and cigarets of two players. Arline also points out that you can use Card Partners with lawn and beach furniture and with floor lamps, since they bolt on and can be taken off very easily.

●Baking potatoes on top of the stove is something new in household practice, according to lovely Barbara Stanwyck (who doesn't look very domestic, but is a good cook!). She does this new and cool kind of baking with the aid of her Club Aluminum sauce pan. She just puts it over the gas burner and covers it up. The potatoes bake as well as if they were in the oven. Then, too, Barbara adores her Club Aluminum hot cake griddle which doesn't need any greasing and can be reversed for broiling steaks. Also, she uses her sauce pans for preparing a whole dinner which ordinarily would be cooked in the oven. These Club Aluminum utensils are not only solid and substantial looking, but have an attractive, mottled finish on the outside which is very decorative.

●There was a time when David Manners was cold during the winter in his desert *rancho*. But that is all changed. He bought himself a Kalamazoo Franklin Heat Circulator, designed to heat like a furnace, but looking much more like a glorified radio cabinet. This heater, burning great lumps of coal or logs of wood, will heat five or six rooms at a time.

●Mrs. Temple—yes, Shirley's mother—vouchsafes this novel and really lovely idea for decorating the table for a child's birthday party . . . Pour a quantity of melted paraffine in a shallow glass dish, insert the proper number of candles and let the substance harden so that the candles will stand up straight. Add a little water. Then put short-stemmed flowers and greenery into it. The finished effect, when the candles are lighted, makes a beautiful center piece.

●While those wonderfully convenient sets made up of a folding table and four folding chairs and used for bridge, don't represent a new idea, Carole Lombard has one which is worthy of comment. She uses it upstairs in her lovely, rose-toned bedroom, when other girls come in for an informal game of bridge. It is done in an attractive green, just the shade of the exquisite jade figurines which she has on her highboy and the green upholstering of a couple of incidental chairs. The table has little pockets at the corners to serve as ash trays. Her rose and green playing cards are initialled "C.L."

●Unsifted flour is packed too closely, says Kay Johnson, to be measured accurately. To prevent using too much flour, she says, always sift it once before using. This practice should be followed without variation.

From lovely, blonde ANN SOTHERN

Ann Sothern
in Columbia's
"The Girl Friend"

a Brunette *and* a Redhead Learn how to Dramatize *Their Beauty*

To the surprise of Ann Sothern, her guests Helen Davis and Louise Lee, declined her invitation to the preview of, "The Girl Friend," her latest Columbia picture.

"You'll meet screen stars, directors, and other interesting people there," urged Ann Sothern.

"That's just it," returned Helen, "I'd feel self-conscious meeting glamorous celebrities when I'm so dull looking."

"So would I," returned Louise.

"Nonsense! You're better looking than you think—I'll prove it to you by taking you to Max Factor, the Hollywood genius of make-up. He knows a secret that can make you glamorous too."

An hour later the famous make-up artist was creating a beautiful living portrait from the dull little face of Helen Davis. With every touch of his deft fingers, her face blossomed with new beauty. Color harmony powder, followed by color harmony rouge, then lipstick... suddenly with a thrill of joy, she saw in her mirrored image, a beautiful woman!

"You see new beauty," explained Max Factor, "because for the first time you have used the three harmonized shades of powder, rouge, and lipstick that reveal the beauty of your brunette type. Color harmony is a discovery I originated in creating make-up for living screen star types, and consists of powder, rouge, and lipstick in shades that harmonize with each other, and with the individual colorings of blondes, brunettes, redheads, and brownettes."

Louise was also amazed at the power of color harmony make-up to dramatize her redheaded type. Enchanted with their new found beauty, the two girls attended Ann Sothern's brilliant preview where they met famous stars, authors, and directors with the poise and assurance that comes to a woman when she knows she is lovely.

"Thanks to your make-up secret, life is going to be much more fun now," they told Ann Sothern.

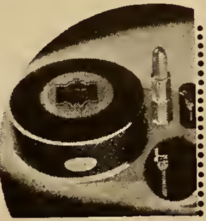
Would you too like to share the luxury of color harmony make-up created originally for screen stars exclusively? If you are a blonde, brunette, redhead, or brownette, there is a color harmony make-up that will transform you into a radiant new being just as it did for Helen and Louise. Max Factor's Powder is one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge is fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick is one dollar. At leading stores.

ANN SOTHERN'S COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP

POWDER. To dramatize her delicate blonde coloring, and give her skin satin-smoothness, *Ann Sothern* uses Max Factor's Rachelle Powder. Its color harmony shade enlivens her skin, and its texture makes it cling persistently. Used exclusively, it safeguards her sensitive skin, keeps it young and normal.

ROUGE. To give a radiant, lifelike glow to her cheeks, *Ann Sothern* uses Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge. Exquisitely smooth, it blends so easily that it appears to be her own coloring. The color harmony shade remains alluring under any light because it has been light tested.

LIPSTICK. Being moisture-proof and pure, Max Factor's Vermilion Super-Indelible Lipstick is applied to the inner as well as the outer surface of the lips, giving them a perfectly natural appearance that remains uniform in color *for hours.*



© 1935, Max Factor & Co.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP: *Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Color Harmony*

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*.. FREE.

5-10-100

NAME____________________

STREET____________________

CITY__________ STATE__________

COMPLEXIONS	*EYES*	*HAIR*
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES (Color)*	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	

The Magic of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids

will instantly transform your eyes into glowing pools of loveliness

● Beautiful, expressive eyes are within the reach of every girl and woman in the simple magic of the famous Maybelline eye beauty aids. Their magic touch will reveal hitherto unsuspected beauty in *your* eyes, quickly and easily.

Just blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow and see how the color of your eyes is instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Finish your eye make-up with a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to make your lashes appear *naturally* long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold—your eyes become twin jewels, expressing a new, more beautiful YOU!

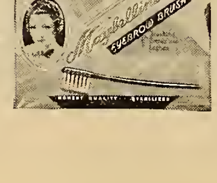
Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline eye beauty aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Accept only genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.

BLACK BROWN BLUE

BLACK AND BROWN

BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN

COLORLESS



HOLLYWOOD Takes the Stand

with WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

who tells you things you never knew till now

Q. What are Hollywood's statistics for the height and weight of the perfect girl?

A. According to Busby Berkeley, who ought to know, the ideal American girl should be five feet, four inches tall, and weigh 118 pounds. Dolores Del Rio, by the way, qualifies perfectly.

Q. How much would an evening at the Cocoanut Grove cost?

A. Depends on how hungry you are. There is a cover charge of two dollars. Dinner is five dollars. A bottle of good Sauterne is $1.75.

Q. Where was Alison Skipworth and what was she doing before she came to Hollywood?

A. Miss Skipworth was in New York on the stage, busily appearing in nineteen consecutive flops, which is a record. No flops in Hollywood to date!

Q. How old is Lyda Roberti?

A. She doesn't know. It is the main argument in the family, and none of them ever agrees.

Q. Are the stars as glamorous off screen as they are on? I mean, what do they wear, where do they go, what kind of make-up do they use on the street?

A. If a star really has glamour, it's pretty apt to show no matter where she is or what she is doing or wearing. The last time I saw Kay Francis, she was wearing an old blouse, a skirt that had seen better days, and a pair of filthy tennis shoes. And she was still glamorous. She wore very little make-up. I have seen George Raft eating a hot dog and looking as if he had just left his Bond Street tailor. Harold Lloyd does most of his shopping in the five-and-ten-cent stores. Jean Harlow goes in a good deal for slacks and lounging pajamas, but hasn't a chance not to look glamorous with that hair of hers. Joan Crawford is so tanned that she wears no make-up except lipstick. Clark Gable looks exactly the same off the screen as he does on. So does Zasu Pitts. Hope these few examples suffice to show you that stars are not very much different from you and me. They do about what they like—when they are permitted!

Q. Do they film the action, the music, and Fred Astaire's dancing simultaneously?

A. No. First an orchestra—and quite probably *not* the orchestra you see in the picture—plays the music, which is recorded. Then a camera photographs Astaire's dance, silently. Then Astaire, wearing a set of earphones through which he hears the recorded music, does the dance again, and a microphone picks up the taps. Then the music, the dance, and the taps are synchronized on one strip of film. Simple?

Q. If I should come to Hollywood, how would I go about getting into a studio to see how a picture is made?

A. In just two ways: either get a job in a studio, or be clever enough to locate a friend working in one. The first is well-nigh impossible, and the second is hard on your friend, unless he is an executive. Studios bend a mighty frown on visitors, because of the mechanical intricacies of sound and the emotional eccentricities of the stars with which they have to deal.

Q. What does Hollywood Boulevard look like?

A. Hollywood Boulevard looks like the main stem of any good-sized town, with this exception: at night there are more electric signs to the square inch than any other town can boast. If you drive to a high vantage point at night and look down, the street looks like a gigantic string of brilliant jewels placed at the foot of the Hollywood hills. In the daytime, about the only things that distinguish the boulevard are the very smart clothes in the shops, the unbelievable number of drug stores, one or two ultra-modern restaurants, the unusual number of enormous and elaborate automobiles, and the sight of an occasional screen star. The boulevard proper is only a little over two miles long, but it straggles way down east into an uninteresting part of Los Angeles where rents are from $18 to $35 a month. At the west, it ends in the hills where rents may range from $250 to $4,000 a month.

I don't want to be typed—says Ann Sothern

[Continued from page 27]

all. I know it can be cruel—awfully cruel—if the breaks are lacking. But it can be wonderful to a person, too, as it is to me now. I don't blame Hollywood for my bad breaks in the beginning. It's all a part of the game.

"Hollywood's a very fine place to be from now and then. Personally, I'm glad I was frozen out in the beginning. It made me get in and work. I intend to be on Broadway in a play, at least once every two years. I *have* to.

"We get in a rut out here. It's too easy and we don't realize how easy it is until we face an audience. Why, when I went on the air, a short time ago, on Rudy Vallee's program, *I was nearly petrified with fear!* The reason? Because there was an audience at the radio studio. The mike didn't frighten me. But those people out in front did.

"If I can learn from New York and audience reaction, I can learn nearly as much by studying those actors whom I consider great. I'll go to a Paul Muni picture four, five, even six times and 'get something' from it every time. Once, I may watch his face; the next, his wonderful hands. Muni is truly great. He has forgotten more than most actors ever know. He's a great character actor and *he never 'steps out' of character.* And character parts are what I want to play most of all. I'd trade a 'pretty girl' rôle any day in the week for that of an old hag, if the hag was a real character. Right now, I stand a good chance of being typed as a 'hey-hey' dancing girl, a 'looker.' I don't want that! Give me a chance *to do* something, as in *Folies,* where they let me scream, yell, and throw things! In *Melody in Spring,* I was simply posed—one way and then another—for seven or eight reels. But in *Eight Bells,* particularly the last part of it, I had a chance to *act!* I liked that. I even liked the first part, where I was portraying a none-too-savory species of womanhood.

ANN SOTHERN is going far. She still studies singing with her mother, the famous Annette Yde; dancing, with the best teacher in Hollywood; and still has time to polish her knowledge of French! She plays just as hard as she works. Her game at tennis is one of the strongest in town. Looking at her, one is apt to become a little flowery in her praise. I was going to tag her as "The Blonde Goddess" until I recalled that goddesses have never been known to work as hard as *this* girl.

As a matter of fact, Ann defies exact classification. The girl has everything—looks, ability, appetite for success and an entirely disarming sense of humor, rarely found in girls like her. Hollywood producers are singing Ann a plaintive little song these days. It goes: "Oh tell me pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?"

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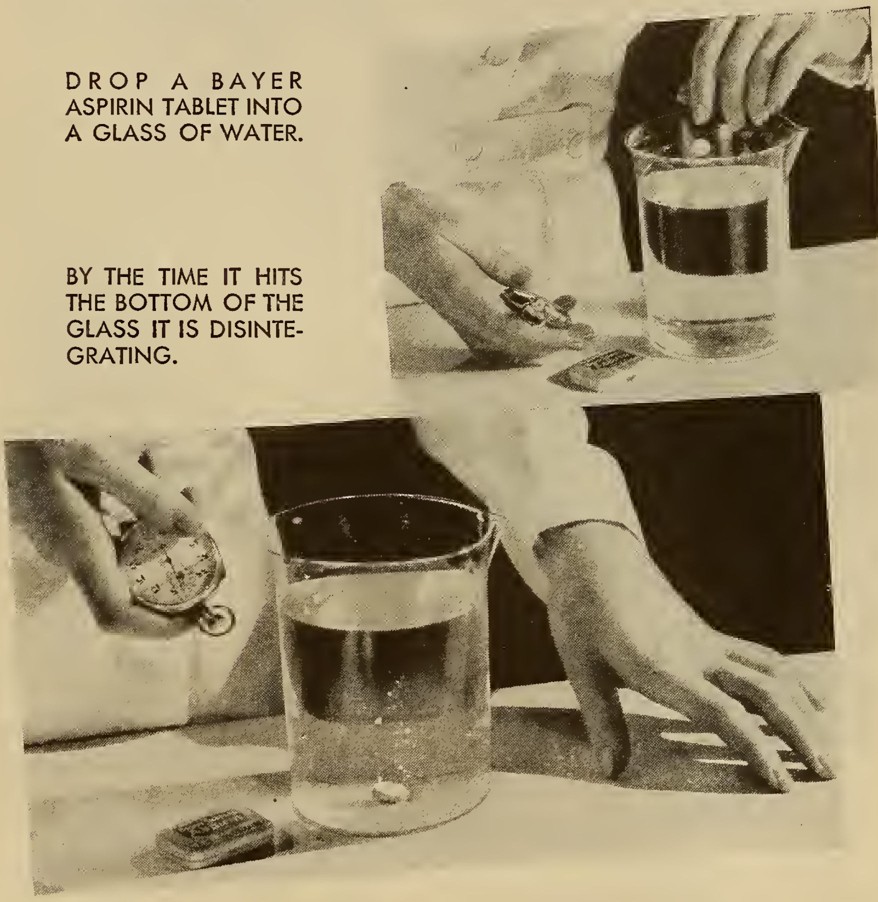
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Name ....
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Height............ Weight............ Age............
Orders from Canada and Foreign Countries, Cash in Advance.

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 10]

are that he will go to Universal to play opposite MARGARET SULLAVAN in *The Next Time We Live.* This, I believe, was the play HENRY FONDA, SULLAVAN'S ex-husband was to appear in but cannot, due to other duties.

Not On Ice

THE LYLE TALBOT-PEGGY WATTERS romance has not been put on ice despite the rumors in local and Eastern columns. The cutie is testing at Paramount for the femme lead in *Jungle Girl*—and it's believed that she will click.

Stray Thoughts

DID you stop to think that there has never been a murder or a crime of violence actually committed in a Hollywood studio? What Hollywood needs, says a Hollywood wise-guy, is a full-length mirror which can be carried in a purse.

Will They Middle-Aisle It?

FRIENDS have predicted romance for COLLEEN MOORE and her business associate, JOHN HEWIT, who is handling the tour of her doll's house. He is soft-spoken and good-looking and do not be in the least surprised if they march up the aisle, when her divorce from AL SCOTT becomes final.

Bowled 'Em Over in Blighty

POLLY MORAN is back in town after knocking 'em stiff in the East and in England. POLLY is having her first ride on the forty-foot sailing boat which her husband, MARTIN MALONE, supervised during her absence. Polly is tired, but happy and she feels that her recent successes have made a new place for her on the screen.

Thisa and Thata

JUNE KNIGHT goes East to appear in COLE PORTER'S *Jubilee* with ALBERTINA RASCH going along to do the dances. MERLE OBERON prettier every time I see her. Peace for a long time in VELEZ-WEISSMULLER menage and Hollywood is waiting for the explosion.

John and Susan Ann

VIRGINIA BRUCE has been forced to build a fence around her home because her tiny daughter, SUSAN ANN GILBERT, has learned to walk. How time does fly—and JOHN GILBERT, by the way, leaves at once for a personal appearance tour which he feels will restore him to film favor once again. The best of luck, JOHN!

It's the Viking in Them

CARL BRISSON and his lovely wife, CLEO, recently completed a pack trip through Yosemite. The BRISSONS love to rough it and, of course, their ever-present movie camera was in evidence. They collected quite a lot of American scenery.

All by Her Lonesome

MIRIAM HOPKINS has been away from production on *Barbary Coast* for several days, because of illness. MIRIAM, so great a hit in *Becky Sharp,* threatens to top it as the only woman in the cast of *Barbary Coast.*

Fox's Fine Gesture

BEFORE HENRY FONDA'S father died, Fox gratified his wish to see his son's first picture, *A Farmer Takes a Wife,* by rushing a print to his bedside. Unfortunately, HENRY couldn't be at the bedside showing as he was in the midst of taking scenes for *Way Down East.*

Romantickings

IT looks very much like the "rough-'em-up" *heavy,* WARREN HYMER, who is a Yale grad, is completely ga-ga about ELSIE DEMPSEY, sister of the former champ. And LEE TRACY is still squiring ESTELLE TAYLOR, the former champ's ex-wife. It looks like he and ISABEL JEWELL have definitely split at last.

Mebbe Yes; Mebbe No

JOAN CRAWFORD and FRANCHOT TONE have yet to deny or affirm the report that they were married on their trip East last summer. They both simply smile and say nothing, but we hope it's true for it seems like a true love match.

Horton-Minded

THERE are plenty of rôles awaiting EDWARD EVERETT HORTON when he returns from London. Hollywood has just discovered that the fans are HORTON-minded and EDDIE is already set to star in a Sol Wurtzel production for Fox, entitled *Your Uncle Dudley.*

Cheers for Joby

JOBY RALSTON (Mrs. Dick Arlen to you) was responsible for saving the life of little Rickey, the Arlen heir, when he suddenly jumped from their yacht into the water to retrieve his toy auto. JOBY, a fine swimmer, jumped in, clothes and all, and rescued the baby.

So Red the Roof

OF all the red, red roofs we have ever seen, the reddest is the roof of JACK LARUE'S new home in San Fernando Valley. You can see it for miles, as conspicuous as the button on the smoke-house door.

Loy's Next—Likewise Garbo

MYRNA LOY, who left Hollywood for New York and Europe in a huff, is returning to play *The Prisoner of Zenda* opposite her old side-kick, WILLIAM POWELL. GARBO'S first, upon her return from Sweden will be *Camille.*

Hollywood's Newest Warbler

FOX is all excited over ROCHELLE HUDSON'S singing voice and so firmly does WINFIELD SHEEHAN believe in her vocal talents that he is putting her in a JOHN BOLES picture, *The Song and Dance Man.*

Rave Notices

SINCE *Escapade,* they are comparing LUISE RAINER'S screen technique with ELISABETH BERGNER'S and she richly deserves it. The Viennese discovery replaced MYRNA LOY when that lady left for Europe and she has become an overnight rave.

Mae Goes Social

MAE WEST is going social on us and has added to her staff, MARCEL VENTURA, once secretary to the KING OF SPAIN. He doubles as butler when she entertains in her dressing room, and interpreter when foreign visitors come up to see her sometime.

C. B.'s Showing Okayed

CECIL B. DE MILLE slipped out of Hollywood recently, took to his yacht and sailed down to San Diego, where he showed his new picture, *The Crusades,* to an enthusiastic audience. DE MILLE sat in front of the screen, carefully watching audience reaction, and is said to be completely satisfied with results.

After the showing he took to the high seas in his yacht with a $40,000 library of Bible history, borrowed from the Boston library and sent out at heavy insurance rates. With him are HAROLD LAMB, authority on Bible matters, and JEANNE McPHERSON, scenarist. They are starting *Samson and Delilah.*

[*Continued on page* 78]

Katherine De-Mille, featured player in "The Crusades," wears a new silver mesh collar inspired by the chain mail armor of "The Crusades" period.

Lovely Lace Mesh Bag to match.

FROM *Crusading Men at Arms comes the Vogue of* METAL MESH

From the hand-wrought chain mail of warrior Crusaders springs the motif of this ultra-smart style accessory—METAL MESH by Whiting & Davis.

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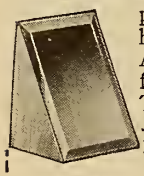

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I'm Not a Prima Donna!—Grace Moore

[*Continued from page* 36]

even she did not realize, then, the seriousness of one mistake she was making; that of allowing the "ritzy and temperamental" stigma, so unlucky these days, to be pinned upon her! It is this misfortune which has followed her from the days of her failure even into these, the days of her success.

"You see," she explained, "when I was launched as a movie star with such a fanfare of trumpets, my impulse was to call a halt. I was prompted to cry out that all of this was against my nature; that being a friendly, human and modest soul I was ill-suited to be a part of this reel-life pomp and play-acting.

"But logic assured me that my vague fears were groundless and silly. It obviously *was* play-acting, mere burlesque, I told myself, and no one could possibly mistake it for anything else. As such, it was a grand lark, and I enjoyed it. For the first time in my life, I was being treated like a prima donna!"

"BUT," I protested, "you *are* a prima donna!"

"I had thought so too," smiled Grace. "That is, until I learned that a totally false understanding of the term is often confused with the true one. According to the dictionary, a prima donna is simply 'the principal or leading female singer in an opera or concert organization.' But in the vernacular, *outside* opera circles, and common in Hollywood when I arrived, a prima donna is an arty, petulant, intolerant and intolerable creature whom many dislike, some fear, and none understand! In that sense, I am *not* a prima donna!

"Nor, mind you, was I posing as one during my first experience as a motion picture actress. Far from it. But the nature of the ballyhoo attached to the signing of my contract, the various honors paid me, such as a huge banquet for the press, the general pomp and ceremony, attending my talkie debut, and even such innocent things as the leasing of a lovely old estate, seemed to create that impression among some people."

But Grace, being a real prima donna and having known other prima donnas, such as the charming and human Mary Garden, simply couldn't believe that anyone would take the slang meaning of the term as a fitting description of herself. Press notices such as that referring to her "special train, which rushed the opera diva and her extensive retinue across the continent," disturbed her, stirred the warning impulse. But logic, based on the faulty premise that everyone must surely realize no such creatures as traditional prima donnas could exist today, outside of asylums, dime novels, and press-agent imaginations, reassured her. Surely the general public, and particularly her co-workers and the journalists of Hollywood, would take the pomp and grandeur of her heralding as good-natured burlesque! Surely they understood that opera folk, like other true artists, are—of necessity—real, human, tolerant, and understanding, with probably fewer temperamental, unhappy freaks among them than there are among butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers!

THE public's hearty reception of Grace in her new films proves that she was right in thinking that she could trust its judgment of herself. But *in Hollywood,* there was a minority who took the burlesque seriously. They interpreted all of Grace's actions wrongly, confusing her with the ballyhoo that has surrounded her gala entrance into the movies. Some of them have since admitted their error. Others, unsportsmanlike die-hards, even today refuse to believe in Grace's genuine democracy, her earthy, healthy humanness, her sincerity and realness. It is these who try, with poisoned tongues and pens, to harm her.

For example, here follows an excerpt from a newspaper column. The columnist was to blame only for printing it; the information came from another source, probably was thought to be reliable.

"Grace Moore is on her way back to Hollywood . . . I might, in passing, give Harry Cohn a pointer or two concerning Miss Moore's arrival . . . Cohn may think he knows something about temperament . . . But Mr. Cohn may learn that he is an amateur . . . if he does not have a sufficiently large and impressive welcoming committee on hand to meet Miss Moore. The opera singer staged a terrific tantrum recently when she arrived in Denver and was met only by an exchange manager for Columbia. Where were the photographers? Where were the reporters? Where were the fans seeking autographs? Miss Moore's manager didn't know where they were, and the star was reported in Denver papers as having worked herself into such a rage over their absence that she had to take a walk to regain her composure."

SUCH is the aftermath of Grace's earlier experience in Hollywood; the harvest of a misunderstanding which should now be totally forgotten, but is not. Only those of us who know her for the really fine person that she is, can definitely brand such items utterly false, wholly without foundation of fact. Like Scharlie, ve vern't dere—but we know Grace Moore well enough to know she would never act that way; that it is altogether out of character for her.

Neither were we present when Grace is supposed to have discussed temperament from quite another angle. But, in this case, we can believe the story about her. It seems someone labeled temperamental tantrums as "medieval showmanship, gone into disfavor, because of the growing dislike of the public for such intelligence-insulting sham." Grace disagreed. Its decline from favor wasn't so much a matter of public indignation, she opined, as an improvement in the quality of people who became entertainers and artists of the stage, the opera, and the screen.

In other words, people of breeding and background don't get temperamental when a little—or a great deal—of success comes their way!

And Grace, who comes from a very fine family of influential banker-folk and cotton-mill owners in Jellico, Tennessee, had both the breeding and the background. She can be democratic and human for this reason, and because she knows *real artists must be!* And for the added reason that when she ran away from home, in order to pursue her career in defiance of a paternal veto, she starved and struggled and ventured daringly; acquired a deep knowledge of humanity, a sense of humor and proportion. Such women just aren't the silly, shallow, self-pampered sort of "prima donnas" Grace has been accused of being. Her whole life is a record of fine democratic, understanding relationships with all kinds and classes.

DISPLAYS of what has been labeled temperament, in connection with the making of her recent pictures, have quite a different explanation. They originate in the tension of her fight to make good; in her steely determination not to be defeated a second time. She'd have good camera work, good make-up, good sound recording *this* time, or know why! Whether anyone disliked her or thought her temperamental, or not, there would be no repetition of that early failure through human carelessness or deliberate neglect. This, Grace insists, isn't the temperament in her, but the *Irish!*

In her life away from the sets, Grace is now making a deliberate effort to overcome all the prejudice against her that may have lingered as an aftermath of the old days. A typical, and very nice little gesture that she made was when she asked a writer to remove his coat when he was lunching with her one hot summer day. She gives picnic lunches, has a wide and mixed circle of Hollywood friends, talks freely about everything including her handsome husband, Valentin Parera, who is a successful actor in Spanish-version pictures at another studio. She is readily accessible to writers and patient with Hollywood's numerous, pestiferous autograph-seekers.

In every way, she's striving to convince Hollywood and the world that she's not, in the objectionable sense, a prima donna. And whatever Grace thinks about it, it is the opinion of friends and observers, such as myself, that she may in the long run actually profit from that early misunderstanding. It may result in her ultimate attainment of a very fine honor: recognition as the most democratic and lovable lady who ever adorned the screen!

The Serene Confidence of the 8th WOMAN

ALWAYS HERSELF

Do you know a woman who is never at a disadvantage, never breaks engagements, never declines dances (unless she wants to!) and whose spirits never seem to droop? She is apt to be that eighth woman who uses Midol.

NATURE being what it is, all women are not born "free and equal." A woman's days are not all alike. There are difficult days when some women suffer too severely to conceal it.

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Doesn't the number of women, and the kind of women who have adopted Midol mean a lot? As a rule, it's a *knowing* woman who has that little aluminum case tucked in her purse. One who knows what to wear, where to go, how to take care of herself, and how to get the most out of life in general.

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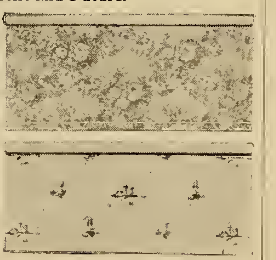

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I'm No Ladies' Man says Clark Gable

[*Continued from page* 25]

they call it 'making conversation.' Men alone don't feel the necessity of talking unless they have something real to say. I've worked for days in a factory, shoulder to shoulder with other fellows, without exchanging a word. Evenings in the mountains—where I go between pictures for shooting and camping—I can spend around a fire with a guide and a couple of other natives—whittling, cleaning guns, and speaking only now and then with long silences between.

"Women don't give me stage fright as much as they did once. Women in general, I mean, but I still feel self-conscious and sort of wary with 'em. I guess I'm just *not* a ladies' man!"

CLARK GABLE is the one screen star who can talk to a woman as though she were a man, an intimate friend at the studio once told me. After that, I watched him—and eavesdropped—while he conversed with a lady-interviewer, a script girl, a beautiful screen star, a publicity woman. He told the interviewer—who was trying to get him to talk about "Marriage"—the correct way to play a trout. He and the script girl got into a discussion about skeet shooting at which they both practiced every lunch hour. The star, noted for her silken boudoir appeal, was regaled with a dissertation on the cleaning of a carburetor—with pencil illustrations on the back of one of her new photographs! To the publicity woman, who had been sent to get his vote on the Ten Most Attractive Women Stars of the Screen for a newspaper syndicate, he told a long anecdote about a duck-shooting trip from which he had just returned.

"I tell you frankly," Clark grinned, "I haven't the hang of this interview business yet. I still feel sort of silly talking about my feelings, and giving my ideas on every subject, but I know it's part of the business—the strangest business in the world for a man to be in. Nothing will make me a social light, I guess. I'd rather sit around a garage discussing motors with the mechanics than get into a white tie and tails and spend an evening making conversation as the dinner partner of some beautiful woman star!

"I go to a few parties, to the polo games, the fights and to the races at Santa Anita. But my idea of a grand time is—now and always—to pile camping equipment and guns into my car and start out."

ON the evening of the first Mayfair dance of the past season,—the occasion for which all the crown jewels of Hollywood are taken out of safe deposit boxes and the night when every star tries to out-dazzle every other star,—a publicity man, driving down from San Francisco, overtook the sturdy figure of a wayfarer, tramping toward the Mojave Desert, pack on back, gun slung over his shoulder. Fifty miles away from where the Hollywood stars were dancing at the movie colony's most festive occasion, with news cameras clicking, Clark Gable was happily walking the dusty roads, beneath bright desert stars.

Last year, Clark allowed himself to be talked into making a personal appearance tour (he wakes up even now in the middle of the night in a cold sweat dreaming of that tour, he tells me). He has been more woman-shy than ever since his return. When, recently, he went down to Texas to see his step-daughter, Georgiana, married, somebody saw him getting into the plane to leave from Hollywood. As he sailed peacefully through the blue of the Arizona sky, automobiles began to roar up to the airport that he would soon reach, while their occupants, mostly feminine, surged out on the field, applying lipstick as they ran. With the buildings of the Texas city in sight beneath them, the pilot told the unsuspecting Clark the news that he had just received by radio. "There's a crowd of ten thousand women waiting for us on the field," he said. "Get the dimple working, bo!"

To Clark Gable's horrified eyes the land, which they were approaching rapidly, swarmed with feminine hats. A million (more or less) upturned faces seemed to watch the plane's descent hungrily.

"LISTEN," Clark told the pilot desperately, "Have a heart! Couldn't we land somewhere else? I can't get out into that mob! How would I act? What would I say? What could I do?"

A low roar, reminiscent of that of hungry lions at a zoo, came to their ears above the hum of the motors. The pilot looked at the movie star. A few moments before, he had been envying him. Now, from his heart, he pitied him.

Clark Gable had faced cornered mountain lions in Wyoming wilds. He once pursued a bear to his den. Once he helped cap an oil well that was on fire. But he knew enough by sad experience to pale and tremble at the sight of a mob of women movie fans with their scissors drawn!

"Okay," said the pilot, pushing his stick forward and zooming up into the skies, "We land at Miles Field, Mister."

"They were grand to want to meet me," Clark said when I brought up the subject. "Of course, I'm not the man they wanted to see, not me—Clark Gable from a small town in Ohio, the fellow who hasn't any pretty parlor talk and would rather toss a flapjack over a sagebrush fire than eat something under glass at a Hollywood night club. They expect to see the Gable they know on the screen—whoever he is. And I'm always afraid of disappointing them. I never have learned what to say when women flatter me because of my acting."

"But praise is one of the biggest rewards for being a movie hero," I protested. "You don't mean to tell me that you don't want it?"

"Of course not," said Clark, *"What man would?"*

HE may be Public Lover Number One to the fans but he doesn't belong in Hollywood. The temptations of the most publicized town in the world are not for him. Fame? He doesn't know what to do with it. Money? He has no need or desire for most of the luxuries that his earnings could buy for him. Good times? The Hollywood definition of pleasure isn't in Clark's dictionary. Romance? He is happily married and doesn't care who knows it. Wherever he goes in society, Ria Gable, his wife, charming and suave, is at his side.

With the beautiful and famous women stars of the films begging for him as a screen lover, his name has never been connected with theirs in this most gossipy of all towns.

"It's a job," he says briefly. "I like it better than any other job I've ever had. But it won't break my heart when it's over. There's always something interesting to do in this world. Hollywood won't be a habit hard to break for me. I never have dug in here particularly. It's only this last year that I've had a house. Before that, I always felt so temporary that my wife and I have lived in apartments so that—when the movies were through with me—we could pick up and go. I don't know so many people here. Most of my intimate friends are trappers and guides in the Arizona hills where I go between pictures. I haven't even built a bar into my house. Nor invested in a swimming pool!

"I HAVEN'T been in the big salary class very long, and so I won't miss it so much when it stops coming. A man who's chivvied huge logs down flumes for his living has a different notion of money from that of most actors. To me the money you earn by the sweat of your brow is more real somehow than Hollywood salaries. I've had to gauge my spending by that sort of earning so long that I haven't acquired expensive tastes. And, I guess, now it's too late to begin. I don't suppose that I'd want to live again the way I've been forced to live at times, but my ideas of a good income are ridiculously far below Hollywood's.

"And, among the things I won't miss when I leave Hollywood (as all screen stars do sooner or later) is the necessity of living up to the public's idea of how a movie actor should look and act—and talk!"

That's the way Clark put it. And that was just what he meant!

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Hold·Bobs BRING *Hollywood* TO YOU!

Douglass Montgomery and Anita Louise indulge in a cup of tea between scenes during the filming of Universal's comedy "Lady Tubbs".

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Alice Brady and Anita Louise on the set during the filming of Universal's comedy "Lady Tubbs".

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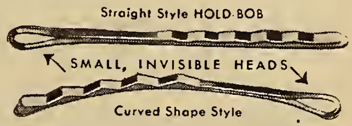

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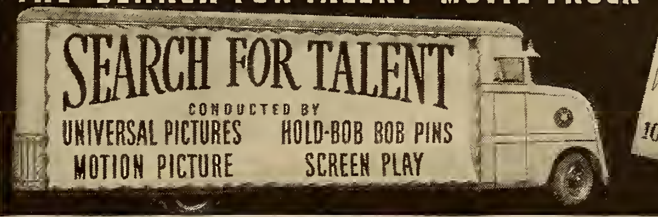

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The Unholy Three

[*Continued from page* 49]

them across the lot. If you are alone they will only give you that—a "dead pan." However, if there is someone with you, and they do not want the effect to be lost, you will probably get a scowl as well! The three of them, when they are together, have the annoying habit of pretending not to remember you when they meet you for the fourth or fifth time. And this when you may have had a most delightful lunch with one of them just the day before! It's all very confusing—which is *exactly* what they intend it to be.

But, if you think they bring confusion and flushes to other folks' faces, wait till you hear what they do to each other. (As a matter of fact, if they weren't always ribbing each other, they'd never be forgiven for ribbing the rest of Hollywood!) One day, the three of them were having lunch in Frank McHugh's dressing room. (Incidentally they take turns bringing lunch to the studio.) One day, Jimmy brought it.

THERE was a key ring in the door. Absent-mindedly, (really absent-mindedly!) Jimmy closed the door behind him, locked it, and put the keys into his pocket. Then he strolled over to his set. Some several hours later, when it had taken no less than two "grips," a sledge hammer and an ax to extricate them, McHugh and O'Brien showed up on the set in a white fury. But Jimmy only laughed. "Don't be absurd. I haven't got your keys. What would I be doing with your keys? I've got enough of my own to worry about."

"Jimmy, now cut the kidding. Fun's fun . . . but it has to end sometime. Come on,—come across!"

"Oh, run along and don't bother me. Don't you think I'd know if I had your keys?"

"Well, would you mind *looking* anyway!"

Just to please them, with the air of a patronizing elder, Jimmy put his hand into his pocket,—and there were the keys!

"Balmy!" said McHugh. "I always knew it."

O'Brien pointed a finger to his temple, and moved it in a small circle, sighing as he did so. "Completely balmy!" he repeated. "Not to be trusted under any circumstances."

"Well," said McHugh, as they walked off. "We'd better keep it from his wife,—at least for a while. Maybe it'll blow over."

But from what I have told you about these three, do you think it had a *chance* to blow over? Not on your life. Every time Jimmy seems a bit vague about anything, Pat says, "How about McHugh's keys?" Or Frank says, "You haven't seen my keys, have you Jimmy?"

JIMMY'S SPIRITS have improved lately, however, for now he has something on McHugh. During the making of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* McHugh had to wear a very tight shirt, especially tight at the wrists, with no way to open the cuffs. One day while Frank was trying to get out of his shirt, which was always a contortionist's act at best, Jimmy was hanging around. McHugh had his hands behind his back, trying to wriggle out of the sleeves, when Jimmy discovered that the sleight-of-hand business might be made easier if Frank removed his wrist watch first. So, still working behind his own back, McHugh struggled with the wrist watch. Jimmy stood behind him and watched him struggle,—and he chuckled to himself.

Finally, Jimmy could stand it no longer. "Look, McHugh . . . far be it from me to intrude. But why don't you just bring your arms around to the front. Maybe you can take your wrist watch off, if you do that."

McHugh's hands came to the front. An expression of horror froze on his face. "Gee, I never thought of that."

"Balmy!" said Jimmy calmly, and went out of the room to spread the news to the Warner world.

GOING back to the lunch arrangement again, there was one day,—shortly after they had started their system of bringing lunch to the studio,—that Jimmy forgot about it. That day, he went into the restaurant and "downed" a big meal,—all by himself. He had just finished his last bite of pie, when O'Brien who had been looking everywhere for him, finally spotted him.

"Listen, you absent-minded professor. McHugh brought the lunch today. He brought something special for you, and you'd better come and eat it. Or else!"

"But I've just had . . ."

"Yeah, I know. But you've only started. Remember McHugh's keys!"

Jimmy remembered, and like a lamb led to slaughter, followed O'Brien to McHugh's dressing room,—and had to eat *again.*

It's not enough that these three see each other every day on the lot. Monday nights, the boys and their wives, who are all good friends, get together at Jimmy's for dinner. Wednesday, they meet at the McHughs' for a second Irish clan gathering. Friday, it's the O'Brien's turn to entertain.

"But what do you find to *talk* about when you see each other so much?" I couldn't help asking.

"Oh, I don't talk so much," said Jimmy. "It's the other two. Talking through their hats mostly. But they like it," he added, without even a smile.

Later I asked the same question of Pat. "Oh, I don't talk very much myself," said Pat. "I'm the quiet one of the three. McHugh and Cagney,—they're nuts, you know. Nuts always find something to talk about." And Pat did not smile either,—a comedian through and through!

I didn't even have to ask McHugh to know what answer I'd get from him!

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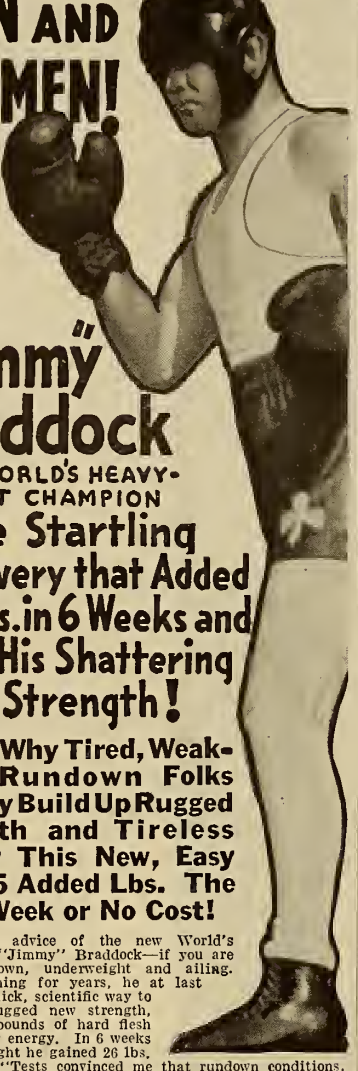

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The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 48]

A SHORT time ago, headlines in a Los Angeles paper, (it was the day following Max Baer's marriage) read: "Baer's Bride May Force Him To Retire." Which would indicate that Maxie is at his old game again,—staying up all night!

AN inside tip is that one of the new screen sensations of 1935 will be Tutta Rolf, rated abroad as the most talented Scandinavian actress of the present day. Miss Rolf was signed in Europe by Winfield Sheehan for Fox, and recently came to Hollywood. She is the young widow of Ernest Rolf, known as the "Earl Carroll of Sweden," a producer of musicals. Miss Rolf's first starring picture is *Dressed to Thrill*. Another foreign star of whom much is expected is the vivacious French actress, Simone. Mlle. Simone, also with Fox, will be first seen as *Cigarette* in the pretentious production of *Under Two Flags* with Warner Baxter co-starred. Both stars have a tremendous following in the 300 British theatres recently acquired by Fox-Twentieth Century.

ALICE FAYE saw this with her own eyes so, if you are in doubt, argue it out with her. Alice claims she was getting a prescription filled in a Beverly Hills drug store when a quite well-known middle-aged character actress, formerly of the stage but now of the screen, entered the shop. She asked the location of the telephone booth, had a five dollar bill changed so that she could get her nickel; talked ten minutes; left the booth and bought a three-cent stamp; attached it to her letter; then went to the soda fountain and asked for a glass of water and when Alice was leaving the shop, the woman was glancing through all the magazines.

ON one of the busiest and most central Hollywood Boulevard corners there is a very busy drug store. At the door of said drug store there is a newsboy who has had this stand for years and his pleasing personality and courtesy has built up a great trade for him. He is a great booster for the drug shop and always reminds his customers of some special the shop is offering currently. Not many of his customers know that this newsboy actually owns the drug store but it's a fact—so help me.

ERNEST COSSART, character actor of stage and screen, who has "buttled" his way as a butler in scores of productions, has a yellowed clipping from a newspaper with the date of 1907. Mr. Cossart was mentioned in the critic's review of a play. Way down near the end of the review, there appeared this comment. "Mr. Cossart played the butler as though he enjoyed it—in which sensation he was entirely alone."

NOW that Bruce Cabot is acting under the Metro banner, he is set definitely for the romantic lead in *Riff-Raff*, a waterfront story. It's from the prolific and capable typewriter of Frances Marion who wrote *Min and Bill* for Marie Dressler and Wally Beery. It resembles that film, somewhat, with overtones of love and sacrifice in squalid settings.

WHEN Pete ("Moo Moo") Smith went out to the King Charney ranch to watch them shoot one of the scenes for his inimitable shorts, he was so pleased with it, he kissed all of the cast who would stand for it and turned to go. But, to his surprise, there stood a bossy-cow who stuck out her wet rough tongue and gave him a soppy lick, right across the face. Now, Pete thinks he'll put himself out to pasture. There are good grazing lands in Oregon, Pete, but look out for the cow's husband—he might register jealousy and slap you down.

Have You a Theme Gown in Your Wardrobe?

[*Continued from page* 45]

difference between this perfectly tailored Stoner suit and "just another suit." Gracie's bag and shoes are patent leather and she prefers the tailored satin blouse to the fluffy variety.

Burgundy lace comes into its own this fall. On page forty-three, you see Gail Patrick wearing a gown made of this material. It was made for her use in *Smart Girl*. Beneath the Burgundy lace, there is satin, and over the shoulders there is attached a wide scarf.

Crystal beads and rhinestones accent the dinner gown worn by Lyda Roberti in *The Big Broadcast of 1936*. On page forty-four, you observe that Miss Roberti, in the photograph there, is attired in it. The material of which it is made is peach crêpe. The double skirt treatment and the long tightly-fitted sleeves add much to the attractiveness of the gown.

For early fall, the short, tweed frocks such as the one of beige worn by Kitty Carlisle, (as pictured on page forty-five) will be much in evidence. You would do well to follow her example—and get one.

Henry Fonda—He'll Take You too!

[*Continued from page* 42]

his chosen art of writing.

Mr. Foley greeted him and thrust into his hands an open script. "Read that out loud," he said.

Bewildered, but curious, Henry obeyed. "That's enough," snapped his new acquaintance. "How'd you like to play the part?" (It was Ricky in Barry's *You and I.*) "No money, but good experience."

"But I'm not an actor," the boy finally found voice to object. "And what's more, I don't want to be."

"Doesn't matter," Mr. Foley assured him. "Like to see the theatre?"

HENRY took a look at the theatre, of whose existence he had been—up to that moment—unaware. His first glimpse backstage—even though it was only the backstage of a little theatre in Omaha —interested him. The scenery caught his eye. "Be fun to try my hand at some of that stuff," he thought. He didn't have a job, anyway. He might as well do this as nothing while he waited. "All right," he agreed, "but only till I get something in my own line."

He played the part, Ricky. However, the earth continued to revolve in its orbit, just as usual. The little theatre had seen both better and worse. Nor did the experience fill Henry with a yearning to act. What it did leave him with was the backstage fever—a passion to be in and of the theatre in any capacity—a taste for the vexations, the glamour, the confusion, the exhilaration that accompany play production. He spent his days and his nights, to the disgust of his family, discovering the theatre.

"I'd go down to paint scenery," he grinned, "and they'd count themselves lucky if I came home long enough to take a bite in the kitchen, being too dirty to eat with respectable folk. I sympathized with them," he assured me gravely, "I even felt as they did—that the whole thing was only a game—like playing house when you're eight or circus when you're twelve. It never occurred to me that I'd make any money at it. Only I just couldn't stop—it was too much fun!"

The season over, he decided, however regretfully, to abandon his toys and devote his undivided energies to job-hunting. He found a prosaic berth with the Retail Credit Company, and his family breathed a sigh of relief. But they reckoned without Mr. Foley, who returned in September, bursting with vitality and plans—one of which involved the production of *Merton of the Movies*, with Henry as Merton.

"Dad put his foot down," said young Mr. Fonda, evidently enjoying this part of his narrative, "and I put *both* my feet down. His point was that I couldn't give up a paying job for a job that didn't pay, nor could I do justice to both. My

[*Continued on page* 74]

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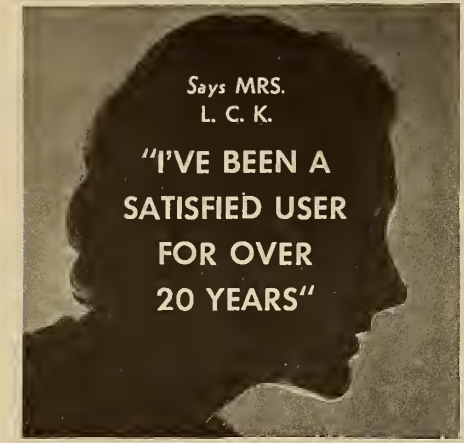
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Henry Fonda—He'll Take You too!

[*Continued from page 73*]

point was that I wanted to play Merton. So—" he concluded, with a brief flash of white teeth, "I kept my job and I played Merton."

THE third year, he was made assistant director on salary. He spent most of his time directing and designing, playing a part only now and then. "I still had no thought of the stage as a profession," he said, "certainly *not* of the acting end. But suddenly, when the season was over—I can't tell you now why, because I don't know myself—I decided to go to New York."

"That took courage," I suggested.

"That's just what it didn't take," he rejoined promptly. "Foolhardiness maybe,—gall, presumption, restlessness. If I'd had any faith in myself, it might have been courage. But I hadn't—and as I look back on it now, it was just a reckless plunge into new waters."

The new waters bordered the Atlantic, where he stayed with a family friend who had a house on the Cape and must have been a lady of both wisdom and humor—"My favorite person in the world," young Fonda declared, with the one touch of sentiment he allowed himself in the telling of his tale.

There were two summer theatres on the Cape—at Providence and at Dennis. "I'm going to drive you to Providence," said the lady, "and dump you there. Get yourself a job at either one place or the other, and don't you come back without one."

True to her word, she drove him to Providence and dumped him there. "Company's full," the manager told him. He stayed overnight and took the first train down to Dennis. "Company's full," the manager told him. He stayed overnight at one of the little houses that dot the Cape, and pondered his next move.

Going down to breakfast, the next morning, he discovered that the Playhouse company was lodged under the same roof. With the camaraderie of the theatre, they greeted him and introduced themselves: "I'm Laura Hope Crews"—"I'm Peggy Wood"—"John Weaver"—"Romney Brent"—"Won't you have breakfast with us?" To Minor Watson, the manager who had turned him down, he needed no introduction.

LATER, as he smoked a solitary cigarette on the lawn, the company trooped by. Maybe he looked lonely, maybe they'd learned to like him over their coffee. At any rate: "Come watch us rehearse," they cried, and took him along. As train-time approached, he prepared to tear himself away, all the more reluctantly because of this foretaste of genial good fellowship. Then he found Minor Watson standing beside him. "I can't pay you a salary," he was saying, "because the company's full. But can you afford to stick around on your own for a while as stage manager? Something else may turn up."

He stayed with them till the end of their brief season, playing one part when the actor engaged for it wired that he couldn't come.

The next six years alternated between lean winters and fat—anyway, comparatively fat—summers. Five of his happiest summers were spent at Falmouth with the University Players—a group of college students, all of whom meant to make the stage their profession. The boys lived on a converted submarine chaser, the girls in a cottage. They ate on the boat, shared in the work of acting, directing and scene-building, drew $10 a week in addition to room and board, and had a swell time. "And I'm proud to say—" Mr. Fonda was leaning forward now, blue eyes lighted by an eagerness absent when he talked of himself, "I'm proud to say that they're all doing exceptionally well. Margaret Sullavan was there, and James Stewart who's with MGM now—and Mildred Natwick, who's making a name for herself as a character actress—and Josh Logan and Bretaigne Windust, they're directing in New York—and Merna Pace is in *Personal Appearance*—and Katherine Emery—well, you know what a hit she made in *The Children's Hour*."

BETWEEN those busy, pleasant, well-fed summers, he had somehow to get through the winters,—to find a job in the theatre, if he could, to make enough money to eat on, if he couldn't. Sometimes he worked, sometimes he sold gardenias on street corners, sometimes he went hungry. Nor did he have any growing faith in his star to sustain him. "Often enough during those years," he said, "I considered going back into something else. I wasn't getting anywhere. I thought I was a misfit. Even when I had a job, I felt much the same way. Because the more parts I played, the more companies I played with, the more I realized what a lot I had to learn."

As a member of the Mount Kisco stock company in the summer of 1934, he was playing the tutor in *The Swan* to Geoffrey Kerr's prince. Kerr's wife, June Walker, already engaged by Marc Connelly for his forthcoming play, was impressed by young Fonda's acting.

"I'm going to talk to Connelly about you," she said, "as soon as he gets back."

Fonda was pleased, but not unduly elated. "Because," he explained, "after you've struggled for years, and wired home—time and again—about the grand part you were getting, only to have to stick your tail between your legs when said part slipped through your fingers—after all that—well, you just train yourself not to get excited. If anything does show its nose, you look the other way and pretend you don't see it till it hits you square in the face!"

They were interrupted at rehearsal one day by what was nominally a phone call but proved to be a thunderbolt. "Marc Connelly wants to talk to Fonda."

Fonda returned from the phone. "He wants to see me right away about the part in *The Farmer*," he reported, trying—without marked success—not to be excited. The others didn't even try! Rehearsal was promptly dismissed, and Fonda went to see Connelly.

CONNELLY put the young actor through no nerve-racking inquisition. Taking one look at him, he asked: "Like me to read you the first act?—give you an idea of what it's all about? Then you can read it."

Seated quietly in a chair, he began reading. Presently, he was on his feet, moving about the room, going through the gestures, transforming printed words into flesh and blood.

Connelly finished and handed the script to the actor. "Let's hear you do it." Fonda read half a page. "O.K.," said Connelly, picking up the phone and calling Max Gordon, the producer. "Henry Fonda's coming in tomorrow," he told him, "to sign a contract."

Between that time and the opening night in New York, Fonda did what he could to keep himself from getting excited. "You may lose the part in rehearsal," he reminded himself sternly. "You may be a flop."

Even when the curtain fell on the final performance, he wasn't sure that he hadn't been a flop. The audience had been kind, but most first-night audiences were. What would the critics say?

He went with some friends to a place around the corner, where they waited till Bide Dudley, a radio reviewer, came on the air at midnight. Hearts in their mouths, they listened. "Not so hot," pronounced Mr. Dudley in effect. "And that's that," thought Fonda, departing for home and bed.

NEXT morning, at eight, he was aroused by the phone. "Congratulations!" sang an exultant voice.

"What about?" he inquired, still drugged with sleep.

"Haven't you seen the papers?"

To cut the story short, Mr. Bide Dudley had constituted a minority of exactly one. "The others liked us," was Mr. Fonda's way of putting it. The others, as a matter of fact, caroled hymns of unrestrained praise, with particular attention to the new leading man.

In rapid succession, a series of events followed. Fonda was signed to the movies by Walter Wanger, Fox bought the play and borrowed Fonda for the rôle he'd created, the first rushes brought raves from within the studio, the first previews, from without. By the time this appears, you'll probably be raving yourself. Fonda, hustled straight from *The Farmer* into *Way Down East*, remains the modest, level-headed person he's shown himself throughout. Though success has "hit him square in the face," he's still afraid to believe it, afraid to let himself get excited over it. So much the better. He doesn't have to get excited. For everybody who sees him act is going to get excited for him!

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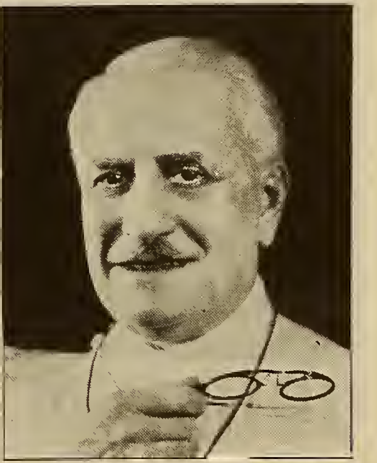

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Wally Beery—Caught Off Guard

[*Continued from page 30*]

a Philadelphia firm had signed little Carol Ann to appear in a display of girl's dresses and that she had just finished posing in the first eighteen models. This important announcement having been made, Beery wanted to know why he had received a nine o'clock call for the following day when *China Seas,* his new picture, wasn't even scheduled to start for another week. Production officials, hurriedly summoned by the zealous exploitation workers, informed him that he was being called for costume fittings and to discuss the script for the new film with Director Tay Garnett.

"WHAT?" Wally demanded, "Why should I talk with the director? I haven't got a thing to say to him. All I can do is get out in front of that camera and put on the best show I know how. For the love of Mike," he complained bitterly, "I've been in this motion picture business more than twenty years and they're still tryin' to make it a big problem."

"Well, Mr. Beery," one of the production staff volunteered, "we thought you might have some suggestions to make about your costumes or about your lines in the script."

"Who? Me?" Wally questioned, "You know me. I'll wear any darned thing they tell me to wear, from a pair of tights to a suit of armor. And I'll say anything that's in the script. I'll do anything they think will help the picture. You *know* I can't stick around here. Gotta get back to the factory in Delaware and pick up my new ship. Boy, am I getting a honey this time," Beery said, turning to me, "a new Bellanca cabin job that'll ride six people. I'm flying back east in an Airlines plane and ferrying my own ship back to the West Coast."

Anyone who is fortunate enough to be around Wally for any length of time will find that there are just two things in this wide world that he'll talk about without being prodded occasionally. One is his tiny daughter. The other, his airplanes. He's mighty proud of both. Hoping to steer him away from a detailed and highly technical description of his new ship and back into his original, story-telling mood, I slipped in a few questions about his experiences as an amateur pilot. Wally is one of the few licensed fliers in the motion picture colony and certainly the greatest aviation enthusiast in all Hollywood. He laughed when I asked him about some of his rough trips through the Sierra mountains and admitted that, on at least one occasion, he wasn't a bit sure he'd get back to Hollywood, *all in one piece!*

WALLY has a cabin on an island in Silver Lake, high in the Sierra mountains, and maintains a landing field nearby, so that he can fly up to the lake and fish and hunt over the weekends. With his plane he can always hop back to Hollywood, bright and early Monday morning, in time for work.

"I took off from the shore of the lake one afternoon," he revealed, "intending to hop back to Hollywood in a hurry. Knew I didn't have a lot of gasoline in the tanks but figured I could make the return trip without trouble. About the time I got up above the surrounding mountains, I changed my mind in a hurry. Man alive! When the wind starts blowing in those hills, it really kicks up a fuss. I hadn't bothered to fasten my safety belt and with the ship bouncing around like a cork in the choppy air, I couldn't turn loose the controls long enough to fix the buckle.

"About all I could do was hold on to the stick and fight to keep the plane right side up and headed away from the peaks all around. Finally, just about the time I thought I had the wind whipped, the ship smashed into a down-draft and dropped out from under me so fast my head hit the top of the cabin. It really hit too! I found later it had cracked a beam across the top of the fuselage. There I was—both hands, tight on the stick, with me in mid-air. Then the plane stopped falling. And I dropped back in my seat. You can bet I whipped around in search of quieter air. By the time I got my belt buckled around me and had a chance to feel my head, I found a bump about the size of a good-sized hen's egg. That was *some* trip," Beery chuckled. "I finally had to turn completely around and head toward Reno, circling the storm and coming into Hollywood along a different air lane."

WALLY was going strong and I was sitting back, contentedly taking notes, but just about that time studio workers from various departments started dropping in to ask questions about this, that and the other thing. Finally, he turned to resume the conversation on aviation but then another chap entered the office with a stack of photographs of Carol Ann in her new dresses. All other business was forgotten while Beery went through them, studying each pose carefully and commenting as he scrutinized each picture.

While he was deeply engrossed in examining the pictures of his little daughter, I took a little jaunt along my own memory lane,—a jaunt that carried me back some fourteen or fifteen years to my very first meeting with Wallace Beery. It was like this:

I was working the "ghost" watch as a cub reporter at the old Hollywood police station. Along about two or three o'clock in the morning who should come striding in but Wally himself,—the very first motion picture star I'd encountered at close range,—and I can remember the thrill even now. He sat down in the desk sergeant's office, propped his feet on the counter and joined right in the conversation. In fact, without Beery, there wouldn't have been any conversation for if there's a deader spot in the world than a small-town police station in the early morning hours, I've yet to run into it. And, believe me, Hollywood was a small town in those days. Beery sat there talking with the policemen on duty until the first streaks of dawn lighted the eastern sky. Then he lifted his huge bulk from the chair and headed for home.

I learned later that dropping in on the policemen was one of Wally's favorite stunts when he had been working late at the studio and didn't feel like sleeping. You know Wally's dad, back in Kansas City, Missouri, was a patrolman so the big actor naturally feels at home among the blue-coated men of the law. I'd just about reached the point when I intended to ask Beery if he remembered that night, when he brought me back to the present with a jolt.

"BOY," he exclaimed as he passed a group of Carol Ann's pictures across the desk, "ain't she the cutest thing you ever saw? Here's another one that's a honey!" Wally probably never saved a clipping concerning himself in the twenty-six years he has been in the show world but, before stacking the pictures and sending them back to the photographic department, he cautioned the publicity men to save copies of the papers and magazines in which little Carol Ann's pictures were printed. He did not know it at the time, but those pictures of the little girl were directly responsible for her first screen part. Studio officials saw them a few days later and a tiny bit was written into *China Seas* for Beery's daughter. I met her on the set after the picture had started,—miniature make-up kit and all.

The big film star was still perfectly willing to keep talking—about Carol Ann—about aviation—his early life in motion pictures or anything else I wanted to know, but another studio worker came in with word that if Mr. Beery could spare the time, the wardrobe department would like to have him stop by for a few minutes. As he went through the door he turned for a last question, "You really gonna print that stuff I gave you about working in that dance hall?"

Wonder how it will look to him in print?

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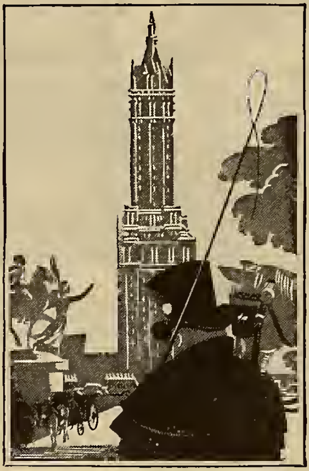

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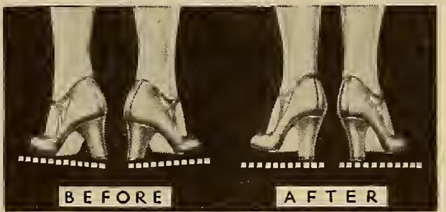

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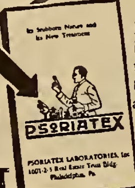

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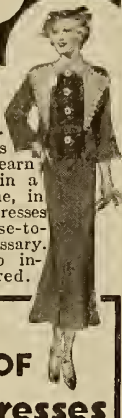

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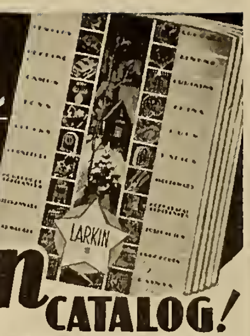

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Talkie Town Tattler

[Continued from page 65]

Truly Feminine

CAROL ANN BEERY insists that it is every woman's right to look her best and deeply resents WALLY DADDY camera-snapping at her to show the neighbors, when she is around the house in a spotty dress and no make-up. His camera is so small, it can be concealed in one hand and CAROL ANN never knows when he's snapped the snipper on her.

Even the Kitchen Sink

JOE MORRISON and EDDIE VINE, his manager, have built themselves a yacht-shaped trailer with stove, ice-box, hot and cold water and radio. It's blue and gold and plenty swanky. If you see this contraption on the road, you'll know that Joe is inside keeping house.

Mae on Eddie's Mantle

WHEN EDDIE CANTOR outguessed the weight-guessing man at the beach, he took as his prize a statue of MAE WEST. MRS. CANTOR, are you listening?

Beery Goes to Garcia

LOOKS like WALLY BEERY will carry ELBERT HUBBARD'S famous message to GARCIA. That was Fra Elbertus' masterpiece, but we can't see BEERY doing it for smoke. Why not put a romantic figure in that action and adventure rôle?

Re-Entry for Henry

HENRY WILCOXON, now that the picture, *Crusades*, is in the can, has made a hurried trip to Ensenada to straighten out his entry papers.

Likes Company

REGINALD DENNY turned the tables on the crowds who came to see him at the Movie Hall of Fame at the San Diego Exposition. Instead of posing for snapshots alone, he plunged into the very middle of the crowd and yelled for the cameraman to do his stuff.

Looks Like a Weddin'

LEE TRACY and his heart, ESTELLE TAYLOR, will not be separated long. ESTELLE goes to New York soon to do a play for MOSS HART, and LEE, as soon as he completes his current film, *Getting Smart*, will follow. It won't be long now, so the gossips say.

How Joan Crawford Helped a New Star

[*Continued from page 37*]

outmoded period. Her pale blonde hair was pulled back in a hard knot. On a straight, proud nose rested an unflattering pair of silver rimmed spectacles.

To the impatient audience out in front, it was just another first night. To the unknown Julie Haydon, who was about to step into her rôle as the drab New England school teacher, opposite Francis Lederer in *Autumn Crocus*, it meant her whole life. It was the moment that she had been waiting for. The culmination of a great dream! The fate of her entire existence rested on her success or failure in the next two hours. The call-boy knocked at her door. She caught her breath, hesitated for a moment as her hands clutched nervously at her throat. As one in a daze, she mechanically walked toward the wings. Julie Haydon's great moment had come!

Hollywood will never forget the lonely, pathetic figure of the girl, Julie, standing alone in the center of the stage. Without the accompaniment of music, she sang a simple folk song that sounded as beautiful as a hushed prayer. Out in that audience sat Joan Crawford. Never once did she take her eyes from Julie Haydon's face. Perhaps Joan saw herself standing there, so desperately wanting to make good. Perhaps the plaintive note in Julie's voice told Joan of a longing she had known only too well. At any rate, Joan Crawford recognized an artistry that was soon to belong to the world. And, being Joan Crawford, she did not forget.

THE day that Julie finished in a Reinhardt production, she suffered a nervous breakdown and was rushed to a hospital. Besides learning all the difficult Shakespearean lines, she had learned to dance for the first time in her life and accomplished the feat in a little less than five days. Then another offer by telegram reached Julie in the hospital. Arthur Hopkins, the producer of the play, advanced her the necessary traveling expenses and a railroad ticket for a nurse. Almost too weak to travel, Julie Haydon headed for New York.

The play opened out of town and Julie scored a big success. Deciding to wait until fall to bring it into New York, the producers gave Julie permission to accept the rôle of leading lady opposite Noel Coward, in the Hecht-MacArthur production of *The Scoundrel*. Her success in this picture brought her right back to Hollywood, this time with a Paramount contract that assured her a brilliant future. In a few months Julie would be on her feet again. There was still her family to support. There were still doctor bills, as the result of her recent breakdown, to pay. The little money she had made, just barely took care of the immediate necessities. Being the soul of honor, these obligations preyed upon her mind.

Twice before, Joan Crawford, who had never met Julie, invited her for dinner. Both times she had gratefully refused. Joan Crawford never knew why. Hearing she was back in town, Joan decided to ask her once again. Julie wanted to accept that invitation above everything else. At first, she thought of making an excuse. Being an honest person, she told Joan Crawford she didn't have a dress to wear.

JOAN, herself, had been in that same predicament so many times. What girl hasn't? In that gentle way of hers and being careful not to hurt Julie's feelings, Joan sent her this message.

"I know just how you feel. And I don't blame you a bit. We all have had the same thing to contend with. I did and I can feel for you. It's so necessary for a girl to appear at her best. And especially when she is in the public eye. It is just as much a part of her career as acting itself. I didn't have anyone to help me so I can understand what you are going through. That's why I want to help you. We won't call it a gift and we won't call it a loan. I just happen to be lucky enough to have it within my power to help you over a rough spot. Please let me have the pleasure."

The very day after she finished in *No More Ladies*, Joan Crawford met Julie Haydon in Bullock's Wilshire. Being the intelligent girl that she is, Julie accepted Joan's kindness. The day would come when she could repay Joan for everything. Julie knew it. There was no doubt in her mind that Joan was the kindest, most understanding person in the world.

For three days, Julie shopped as one in a dream. Imagine if you can, having Joan Crawford to help you select your personal wardrobe and give it her undivided attention. Up to this moment, Julie had never purchased more than one complete outfit at a time. Now, before her eyes, she beheld a steady stream of living models. Only in shop windows and fashion books had she seen such clothes. Never had she expected to have them for her very own.

By the time the shopping was finished, Julie owned a wardrobe that was beautifully complete in every detail.

At the present time, Julie Haydon is one of the most sought-after young ladies in Hollywood. She does not care much for going out but when she does, she has the assurance of knowing she is appearing at her best. In comparison with the freckled-faced child of a few short years ago, Julie has blossomed out into an exceptional beauty and an actress of great ability. Her life has been crowded with many unusual experiences. By her own admission, the greatest of them all and the one for which she is most grateful—is knowing Joan Crawford.

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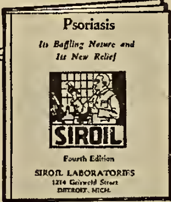

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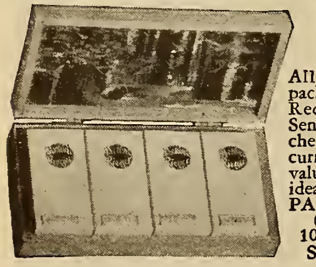

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The Mystery of Glenda Farrell's Missing Necklace

[*Continued from page* 39]

wasn't thinking about Pat. I was thinking about—"

"What?" Detective Ryan stepped into the room. "I caught the last scene of that act. Thanks, Gleason. That's all right, Page. I'm surprised that some of you haven't wanted to walk out before. Now, this is all going to be over in a few moments."

He was carrying a black case, resembling a portable typewriter. He placed it on the table, then walked into the center of the group.

"Sure nobody wants to confess?" He looked around carefully. With his entrance, a pall of uncertainty had settled over everyone again. "All right. Now, we're going to settle this. I am going to take the fingerprints on the electric light switches in this room and then take the fingerprints of the five most logical suspects. I have figured it out that none of the guests touched the light switches except Miss Blondell, that is, for a logical reason. Undoubtedly, only a servant's prints will turn up except Miss Blondell's and the guilty party's. I am taking it for granted the switchplates were polished on the day of a party, Miss Farrell?"

SHE nodded, but did not speak. Her eyes had widened until they had lost entirely that natural roundness which is so integral a part of her attractiveness. She was looking around at her guests—slowly, curiously.

"And what if we refuse to be fingerprinted, Ryan?" Jimmy Gleason's words were not excited but calm and determined.

"Then I can only think you have something to hide."

"Well, you can't think *I* have something to hide!" Glenda rose. She seemed fully two inches taller as she drew herself up with superb dignity. "I absolutely refuse to have my guests fingerprinted, Mr. Ryan. After all, there has not been a murder committed. I cannot locate a pendant which I valued highly. But no piece of jewelry is worth enough to subject guests in my home to such a humiliation."

The detective looked at her and bowed slightly. "Your motive is excellent, Miss Farrell. You are a friend worth having. I even hope to have the honor to claim it myself, some day. But I believe you are mistaken."

They looked at each other for a moment. Glenda coldly determined; Ryan with his daredevil twinkles dancing defiantly and yet charmingly at her. Who would have won that silent battle if Ralph Bellamy had not snapped the tension between them?

"Glenda, I feel as I did before. We must clear this up. I insist upon being fingerprinted. That's the scientific way to settle any mysterious matter. It proves this fellow knows his business. Come, folks, we are putting Glenda on the spot when we are the ones who should be on the spot. We are her guests. Her necklace has disappeared while we were all present. Let's play the game. Besides, this is a thrill. More exciting than any picture I ever got a crack at. I'll be the first, Ryan. How do you do it?"

"Just a moment," Glenda held up her hand. "I insist that this be absolutely optional. I will tell you right now that I feel no resentment toward anyone who refuses. I will not be fingerprinted myself to set the example."

ANOTHER silence. Bellamy started to speak again but Ryan waved him to be quiet. John Mack Brown rose and walked to the table. "Is everything in this little case, Ryan?" he drawled.

"Everything," Ryan turned his back on the rest and joined Brown.

"But I thought you had to photograph fingerprints," Mary Brian said as she ran forward.

"You do, Miss Brian. You dust them, photograph them, develop them, study them through a microscope and if there's the least doubt you study them under violet rays."

"Well, you can't do all that tonight, can you?" Mary was eagerly excited.

"I can do it all in a very few moments. I could even use the violet ray but I don't expect that will be necessary. I have everything in this little case. We have gone far in developing the fingerprint system, Miss Brian."

"Oh, do mine! This is fun! Really, it is. He can take your fingerprints and show them to you in just a few moments. Let's do it!"

It was Mary who really won the battle. Hollywood's famous are always interested in new thrills, novel experiences. They forgot temporarily the real reason for this "fun" in their enthusiasm to see "fingerprints worked." Ryan knew he had won because the responsible one would not dare to join the hostess in objections.

"I'll do the electric light plates first," he said gaily, catching the spirit and making it into a game. "I'll even let you help me, Miss Brian. You can hold this little light while I use the camera. Oh, by the way," he turned toward Miss Farrell, hanging back from the circle, and drew her into it by the simple expedient of making her move forward to hear his direct words to her.

IT WAS a great game. They were like children seeing a Punch and Judy show for the first time. Before they had learned the knack of how it was done, the prints on the light plates were dusted, photographed, developed, and lying on the table to dry.

"And now, you're first, Miss Brian. You must be careful, now, because Uncle Sam has you catalogued, you know!"

The spirit of fun lasted until the last print had been taken. Then the de-

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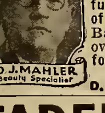

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tective turned toward them. "Now, if you'll all sit down, I'll use my glass. Sorry, but the fun's over. This is serious again."

Emotions change swiftly among highly emotional people. As easily as they had responded to Mary's quick thrill at seeing a detective take actual fingerprints, they reacted now to the serious import of this moment. Frances Dee hovered closer to husband Joel; Joan Blondell sat rigidly on one end of the divan. Mary Brian dropped upon the arm of Glenda's chair. The handkerchief in her hand was a tiny ball. Pat O'Brien and Bradley Page passed each other as they walked back and forth at the far end of the room, far from the table with the photographs. Both had refused the detective's invitation to sit down.

IT WAS John Mack who drawled, before Detective Ryan could start his comparisons, "And aren't you going to take your own, Mr. Ryan?"

Ryan's smile was wide. "Always carry them with me, Brown. Matter of identification. When you're after traitors, you never know when you'll be found with a bullet in your back."

There was a little gasp. Mary Brian's eyes were wide with horror. "Oh, I'm glad this isn't that serious," she cried.

"But how do we know they're *yours?*" Ralph Bellamy, who has played so many detectives in pictures, was persistently checking up on technicalities.

"The Government stamps its fingerprints, Bellamy. Here, I'll lay mine on the table with the rest. Now, I'm going to look at only five to begin with. The five suspects. Or six, if you wish, Bellamy. I'll include my own since you have seemed to add me to the suspects."

"Before you start," Glenda sprang up suddenly. Her eyes looked even rounder. "Do *you* know who did it, Mr. Ryan? Are you just doing this to furnish absolute proof?"

His look held admiration. "Certainly, I know, Miss Farrell. These fingerprints are just an excuse."

"An excuse?" Glenda looked puzzled. "Since when have you known, Mr. Ryan?"

"Since the chain was found hanging from the window lift *without* the pendant on it!"

There were several gasps this time. Bradley Page and Pat O'Brien suddenly joined the circle.

"And is the guilty party one of the five—or six, since you include yourself, too—whom you chose from motives and clues?"

RYAN hesitated. He looked from one to another, then squared his shoulders and said slowly and very distinctly. "The person responsible for the disappearance of your pendant, Miss Farrell, is one of those I mentioned. Joan Blondell could have done it to save you from what she believed to be a bad influence. Mary Brian and Bradley Page could have done it be-

[*Continued on page 82*]

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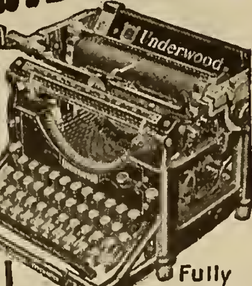

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The Mystery of Glenda Farrell's Missing Necklace

[*Continued from page* 81]

cause they coveted good luck; my pal, O'Brien, could have done it to help anyone who asked him. I could have done it to prove what a great detective I am, just to give you a thrill, or for a dozen reasons."

Glenda fell back into her chair. "Oh, I wish you wouldn't go on. They'll return it tomorrow, I'm certain. I know—Get it over quickly, please!"

Detective Ryan went immediately to the fingerprints lying upon the table.

Who is responsible for the disappearance of Glenda Farrell's necklace and why? There are five suspects. There are Seven Prizes for the best Seven Answers, explaining how Miss Farrell's necklace disappeared and the reason why. Also, who was responsible. Remember the motive is as important as the name of the person! Read the Rules on Page 39. Then write your solution! And remember:—Your written solutions must be mailed in time to reach the Necklace Game Editor of Motion Picture Magazine by September 15, 1935! Simply address your letters to The Necklace Game Editor, Motion Picture Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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Screen Play

Search For Talent Contest

[*Continued from page* 34]

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Now that you have read
about the

Search for Talent Contest

Turn to Page 33

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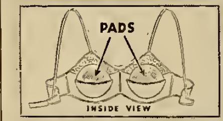

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Win Popularity Virginia Bruce's Way

[*Continued from page* 35]

which one of them would see me home. One was a big, blonde German and the other was a big, dark Irish boy. They're both married now, I hear. And does that make me feel old!"

She sits, straight and slender and a little aloof in the makeshift dressing-room, built on the studio stage. Even in the white glare of the lights about the dressing-table mirror, she is breathtakingly lovely. You think, "oh, for color photography!" The black and white camera cannot do justice to that pale, true blonde hair, those flowerlike blue eyes. At twenty-four, Virginia Bruce has been married, divorced. She has known the high adventure of motherhood, love, and grief. And yet, she looks untouched by life.

She is as modern as this week's dance tune. And, paradoxically, she is the old-fashioned image of girlhood.

GIRLS in other places than Hollywood might take a tip from Virginia, if they want to be popular. "Not that *I* am," she insists. "But—if I were going to set out to be popular at parties nowadays—I'd make certain that I could do at least six things, not only well but excellently, so that I'd be ready for all occasions and for all types of men. I'd like men to say to each other, 'Bruce is a swell dancer. She plays a keen game of tennis. She's okay in a bathing suit and she swims too. She plays a trick game of bridge. Her backgammon is all right. She has a good line.' That last is important.

"So many girls have been taught that listening is the secret of popularity. You have to do that too, of course, but most men like to have the burden of entertaining taken off their shoulders sometimes. There's one sure-fire subject of interest to men—*themselves!* But the modern fellow likes a girl who can discuss the fights, politics, and the foreign situation as well as mutual friends and the moon and the weather. Then, too, it's a great break for a girl, if she can do some one thing especially well. I've been grateful to my mother ever since I began to go out, for making me stay at home to practice on the piano when I was a child. Now, I can sit down and run through the new songs and start everybody singing. Things like that save many a party.

"I don't believe, honestly, that girls have to drink or sit out in parked cars at dances to be popular. But they *do* have to dress well. Not necessarily, expensively. Some of my most successful party gowns haven't cost any Hollywood salary, but they were up to the minute and a little bit different. Men don't remember what you wear, but they *do* remember if other men looked at you! And a girl should always look 'bandboxy,' as if she'd just come out of a beauty parlor and stepped into a brand new dress. She shouldn't let men know her beauty secrets either. I hate to see a woman using lipstick at a dance or dabbing her nose with a powder puff!" she added firmly.

VIRGINIA BRUCE has traveled a long way from Fargo High School in North Dakota. In her stately young dignity and pastel loveliness, she is the rave of the moment in sophisticated, jaded Hollywood—filled, as it is, with beauty imported from all over the globe. The last amazing five years have transformed the shy school-girl into a woman who rates an adjective not often used in America—*"elegant."* Beneath the pink and blue and golden surface, one senses depths and discrimination. She is grave and, at the same time, gay.

"I'm happy," she says simply. "Things might be better. But they are very good as they are. I'd like to play more parts like *Jenny Lind*—and a few others I've had—but they promise me that, if I'll be patient, they have plans for me. My goal is to play rôles a little like those Helen Hayes has done.

"I have my baby, and I'm having a grand time just living. Of course, sometimes, I'm inclined to envy my married friends like Mrs. Gary Cooper or Mrs. David Selznick who can run downtown shopping any afternoon, or go to luncheons or get together in the afternoons for bridge and tea and gossip.

"If any girl thinks this movie business isn't *work*—and *hard* work—I wish she could watch me staggering out of bed at seven o'clock every morning. Still, I love it all, even the long waits between shots and the interviews when I can't think of anything to say. I was a movie-struck kid and I'm *still* movie-struck. I'm crazy about this town and I don't plan to move away ever!

"I HAVE my eye on some land now and, before long, I'm going to build a house. A little house with great big rooms in it! I live in such tight quarters now that I can't have company and I want to give parties and exercise my theories about entertaining. I'll have one long living room and little, intimate rooms opening from it, where people can drift in small groups. There's one thing of which I'm proud—my friends, the dear and wonderful people who ask me to their homes."

They say that Virginia Bruce is popular, not only with the eligible bachelors, but with all the groups of which movie society is made.

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The Real Ginger Rogers

[*Continued from page 29*]

followed, during which Ginger's mother was constantly with her. At last, at seventeen, she appeared in New York with that great comic, Willie Howard. The wheel of fortune again turned for her. Paul Ash engaged her for eighteen weeks, as a specialty act in Chicago. From there, she went to the Paramount theatre in New York with the bandmaster. She now feels that she owes a great deal of her success, both to Willie Howard and Paul Ash. But first of all,—to her mother.

AFTER many weeks, spent in playing the featured rôle in *Top Speed,* Ginger made her screen début as the flapper siren in *Young Man of Manhattan.* The film was produced in New York and the little redheaded girl's work was just another bubble that attracted no attention in the great ocean of the cinema. However, she was soon to make a brilliant success on the stage in *Girl Crazy.*

When *Girl Crazy* closed in New York, mother and daughter left for Hollywood, where Ginger was to appear in three films, one after another. After the third film had been released, Ginger remained idle for six months. All the theatrical ingenuity gained in a half dozen years by mother and daughter did not help them to solve the riddle of unemployment. They were about to leave the Waterloo, that was Hollywood, when the mother—by chance—met a sixty-year-old woman extra player who had been with Ginger in *Young Man of Manhattan.*

"How does the world treat you?" asked Mrs. Rogers.

"Very, very well," answered the woman. "I've had never a bit of work in seven months, but such things happen in Hollywood. We old-timers never complain if we miss out."

NO MORE was said. The mother pondered the extra player's philosophy. If she had the courage to remain at sixty, why not Ginger. That night when the future was debated, the mother said, "Well, Ginger dear, we'll remain in Hollywood."

"All right, Mother, it suits me," was the girl's rejoinder.

Ginger soon began to get the breaks. One film followed another until she played in *42nd Street.* This film placed her in a leading position among the young women players in Hollywood.

In the last two years, she has played a wide variety of rôles. Being starred in *The Gay Divorcée,* she shared honors with one of the world's greatest dancers—Fred Astaire.

I wondered, while watching her dance in this film, if the little redheaded girl who learned her first dance steps in a Texas barn ever dreamed that her feet would take her so far. Perhaps she did. For her mind is even more nimble than her feet!

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How Bing Crosby's Mother Guided His Career

[*Continued from page 51*]

great a surprise to learn that it was really Mrs. Harry Lillis Crosby, Sr., that I wanted to talk about as it seemed to me to realize that Bing had a name. She repeated a question I had put. "A job bringing them up? Of course it was! I've had seven and I've never been one to put much stock in having a maid do my work,—even if there had been much left over for luxuries like that after dressing a family of nine and feeding them and their friends.

"They were good children, though,—most of the time. Take Bing, now. He had his chores to do around the house just like all the rest of the kids." She smiled, "And I don't think he liked doing them any more than the rest of the boys, but he didn't complain about it. Complaints weren't popular in my house. I guess they all thought that I was pretty stern sometimes, but then, somebody had to be. Mr. Crosby was away a good deal and, anyway, he's always been sort of easy going. Nicest man in the world to get along with, but he hated to punish the children.

"WHEN the boys became a little older,—and did something they shouldn't,—I'd tell him about it. 'What!', he'd snort, 'have those young hoodlums been acting up again? Well, by golly, you just tell them to behave or,—or we'll throw 'em out. Yes sir! throw 'em right out and let 'em earn their own bread and keep!' Of course, he didn't mean a word of it, but that's the way he'd get around me. I didn't want my babies handled that way and he knew it. So, in the end, I'd have to be stern or take them over my own knee."

They all had their jobs. Bing, for instance, was supposed to bring up the coal and keep the snow and leaves clear of the big front lawn. He was still trying to avoid this task when he left home to storm the musical citadels with Al Rinker. During the time when he was going to Gonzaga University, studying law, he developed the habit of hanging around the campus after classes and getting home just in time to eat. And,—after supper,—*of course* he had to study! How could they expect a fellow to make good grades if he didn't study? But that trick didn't work long. The Irish are a thorough people and Kate Harrigan wasn't letting any son of hers get away from his chores,—much as she doted on him. Keeping one jump ahead of the boys wasn't any easy job. Especially when they left school and started to work. Just as she had cultivated the professors at Gonzaga and had memorized her children's schedules and duties at the school, so she had to start in learning

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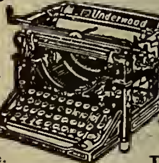

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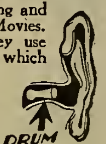

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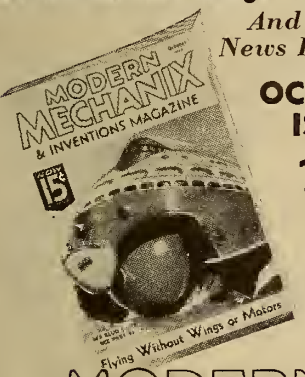
Defying Death with the Touch System

KELLY PETILLO, winner of the 1935 Indianapolis Speedway race, drives too fast for Lady Luck! When the car ahead throws a wheel, his touch system finds that life-preserving "hole" in the track. Read this champion's thrill-packed story.

FLYING Without Wings or Motors

And Other News Features


MODERN MECHANIX & INVENTIONS MAGAZINE
15¢
Flying Without Wings or Motors

OCTOBER ISSUE

15c

MODERN MECHANIX
& INVENTIONS MAGAZINE

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out Acids and poisonous wastes from your blood is thru 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Rheumatic Pains, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription called Cystex (Siss-Tex). Works fast, safe and sure. In 48 hours it must bring new vitality, and is guaranteed to do the work in one week or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 3c a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

the newspaper business when Larry and Ted went into that. When Everett, who is now Bing's business manager, began selling trucks, his mother became startlingly familiar with all types and models and with the whole basic scheme of selling. Bob, of course, was the baby and, at this time was still going to school so he didn't present much of a problem except for the new slant on life held by the post-war generation.

BUT BING! Well, Bing had always been such a young rapscallion! Always, he had a mind of his own and a tongue that belied his indolent ways. He managed to get into troubles, just as others did, but his troubles never worried his mother very much,—and, for two reasons. First, he's always had an uncanny knack of landing on his feet and, second, when he was away from home he developed into an accomplished correspondent. No matter what happened he always wrote to his mother. One such letter arrived after Bing had been arrested on a speeding charge. It began, "Dear Mother:—You'll hear about this sooner or later. But don't worry, this is how it happened. I don't want you to get the wrong idea when you hear about it, so here's the truth . . . ." and so on. Men do get into minor troubles, but what mother could find it in her heart to be really upset over a son like Bing? I suppose it's only the ones that aren't really on the level with their mothers that cause so much grief.

As soon as Bing arranged a home for himself, and after the last of the boys had grown up, Bing sent for both his father and mother,—for a 'visit.' He knew better than to try to uproot them suddenly.

BUT, lest you get the idea that Mrs. Crosby is too perfect to be human, let me tell you a secret. Mrs. Crosby, very definitely, disapproves of Bing's racing stables. She doesn't think horse-racing is very nice in the first place and, anyway, it costs too much money to keep up, takes too much time from Bing's firm, Bing Crosby, Ltd., and, furthermore, hanging around a race track is no place for her well-brought-up boy to be—even if he is an owner!

But, and here is the secret, Mrs. Crosby is still keeping a jump ahead of her children. Privately, she has studied Bing's horses closely and has—somehow or other—developed a pretty good idea about how they stack up against the field. And, all during the season at the Santa Anita track, she kept in touch with a certain nameless young lady at the studio who had been known, upon occasion, to place a bet on the Crosby entry.

After all, if people *are* going to bet, and if her son *does* keep a stable, and if they *are*, really, such grand and beautiful horses, it would be a shame not to keep some of that money in the family . . . Now, wouldn't it? Anyhow, that's Mrs. Crosby's idea!

MOULDING A MIGHTY ARM

ONLY 25¢
Complete Course on Arm Building

GET A 16 INCH BICEP

I have taken weaklings whose arms were scrawny pieces of skin and bone and in a short time developed them into strong men of powerful proportions with bulging biceps and brawny forearms!

I will show you how to develop a pair of triceps shaped like a horseshoe and just as strong, and a pair of biceps that will show their double head formation. Wouldn't you like to have the sinewy cable-like muscles of the idealized figure shown above? The forearm bellies with bulk, and the great supinator lifting muscle becomes a column of power, while the wrist grows alive and writhes with cordy sinew. I give you all my secrets of strength development illustrated and explained as you like them.

RUSH THE COUPON TODAY

I will include a FREE COPY of "NERVES OF STEEL, MUSCLES LIKE IRON." Full of pictures of marvelous bodied men who tell you decisively how you can build symmetry and strength the Jowett Way!

FREE BOOK WITH PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN

GEORGE F. JOWETT
"Champion of Champions"

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
Dept. 108Xc, 422 Poplar St.
Scranton, Pa.

George F. Jowett: Send, by return mail, prepaid, the courses checked below for which I am enclosing

☐ Moulding a Mighty Arm, 25c
☐ Moulding a Mighty Back, 25c
☐ Moulding a Mighty Grip, 25c
☐ Moulding a Mighty Chest, 25c
☐ Moulding Mighty Legs, 25c
☐ Strong Man Stunts Made Easy 25c
☐ All 6 Books for $1.00

Name________________ Age______
Address______________________

See announcement of new contest on page 32.

Grow Longer EYE LASHES with LOUETTÉ

BEAUTIFUL EYES are every woman's birthright. Eyelashes . . . long, dark, silky, natural eyelashes frame the eyes giving character and personality to the face, delightfully enhancing your beauty. Dull, smeary, annoying and costly artificial make-up robs the lashes of their precious natural oils, and retards their growth.

THRILL—To Banish Unsightly Artificial Eyelashes

Feminine America is fast learning the secret of true eye beauty by using LOUETTE, the WONDER LASH CREME that so quickly promotes a thick, lustrous growth of eyelashes by nourishing the eyelid hair cells . . . instantly giving new life and luster to the lashes. You will be surprised to see how quickly your eyelashes grow longer, darker, thicker when you use LOUETTE LASH CREME.

THE NEW BEAUTY THRILL
Special Introductory Offer

For a limited time only a $1.50 tube of this thrilling lash beautifier will be sent to you PREPAID on receipt of only ONE DOLLAR. Don't delay, get your tube of LOUETTE at the special introductory offer.

MICHELE, 26 Howard St., E. Braintree, Mass.
Please send me (postpaid) a $1.50 tube of LOUETTE LASH CREME at the special introductory price of $1.00 which I enclose herewith, together with full directions "How to Get New Eye Beauty."

Name ....
Address ....

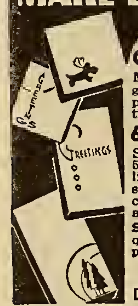
MAKE
BLOND HAIR
—even in DARK shades
GLEAM with GOLD
in one shampoo WITHOUT BLEACHING

GIRLS, when your blond hair darkens to an indefinite brownish shade it dulls your whole personality. But you can now bring back the fascinating glints that are hidden in your hair and that give you personality, radiance—beauty. Blondex brings back to the dullest and most faded blond hair the golden beauty of childhood, and keeps light blond hair from darkening. Brownish shades of hair become alluring without bleaching or dyeing, camomile or henna rinsing. Try this wonderful shampoo treatment today and see how different it is from anything you have ever tried before. It is the largest selling shampoo in the world. Get Blondex today at any drug or department store.

Hair
OFF
Face
Lips
Chin

Unloved

I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face...unloved...discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids...even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P.O. Box 4040. Merchandise Mart, Dept. 177, Chicago.



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...with THISTLE CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

More sales--easier, quicker, bigger sales--and bigger profits when you show Thistle Greetings. Complete new 1935 line--all original, exclusive, distinctive, outstanding in quality. Better line than ever!

6 Fast-Selling Assortments

Sensational values. 15-card box parchment folders, 50c. Three 21-card assortments, also DeLuxe, Religious, Every Day and Gift Wrapping assortments sell for $1.00. Beautiful French-fold Greetings with customer's name as low as $1.50 for 25. Big profits and commissions . . . prizes . . . cash bonus!

Sent On Approval. No deposit required. Your request brings saleable assortments postpaid on approval. Write today! Get an early start!

THISTLE GREETINGS
DEPT. 9-K CINCINNATI, O.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Earn Extra Money Home Spare Time ADDRESS ENVELOPES. Do Sewing Work, List names. Many other kinds of work offered. Send 3c stamp for full complete details.

$50.00 to $100.00 a month.

WOMEN'S AID BUREAU, Dept. HH, 276 High St., Holyoke, Mass.

"HUSH"
FOR
BODY ODORS
AT ALL 10¢ STORES

Cold Weather Beauty Regime.....

[*Continued from page* 18]

it routs blackheads from the pores, producing a state of super-cleanliness that is the best condition for the skin.

IF YOU will write to me, I'll be glad to send you the trade name of an excellent soap that has been used with a great deal of success on sluggish skins. Its bland, penetrating lather softens the skin, dissolves all impurities and has a healing effect on minor blemishes. When the skin is noticeably sluggish and blemished, it is a good idea to apply this lather generously, let it dry on the skin and then rinse it off. Although this soap used to retail for twenty-five cents a cake it now costs only ten cents and it can be purchased at most toiletry counters. The same manufacturer, incidentally, makes two very effective lotions (for correcting large pores and blackheads) that are to be used after soap and water cleansing.

As a partner for this grand soap, you should have one of the new egg-shaped complexion brushes recently put on the market at the very reasonable price of one dollar. The bristles are white, flexible, but firm, and they are set solidly in gaily-colored plastic backs. The brush fits snugly in your hand and its tapered end enables you to get into facial crevices easily. The ends of the bristles are rounded so that there are no jagged points to scratch the skin surface. You may have your choice of four different colors—tomato red, lemon yellow, green, and onyx white.

BESIDES exercising regularly, eliminating heavy foods from your diet and cleansing the skin frequently, you must also observe other beauty rules. . . . For example, your powder puff should always be as fresh and clean as the one Ida Lupino is using, because an oily skin is very subject to infection from any soiled object that comes in contact with it. Don't use towels to remove creams. Have a supply of cleansing tissues for this purpose. . . . And *do* keep your hands away from your face, both for hygienic reasons and for the sake of etiquette. In removing blackheads, never press them out with your fingers. Use a comedone extractor which will exert an even pressure all around the clogged pore and force out the contents gently, without breaking or bruising the skin. The extractor should always be sterilized, of course, before being used.

If your own besetting beauty problem is facial lines and a sagging chin rather than blackheads, you'll probably be interested in hearing about some new twin preparations—a stimulating and tightening mask and an extra-rich tissue cream. These two are designed especially for the woman whose birthdays are no longer a cause for rejoicing, and who wants to eradicate all evidences of the last dozen or so. They constitute no magic wand to banish deep wrinkles, of course, but for the woman in her thirties and forties, they act both as a preventive and a corrective beauty aid.

To give yourself a rejuvenating treatment with these preparations, cleanse your face thoroughly with cold cream, apply the smooth, brownish mask and let it dry for twenty or thirty minutes, depending on how sensitive your skin is and how much time you have to loll. Remove the mask with water, apply the tissue cream and allow it to remain on overnight. An introductory offer of two-ounce jars, containing enough mask and cream for ten such treatments, costs only one dollar. I'll be glad to send you the address of the manufacturer.

SEVERAL readers have written to me, asking about courses in beauty culture, so perhaps a word or two on this subject would be interesting to many others. I would advise any girl who has a flair for hairdressing and make-up to consider beauty culture seriously and if, in addition to this flair, she has what is known as "a good business head," she would undoubtedly be a success as a beauty-shop owner. The substantial profits that can be derived from the sale of beauty treatments are not to be overlooked. A girl who is courteous and competent is sure of a large "following" and, eventually, of an offer to go into business with another ambitious operator. Standards of beauty culture schools have been raised definitely in the past few years and the course of instruction offered is practical—short, but thorough. Some states require operators to pass an examination before being allowed to practice there, but these tests are never alarming for the graduate of the better schools. If any of you would like further information about beauty schools, do write to me. I shall be very glad to send you a personal letter of advice.

Don't Hesitate—
to write to me
About
Your Own
Beauty Problems!

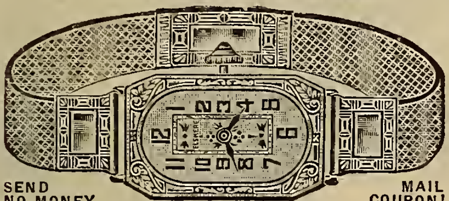
●

Address Your Letter to—

Denise Caine
Motion Picture Magazine
1501 Broadway, New York City
Enclose stamped envelope for reply

GIVEN Ladies'—Girls' WRIST WATCH

OR CHOICE OF CASH COMMISSON



SEND NO MONEY **MAIL COUPON!**

Stylish shape white chromium plated case—Metal bracelet, six jewel Lever Movement—Adorable—Miss Clara Clark, No. Car. says—"Received my Wrist Watch. Everybody is talking about it being so nice."—**GIVE AWAY FREE** beautifully colored art pictures with famous **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** which you sell to friends at 25c a box (picture FREE) and remit as per new Premium Plan Book—Other choice gifts—BE FIRST. MAIL COUPON TODAY! **WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. 50-A, Tyrone, Pa.**

LADIES! 34-Pc. COLORED GLASS SET GIVEN

Or Choice of Cash Commission SEND NO MONEY—Mail Coupon

Latest Cherry Blossom design—first quality and modern—green or pink colors. Extremely beautiful! Mrs. Bryan Thompson, R. I., says—"Received my dishes in perfect condition, they are beautiful. I'M so proud of them." **SIMPLY GIVE AWAY FREE** beautifully colored art pictures suitable for framing with our famous **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., which you sell to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remit as per new big premium plan book. Wonderful chance for live wire agent. Our 40th Anniversary. We are reliable—40th year—Be first—MAIL COUPON NOW. **WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. 50-B, Tyrone, Pa.**

SEND NO MONEY

Send Name and Address

MAIL COUPON

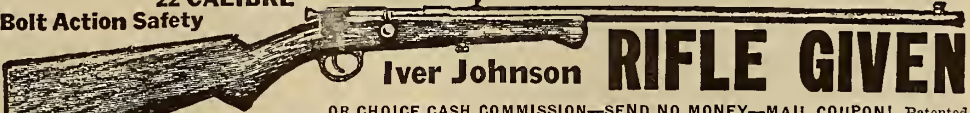
MOVIE GIVEN

Boys Girls

Big air cooled MOVIE, adjustable lamp socket, rewind and take up wheels. Uses big film, includes: 7 ft. cord, show bills, tickets, metal slide, and still pictures—U.Draw em slide novelty, film and instructions. It's marvelous! Leonard C. Harlow, N. H. says—"Big movie arrived O. K. We had a picture show all evening. Pictures were fine and clear. Want to earn more of your fine premiums." **SIMPLY GIVE AWAY FREE** beautifully colored art pictures suitable for framing, with our famous **White Cloverine Salve** for cuts, burns, chaps, sores, etc., which you sell to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remit as per new big premium plan book. Other choice Movies. MAIL COUPON NOW. **WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. 50-C, Tyrone, Pa.**

22 CALIBRE

Bolt Action Safety



Iver Johnson RIFLE GIVEN

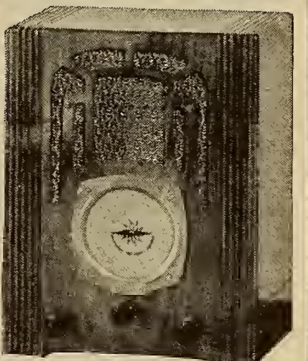
OR CHOICE CASH COMMISSION—SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON! Patented safety—Latest design—22" long—Full pistol grip—All heat treated steel parts—Self cocking, safety features—Great for target practise. Harry Madison, N. J., says—"Received 22 Cal. RIFLE O. K. and I think it very good. Thanks very much. Will sell more Salve later." MERELY GIVE AWAY FREE beautiful art pictures with our famous **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., which you sell to friends for 25c a box (giving picture FREE) and remitting per premium plan book. 1 to 3 boxes sold most every home. 40th year. Be first. MAIL COUPON NOW! **WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. 50-D, Tyrone, Pa.**

RADIO GIVEN

OR BIG CASH COMMISSION

Send No Money—Send Coupon

NEWEST MODEL 5-TUBE RADIO



With Modern Airplane Dial—Long and short wave. Police Amateur Broadcasts—Tunes from 70 to 550 meters, dynamic speaker. Marvelous reception. A Radio you will be proud to show your friends. Richard Craig, Calif., Says, "Pleased with Radio. It is in perfect condition. Everyone says it is very good." **SIMPLY GIVE AWAY** big beautifully colored art pictures, suitable for framing with our famous **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE**, used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., which you sell at 25c a box (giving picture FREE); return the money collected and select this 5-Tube Radio or any other premiums as per premium plan catalog sent with order. Salve sells easily. Our 40th yr. We are reliable. Be first. MAIL COUPON NOW! **WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. 50-E, Tyrone, Pa.**

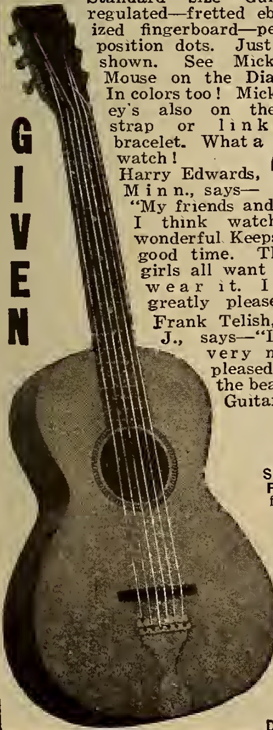
Big GUITAR OR MICKEY MOUSE Wrist WATCH GIVEN

Or Choice of Cash Commission

SEND NO MONEY

BOYS—GIRLS

GIVEN



Standard size Guitar, regulated—fretted ebonized fingerboard—pearl position dots. Just as shown. See Mickey Mouse on the Dial! In colors too! Mickey's also on the strap or link bracelet. What a watch! Harry Edwards, Minn., says—"My friends and I think watch wonderful. Keeps good time. The girls all want to wear it. I'm greatly pleased." Frank Telish, N. J., says—"I am very much pleased with the beautiful Guitar."

Either Given

Simply Give Away **FREE**, pictures with famous **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** used for burns, chaps, etc., which you sell to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remit as per premium plan book.

BE FIRST

MAIL COUPON!

WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. 50-F, Tyrone, Pa.

Streamline LINDY FLYER GIVEN

HEADLIGHTS—BUMPERS—BRAKES

NEW 1936 MODEL—It's a Whiz!

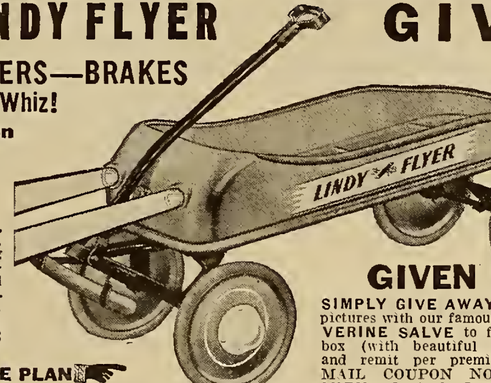
Or Choice of Cash Commission

Send No Money —Mail Coupon

THESE BIG FEATURES

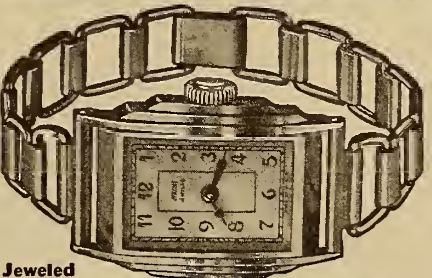
1—Roll top, 2—Lifelong lubrication, 3—Modern hub caps, 4—15x33x5 body, 5—Double disc 10" roller bearing wheels, 6—Streamline body, 7—Electric battery headlights, 8—Reinforced bottom, 9—One piece bumper, 10—Brakes, 11—America's finest most Modern Coaster Wagon. TRUSTY AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. BE FIRST!

MAIL COUPON TODAY! SEE PLAN☞



GIVEN

SIMPLY GIVE AWAY big colored art pictures with our famous **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** to friends at 25c a box (with beautiful picture FREE) and remit per premium plan book. MAIL COUPON NOW! **WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. 50-H, Tyrone, Pa.**



Jeweled

WRIST WATCH GIVEN

Send No Money—We Trust You—Mail Coupon

Link band—chrome case—hugs wrist—gilt numerals—silvered dial—quality parts—keeps good time. GOOD LOOKING! Louis Balazes, N. J., says—"The Watch is a very good timekeeper." **GIVE AWAY FREE** pictures with **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** used for burns, chaps, sores, which you sell to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remit as per premium plan book. Pictures sell salve on sight. BE FIRST. MAIL COUPON NOW.
WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. 50-G, Tyrone, Pa.

MAIL COUPON NOW

WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. 50-K, Tyrone, Pa.

Gentlemen: Please send me 12 beautiful art pictures with 12 boxes **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** to sell at 25c a box (giving picture FREE). I will remit within 30 days, select a premium or keep cash commission as per new premium plan book sent with order, postage paid.

Name ....

R. F. D., St. or Box No.....:..................................

Town.................................... State...........

PRINT YOUR LAST NAME ONLY IN SPACE BELOW

Cut out and paste above coupon on a penny postal card and mail to us today. **W. C. CO., INC.**

Between Ourselves

ON THE hottest afternoon of the year, we were invited to an advance preview of one of the year's biggest pictures. As we seated ourselves in the stuffy projection room, which felt as if it were on the brink of spontaneous combustion, we cursed the impulse that had brought us there, that had taken us away from the cool breeze of our electric fan. We stifled, we perspired, we practically wilted. But we stayed. And, moreover, liked it.

The picture was *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* and we're warning you; it's something new in screen thrills. Never before has there been a picture like it. Because never before has anyone dared to present Shakespeare on the screen and do him justice in the presentation.

We're glad that we didn't let the heat of the projection room get us. We're glad we didn't miss a scene of it. And it took two hours and a half to see it! And you, seeing it in a theatre where the temperature is regulated and where you won't suffer for art as we did, are likely to go into ecstasies over it!

YES, here is a picture that lasts two and a half hours, is an involved fantasy, uses cadenced conversation in a day when our ears are used to staccato sentences—and never lets one's interest down. If you had told us beforehand that that combination was possible, we would have laughed at you. But now we're paging Believe-It-or-Not Ripley, ourselves!

We studied (?) Shakespeare in school, but we never had read *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* (After dragging us by the heels through *Macbeth* and *Hamlet,* our teachers had killed any further curiosity about Shakespeare!) And we never suspected what we had missed, until we looked upon Max Reinhardt's screen transcription of the Bard's famous fantasy. Maybe you are in for discoveries, as we were. We hope so.

Fantasy has never succeeded very well on the screen before this. Maybe it won't succeed now; I don't know—not being a prophet. But if any picture ever deserved success, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is it. Here is a picture that transports you into a world you have never seen before, except in fancy (and then the details were not clear). Here is great beauty, born in the mind of a man who died centuries ago, developed into something that all men might see and hear and feel.

The small parts played by some members of the large all-star cast will amaze you. Here, you sense, was a labor of love. Here was something worth doing, no matter how small one's part might be. Here was a picture that stood a chance of living, enduring, becoming history.

JAMES CAGNEY, Dick Powell, Joe E. Brown, Victor Jory, Frank McHugh, Jean Muir, Anita Louise, Veree Teasdale, Hugh Herbert, Ian Hunter are only a few of the names that adorn the cast. Some of them may not be the greatest Shakespearean actors in the world, but they do not have to be. They are human—human and believable. And that, after all, is all that Shakespeare ever intended any of his characters to be.

Except, perhaps, *Puck . . . Puck,* the mischief-maker of a dream world where fairies and gnomes exist and anything is possible. It is he who epitomizes the whole mad, merry, mischievous mood of the fantasy. And he is played with all the imagination and zest and buoyancy of boyhood by young Mickey Rooney. His performance is something you will not forget—and the Academy Award-makers shouldn't. You are sorry when *Puck* closes the doors, at the end, on this world of his.

Aside from Mickey Rooney, the ones you are likely to remember longest are Olivia de Havilland, as *Hermia,* whose lover's eyes are turned from her by a love potion; Victor Jory, as the sonorous, subtle *Oberon,* king of the fairies; Anita Louise, as *Titania,* queen of the fairies, whose loveliness is ethereal; and Joe E. Brown, as *Flute,* the perennially dazed and humble man who has to pretend he is a woman.

ALREADY, even before the picture's release, there are signs and portents that it is starting something. A Shakespearean cycle, to be exact. Norma Shearer is about to make *Romeo and Juliet,* Marion Davies is considering the production of *Twelfth Night.* Josephine Hutchinson is scheduled for *As You Like It.* Walter Huston is willing to film *Othello.* And there is even talk that Katharine Hepburn—yes, Hepburn—may make *Hamlet.* So what? So *A Midsummer Night's Dream must be good!*

A WHILE back, we mentioned Academy Awards. If the adults don't hustle a little, the 1935 balloting will all be in favor of the youngest generation. ("And a child—or two—shall lead them!") Mickey Rooney's great performance has a rival in Freddie Bartholomew's unforgettable portrayal of the young *David Copperfield.*

And in the feminine contingent, Shirley Temple hasn't things all her talented way. There is another little girl, right in the same studio, named Jane Withers, who has the spark of the natural-born actress. And now a third Wonder Child appears on the scene—Sybil Jason, who came from South Africa to become a star in her first picture, *Little Big Shot.*

But, of all the younger players—with the exception of Shirley Temple,—it is Mickey Rooney who will capture your heart and imagination. Just as Jackie Coogan, now grown to manhood, has lingered in fond memory because of his fine portrayal in *The Kid,* so young Mickey Rooney, through his unforgettable delineation of *Puck,* will live as you see him in the *Dream.* He stems straight and true from Shakespeare's make-believe world—a boy with the stamp of genius upon him. Outside of little Shirley, he is the most important thing that has happened to Hollywood in years.

Larry Reid

KABLE BROS. CO., PRINTERS

TATTOO YOUR LIPS
WITH THIS LUSCIOUS NEW RED
FROM THE SOUTH SEAS

Your favorite toilet goods dealer invites you to test, on your own skin, all five shades of TATTOO *at the Tattoo Color Selector, illustrated here and readily found wherever fine toilet goods are sold.*

TATTOO IS $1

Alive and alluring as flame . . . yet soft as the note from a thin silver chime. Dashing and gay as Hawaii's wild Hibiscus flower; vivid and daring as a grass skirt on Fifth Avenue . . . still as easy to wear as the most elusive perfume. It's the brighter red you have dreamed of and hoped for — in indelible lipstick, but has never been available because it would turn purplish on the lips. Now, Tattoo has found a way to give it to you without even a hint of purplish undertone. You'll find it the same luscious, appealing red on your lips as it is in the stick. See "Hawaiian." Tattoo your lips with it . . . *if you dare!*

TATTOO, CHICAGO

TATTOO "HAWAIIAN"

PUT IT ON •• LET IT SET •• WIPE IT OFF •• ONLY THE *COLOR* STAYS!

NO THANKS! I'D RATHER HAVE A LUCKY
LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES
IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS
There are no finer tobaccos than those used in Luckies

Copyright 1935,
The American Tobacco Company

MOTION PICTURE

NOVEMBER

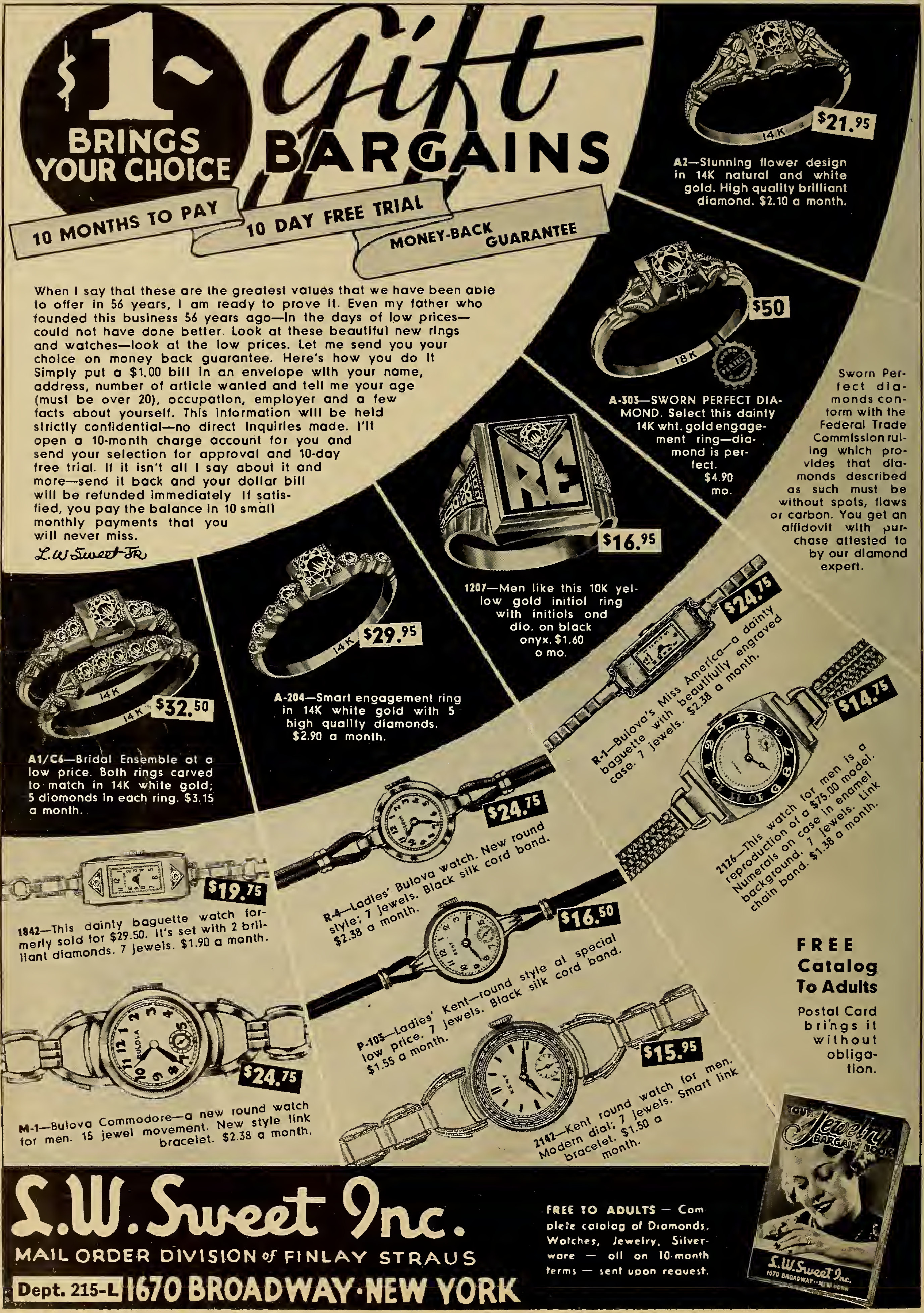
NOW 10c
In Canada 15c

OCT [illegible] 1935

CLAUDETTE
COLBERT

WIN A SCREEN TEST, FREE TRIPS TO HOLLYWOOD

NORMA SHEARER AS I KNOW HER BY JIM TULLY



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CAN'T you just hear the shocked whispers flash around a dinner table at her conduct? . . . "How terrible" . . . "How perfectly awful" . . . And they'd be right—from a social angle.

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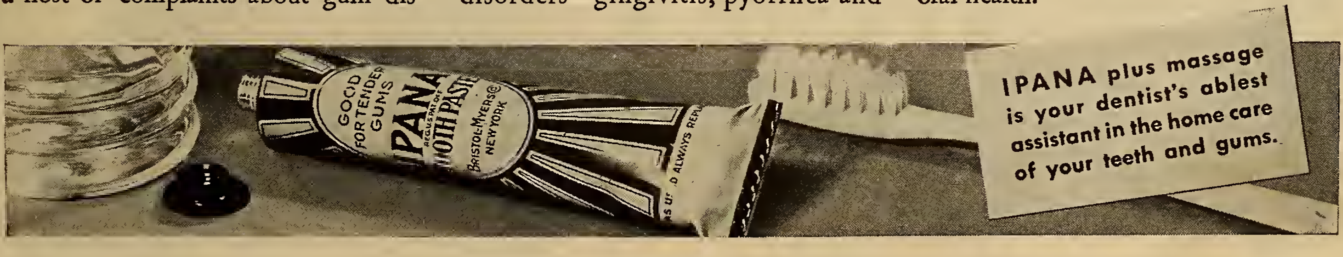
For all dentists know that soft, modern foods deprive teeth and gums of what they most need—plenty of exercise. And of course, "pink tooth brush" is just a way your gums have of asking for your help, and for better care.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH!" Keep your teeth white—not dingy. Keep your gums firm and hard—not sensitive and tender. Keep that tinge of "pink" off your tooth brush. And keep gum disorders—gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease far in the background.

Use Ipana and massage regularly. Every time you brush your teeth, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. You can feel—almost from the first—a change toward new healthy firmness, as Ipana wakens the lazy gum tissues, and as new circulation courses through them.

Try Ipana on your teeth and gums for a month. The improvement in *both* will give you the true explanation of Ipana's 15-year success in promoting complete oral health.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IPANA plus massage is your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

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M-G-M again electrifies the world with "Broadway Melody of 1936" glorious successor to the picture which 7 years ago set a new standard in musicals. Roaring comedy, warm romance, sensational song hits, toe-tapping dances, eye-filling spectacle, a hand-picked cast.

THE GREATEST MUSICAL
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SING THESE SONG HITS!

"On a Sunday Afternoon"
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"Broadway Rhythm"
"Sing Before Breakfast"
"I've Got A Feeling You're Foolin'"

by Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed, composers for the original "Broadway Melody"

BROADWAY MELODY of 1936

with

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UNA MERKEL · FRANCES LANGFORD
SID SILVERS · BUDDY EBSEN
JUNE KNIGHT · VILMA EBSEN
HARRY STOCKWELL · NICK LONG, JR.

A Metro-*Goldwyn*-Mayer Picture

Directed by Roy Del Ruth · *Produced by* John W. Considine, Jr.

SEP 26 1935

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MOTION PICTURE

ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor

LAURENCE REID
Managing Edito

NOVEMBER, 1935

Volume L, No. 4 Twenty-Fourth Year

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JIM TULLY REVEALS REAL FREDRIC MARCH

"He learned a million things that he could never use," says Jim Tully, famous writer, about Fredric March. "All he remembered later was that doughnuts look exactly alike if you're hungry." Read his story in December MOTION PICTURE

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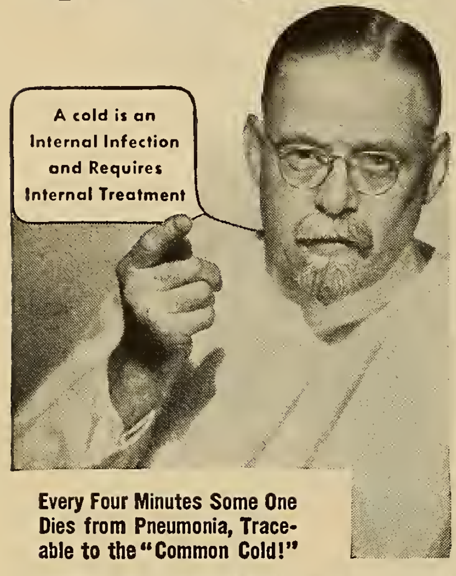
Don't Fool Around with a COLD!


A cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment

Every Four Minutes Some One Dies from Pneumonia, Traceable to the "Common Cold!"

DON'T "kid" yourself about a cold. It's nothing to be taken lightly or treated trivially. A cold is an internal infection and unless treated promptly and seriously, it may turn into something worse.

According to published reports there is a death every four minutes from pneumonia traceable to the so-called "common cold."

Definite Treatment

A reliable treatment for colds is afforded in Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It is no mere palliative or surface treatment. It gets at a cold in the right way, *from the inside!*

Working internally, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine does four things of vital importance in overcoming a cold: First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

Be Sure — Be Safe!

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Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is the largest selling cold tablet in the world, a fact that attests to its efficacy as well as harmlessness. Let no one tell you he "has something better."

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

Brief Reviews of the Current Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD; AA—FAIR; A—MEDIOCRE

Dick Powell's an aviator in *Page Miss Glory.* Here Marion Davies is flying right into the flier's arms

Anna Karenina—AAAA—Greta Garbo reaches new emotional heights in this screen version of Tolstoy's distinguished novel. Leaving husband and home for the sake of love, she runs away with a handsome officer, Vronsky, played by Fredric March. Freddie Bartholomew is her son in the film, and steals every scene in which he appears. One of the great pictures of the year! —*M-G-M.*

In Old Kentucky—AAAA—With a setting in the Kentucky hills as a background, this film will give you more laughs than you have had in many a day. The late Will Rogers is superb. Not only is there comedy, but also a touching love story, and a strong plot. Besides, there is the dancing of Bill Robinson. See it, by all means! —*20 Century-Fox.*

Curly Top—AAAA—Shirley Temple has an extraordinary opportunity to display her versatility in this picture. She dances, sings, acts. And she is a wonder! John Boles sings too, and it is a pleasure to hear him. Rochelle Hudson, as Shirley's sister, gives an excellent account of herself. There are four outstanding songs in the film. Any one—or all of them—is likely to continue as a hit!—*20th Century-Fox.*

China Seas—AAAA—Clark Gable plays one of those powerful, he-men rôles in which he glories. And he puts it over with a bang! Jean Harlow, playing the part of a girl who fights to keep the man she loves, puts everything into her portrayal. The same is true of Wallace Beery, as a pirate leader. This is a vigorous story of life in the China Seas. And the cast, which interprets it, could not have been better chosen than it was.—*M-G-M.*

Call of the Wild—AAAA—This is a grim tale of the gold-rush days in the Yukon, relieved by the comedy of Jack Oakie and the romantic but frustrated love of Clark Gable and Loretta Young. Made from Jack London's popular novel of the same name, the picture brings to screen audiences, a great canine actor, a huge St. Bernard dog, named Buck. Jack Oakie is outstanding in a distinguished cast.—*United Artists.*

Steamboat Round the Bend—AAAA—Presented as Doctor John, a medicine peddler, the late Will Rogers appears here in a serious characterization. Of course, there is the wit and pungent humor for which Rogers has long been noted, but, essentially, drama is paramount in this film. The story deals with a murder and its solution. Anne Shirley, as a girl of the southern swamps, gives an excellent account of herself. Irvin S. Cobb, Eugene Pallette, and Stepin Fetchit are in the cast.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Broadway Melody of 1936—AAAA—One of the best musical shows ever seen on the screen is presented in this film. Eleanor Powell takes rank as a star after her hit performance here. Her remarkable dancing is a real treat. Her winged feet seem destined to bring her the same tremendous public approval that Fred Astaire has already won. Jack Benny, Sid Silvers and Una Merkel furnish laughs galore. And Robert Taylor and June Knight give an excellent account of themselves, as does Frances Langford.—*M-G-M.*

Alice Adams—AAAA—Portraying the part of a poor girl with illusions and dreams, a girl whose father is still a clerk while the friends of his youth are wealthy, Katharine Hepburn presents her greatest rôle since *Morning Glory.* The trials and vicissitudes through which a family of small means pass are all sympathetically brought to the screen. Fred MacMurray and Fred Stone give Miss Hepburn excellent support.—*RKO.*

Annapolis Farewell—AAA—If it had not been for the truly inspired performance of Sir Guy Standing, this would have been a relatively unimportant picture. But Sir Guy, as a retired naval officer, whose loyalty to the navy and to his ship is unswerving, is magnificent in his rôle. You will laugh. You will cry. And you will know that here, in Sir Guy's characterization, you have seen the work of a great actor. Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell, and Rosalind Keith are in the cast.—*Paramount.*

Dressed to Thrill—AAA—Playing two parts, that of a dressmaker and that of an opera singer, Tutta Rolf has a difficult assignment in this picture. However, she handles her dual rôle so well that you will undoubtedly see much more of her. She's a new star that you'll want to see. Clive Brook plays the male lead. Trouble begins when Clive Brook seems inclined to sacrifice his love for the dressmaker for that of the opera celebrity.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Page Miss Glory—AAA—Light, gay entertainment is featured here. Marion Davies is seen first as a naïve country maid who comes to the big city, becoming first a chambermaid, and then a beauty contest winner. Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh, Mary Astor, and Lyle Talbot are members of the celebrated supporting cast. Although the plot is trifling, the film is altogether pleasing,—even delightful at times.—*Warner Brothers.*

Diamond Jim—AAA—By his striking portrayal of that super-salesman, "Diamond Jim" Brady, Edward Arnold becomes one of the really outstanding stars of this year, or any year. A picturesque figure of the boom days of the railroad at the end of the last century, "Diamond Jim" was a colorful character. And none of that color is lost in Arnold's distinguished characterization. Binnie Barnes and Jean Arthur give Arnold splendid support.—*Universal.*

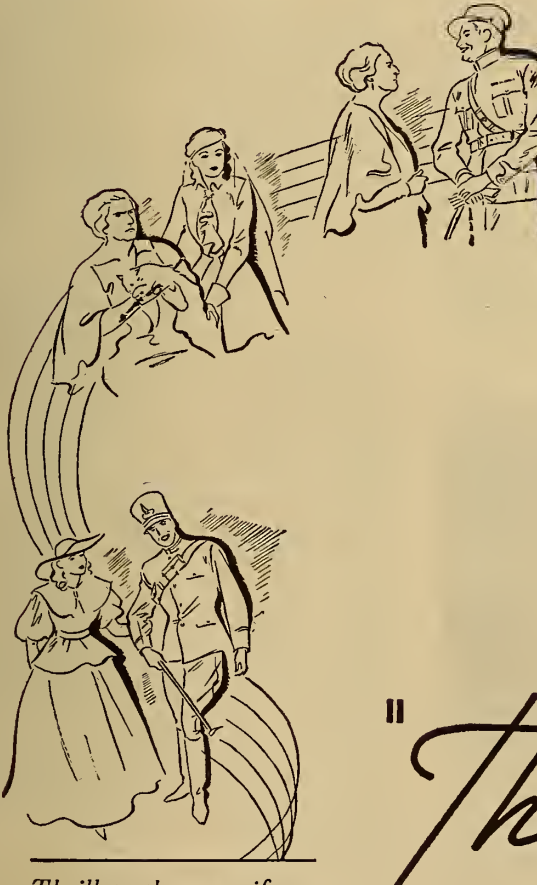
Accent on Youth—AAA—For those with a taste for the sophisticated in their entertainment, this sparkling comedy-drama will be fine fare indeed. Clever dialogue, able acting, and an interesting plot combine to make this an amusing travesty upon life in general, with particular emphasis upon the question of marriage between age and youth. Herbert Marshall and Sylvia Sydney enact the leading rôles with thoroughly appropriate skill and finesse.—*Paramount.*

The Irish in Us—AAA—Sentimental and comic by turns, this picture will bring you both laughter and tears. It is a film for the whole family, particularly for the children. James Cagney, playing the male lead, is considered the worthless youngest son of a family which includes two older brothers, Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh. Jimmy's purpose in life is to make a success of the fight game. Olivia de Havilland appears in the leading feminine rôle.—*Warner Brothers.*

Little Big Shot—AAA—Seeing this picture, you are aware that there is a new baby star in Hollywood. She's Sybil Jason. She sings and acts with a skill and understanding that is remarkable in one so tiny. Her father murdered, cared for by thugs, Sybil gives a touching performance. Glenda Farrell, Robert Armstrong, and Edward Everett Horton interpret supporting rôles ably.—*Warner Brothers.*

The Last Outpost—AAA—Claude Rains and Cary Grant are army officers, engaged in jungle and desert warfare, in this film. In a hospital, Grant falls in love with a nurse, Gertrude Michael, who is the wife of Rains. There is death and disaster in this narrative.—*Paramount.*

A GOLDEN SYMPHONY OF THRILLING SONG, VIBRANT ROMANCE AND SOUL-STIRRING EMOTION!



Even the world's applause ringing in her ears could not silence her yearning heart-song for one glorious moment with the man she loved and one enchanting hour with the son she could never claim!

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HELEN WESTLEY · JOHN HALLIDAY · WILLIAM HARRIGAN
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Thrill to the magnificent voice of the screen's latest find—George Houston, as he sings the "Toreador" song from "Carmen" and "Ritorno di Sorriento", famous Italian folk song.

A Reliance Picture
Directed by DAVID BURTON
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Startling New Discoveries Explain Why Pacific Ocean Sea Plant Can Now Quickly Build Up

WEAK RUNDOWN SKINNY FOLKS!

How Thousands of Pale, Sickly, Tired Out, Nervous Folks Can Now—By Making This One Simple Change Which Corrects IODINE STARVED GLANDS—Build Rugged New Strength and Often Add 5 Lbs. in 1 Week

As the result of tests covering thousands of weakened, rundown, nervous folks, science now claims that it is glands starving for iodine that keep folks pale, tired-out, underweight and ailing. When these glands—particularly the important gland which controls weight and strength—lack NATURAL PLANT IODINE, even diets rich in starches and fats fail to add needed pounds. That's why skinny people often have huge appetites yet stay weak and skinny.

Now, however, with the introduction of Kelpamalt—a mineral concentrate derived from a huge 90-foot sea vegetable harvested off the Pacific Coast—you can be assured of a rich, concentrated supply of this precious substance. 1300 times richer in iodine than oysters, Kelpamalt at last puts food to work for you. Its 12 other minerals stimulate the digestive glands which alone produce the juices that enable you to digest fats and starches. 3 Kelpamalt tablets contain more iron and copper than 1 lb. of spinach or 7½ lbs. of fresh tomatoes, more iodine than 1386 lbs. lettuce, etc., etc.

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100 jumbo size Kelpamalt Tablets cost but a few cents a day to use. At all drug stores. If your dealer hasn't yet received his supply, send $1 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

3 Steps in the Building of New Strength and Good Solid Flesh

1. Ordinary food enters stomach and is partially digested.
2. Digestion completed in intestines and flesh-building material absorbed in blood stream.
3. Metabolism, when regulated by glands kept healthy with iodine, assures conversion of material into firm, new flesh.

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The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings-on in Hollywood

BY HARRY LANG

LET'S get into a quiet corner, now, while Talkie Town Tattler—"Ol' Keyhole-Eye," his dearest enemies call him!—ladles out some of Hollywood's latest whispersonalities—

There's the chuckle about Claudette Colbert who's finally going for that long-awaited divorce from Norman Foster, from whom she's been divorced in all but name for lo these many so-longs! And it was *love* that sent Claudette off to Mexico, where she is ostensibly getting one of those Mexican ready-made divorces as this piece is being written. Yes, it was *love* that did it—Norman's and Claudette's *love, but not for each other!* Norman, y'see, is going to marry Sally Blane, and Claudette, bless her curvacious self, is certain to become one Mrs. Joseph Pressman—he being a Hollywood physician. Hollywood thinks it'd be an out-loud laugh if, for old times' sake, Claudette and Dr. Joe and Norman and Sally made it a double wedding. Anyway, by the time you read this, it's likely that the divorce and the two subsequent marriages will have taken place.

Starring now in *Personal Appearance* on the Broadway stage, Gladys George, above, is new M-G-M contract player

Jean an' Bill an' Pots an' Pans

MEANWHILE, between kisses, Jean Harlow and Bill Powell continue to deny that Bill's going to be the fourth Mister Jean Harlow. Latest denial emanated from Santa Barbara, a hundred miles from Hollywood, where the natives discovered Jean and Bill shopping together for kitchen equipment. "We couldn't get married if we wanted to," complained Jean, "because my divorce from Hal Rosson isn't final yet. And anyway, Mr. Powell and I haven't even discussed marriage. And, anyway, we have no such thing in mind." Aw, Jean—*really* . . . . . . ????? *No* such thing??

Ah, These Kiddies . . . !

HOLLYWOOD'S most famous professional jealousy feud on record to date has been the Pola Negri-Gloria Swanson glacial age a few years back. But even that is nothing compared to the latest feud—the Shirley Temple-Jane Withers situation. Sitting pretty until Jane's big click in *Ginger*, Shirley now finds her spot as child-queen of cinema-

[*Continued on page 66*]

THREE HOURS OF ENTERTAINMENT
THAT WAS THREE CENTURIES IN THE MAKING
"From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven . . . imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown"

WARNER BROS.
will present for two performances daily, in selected cities and theatres,

MAX REINHARDT'S
first motion picture production

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

from the classic comedy by
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
accompanied by the immortal music of
FELIX MENDELSSOHN

The Players

JAMES CAGNEY JOE E. BROWN DICK POWELL
ANITA LOUISE OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND JEAN MUIR
HUGH HERBERT FRANK McHUGH ROSS ALEXANDER
VERREE TEASDALE IAN HUNTER VICTOR JORY
MICKEY ROONEY HOBART CAVANAUGH GRANT MITCHELL

AUGMENTED by many hundreds of others in spectacular ballets directed by BRONISLAVA NIJINSKA and NINI THEILADE. The music arranged by ERICH WOLFEGANG KORNGOLD. The costumes by MAX REE. The entire production under personal direction of MAX REINHARDT and WILLIAM DIETERLE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Since there has never been a motion picture like A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, *its exhibition to the public will differ from that of any other screen attraction. Reserved seats only will be available for the special advance engagements, which will be for a strictly limited period. Premieres of these engagements will be not only outstanding events in the film world, but significant civic occasions.*

Polished perfection is what Adrienne Ames represents here. But it's no accident! It required hours of preparation

BEAUTY ADVICE

Your beauty problems may seem most puzzling to you, but quite simple to MISS CAINE, *our beauty expert. Why don't you write to her today? You may ask her for advice on any phase of beauty that might be troubling you. This service is free, of course. All that is necessary is a stamped, self-addressed envelope for* MISS CAINE'S *personal reply to your letter. Simply write to* DENISE CAINE, MOTION PICTURE, *1501 Broadway, New York City.*

Beauty for Gala Hours

by Denise Caine

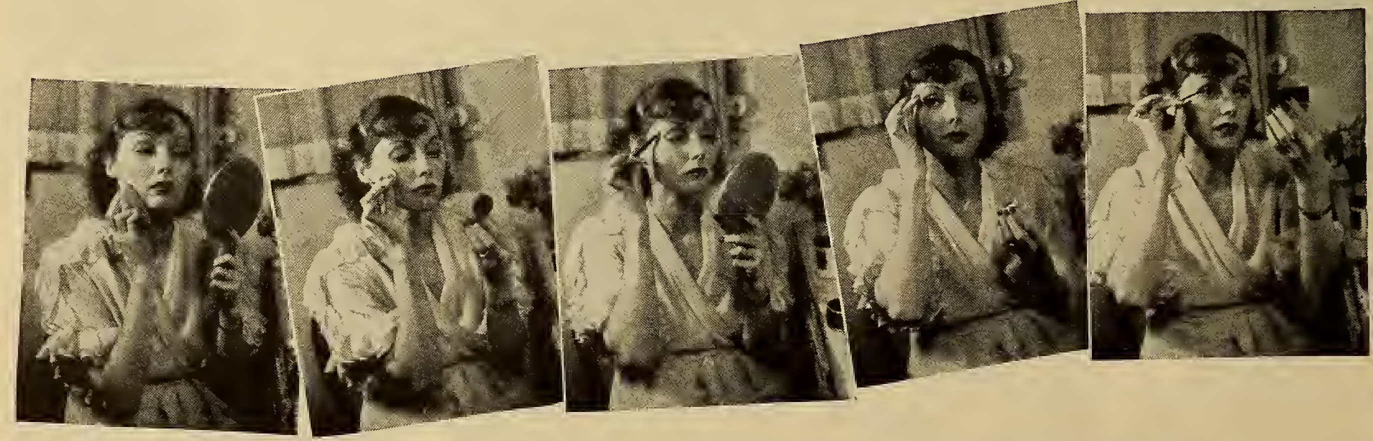
WHEN your escort comes to take you to a party, do you look as fresh and well-groomed as Adrienne Ames? You needn't have a satin evening wrap with a mink collar, like Adrienne's. You needn't be dripping with jewels.

But you *must* look as if you'd spent lots of time on your hair, your skin, your nails. For it's the time spent at your dressing table—going through the same beauty rites Adrienne is performing in the small photographs—that determines whether you will be a belle or a wallflower at a party.

I'm not suggesting that you should go about your daily routine looking like a slattern and then, on social occasions, blossom out into an orchid. But I do advise those little *extra* touches before a party to put you in the right mood, to give you sparkle and magnetism.

Take your bath, for instance. By pouring into it a few drops of pine essence, you can make it a refreshing beauty treatment instead of a mere bath. Or if you have a hankering for lilac perfume, you can satisfy it in a big way by flinging handfuls of lilac-scented crystals into your bath. A brisk rubdown with *eau de cologne* after a lazy, perfumed bath will put you "on your toes" and leave your body fragrant and smooth.

You shouldn't *think* of going to a party without shampooing and waving your hair. [*Continued on page* 64]



Like the make-up of Adrienne Ames, shown at her dressing table, yours should include the careful application of powder, rouge, eye shadow, pencil and mascara, as well as the essential lipstick. Be a winner, Adrienne's way

IT TAKES MORE THAN THIS TO BE QUEEN OF THE MAY . .

THIS is Pamela . . . pretty and charming . . . adding to her good looks with a "permanent." The big Spring party is on at the club tonight, and Pamela would like to be voted the Queen of the May, or, better still, the queen of some suitor's heart . . . But Pamela will never be queen of anything . . . people with halitosis never are . . . it is the millstone about many a lovely neck . . . and all so unnecessary.

Why take a chance?

The insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath) is that you yourself never know when you have it. But others do, and give you the cold shoulder. What do they care how attractive you are if your breath is a nuisance! Why offend others unnecessarily? You can put your breath beyond suspicion in a second or two. Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, the quick deodorant. Listerine attacks fermentation, declared by a noted dental authority to be the cause of 90% of mouth odors. Then it gets rid of the odors themselves, leaving the breath sweet, agreeable, and wholesome. Don't forget also, that Listerine overcomes odors that ordinary mouth washes, devoid of antiseptic power, fail to conceal in several hours.

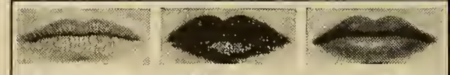
Never make the mistake of assuming that you are immune to halitosis. Fermentation takes place even in normal mouths; consequently anyone is likely to offend at some time or other. Don't take that chance. Use Listerine every morning and every night and between times before social engagements. It is so pleasant, so refreshing, so safe, so effective.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

Listerine quickly checks Halitosis (Bad Breath)

CHARLES FARRELL *chooses girl with* **NATURAL LIPS**

HERE'S WHAT CHARLES FARRELL SAW



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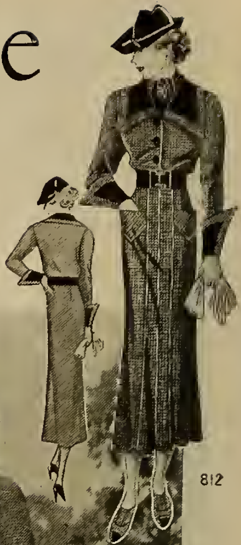

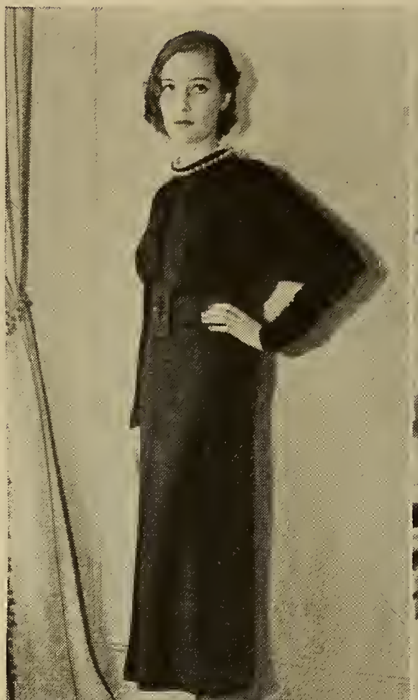

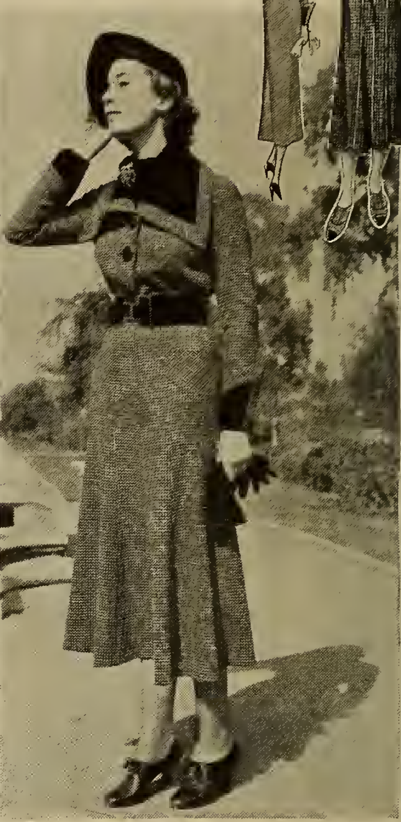

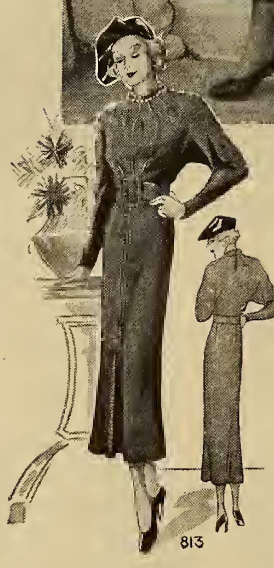

At Left: Pattern No. 813—Miss Valerie Hobson, Universal contract player, selects a black crêpe dress of exquisite simplicity but with amazing line and detail. The bodice is cut on a kimona pattern, the long sleeves and blouse in one piece. Tiny darts are used to fit the neckline close in around the throat, while a cluster of inverted tucks starting at the waistline, extend some four or five inches up toward the neck, giving the effect of a high waistline. The neck is finished with a narrow, circular collar that is used as a little *shelf* to support the upper strand of a double pearl choker. The pearls are actually attached to the collar and the clasp holds the gown together in the back. The skirt front is made with a cluster of tucks in the center. There is a wide belt of self-material made very stiff and finished with a huge buckle—also covered with the crêpe. Sizes 14, 16, 18 years; 36, 38, and 40-inch bust.

Above: Pattern No. 812—The coat-dress is still one of the most popular for street use, and lovely Valerie Hobson, Universal contract player, has selected hers of checked brown and mustard wool, trimmed with brown velveteen. The top of the dress is made with wide revers edged in brown velveteen and has a double row of brown buttons. The coat sleeves are finished with a trim of velveteen on the turn-back cuffs. Very flattering is the Ascot scarf of brown velveteen that fills in around the throat, and the bit of gold braid trimming is most effective. The skirt of this dress is made with a few front gores and straight back. It has small patch pockets on either side and a very wide, stiff belt of velveteen that fastens with a huge buckle. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years; 36, 38, and 40-inch bust.

All pattern orders are filled promptly. If you enclose twenty-five cents (25c) with the coupon here (at right), you will get a pattern of *either one* of the two dresses described. If you enclose fifty cents (50c), you will get patterns for *both* dresses! Place check marks in the squares provided on the coupon here (at right) to indicate what you wish to have sent to you. You can purchase these patterns directly at any store handling Screen Star Patterns, if you wish.

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An Open Letter to

MIRIAM HOPKINS

from J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

MY DEAR MISS HOPKINS:
Orchids to you for both your splendid performances in *Becky Sharp* and in *Barbary Coast.* These two productions only add to your standing as a great feminine star of the day. I have never seen love-making that was more sincere than your scenes in *Becky Sharp.*

Mr. Mamoulian, I believe, says that your color aura is red, a dangerous color indeed.

Becky Sharp proved that the new Technicolor process could be successful. It will bring an entirely new picture audience into the theatre. Color, the scientific dream of years, is at last perfected. Your own performance in the world's first real color picture was a treat to see. To me, you are one of the most fascinating women on the screen today with your sparkling eyes, your vivacity and your beautiful hair. And in addition, of course, you are the perfect lady, off-screen.

I DO hope you get your vacation and your New York play. Now is the time for you to appear on Broadway and, no doubt, Mr. Goldwyn will see that you do. With two highly successful pictures behind you and a play ahead, there is nothing but greater triumphs awaiting you.

I have never forgotten either, your marvelous performance as the little wanton of *Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde.*

But, perhaps, your greatest film is *Barbary Coast.* What a cast to support you,—tall, handsome Joel McCrea, vivid, brilliant, little Eddie Robinson who will never be forgotten as *Little Caesar,* and Harry Carey, the grandest old trouper of them all. The old Barbary Coast is gone and where it stood, law and order now reign but, through your artistry, it will live again as it did in its days of bloodshed and gold.

To me, you have always been a great actress, Miss Hopkins, one whose pictures I have never failed to see. I glory in your work, in your charming personality and although some members of the press have said you are difficult, I think it is only when they go to you with inane story subjects. I can say that you have always been kind to me as a writer.

BUT, to return to *Becky Sharp.* I think Thackeray would have loved you in that rôle. Never before has his grasping heroine been put on the screen with such imposing effect. The scene of the ball before the battle of Waterloo when Wellington's English broke the power of Napoleon was in vivid color, and was the most dramatic scene I have ever seen on the screen, climaxed, as it was, by your farewell to your husband.

Life has indeed been kind to you. Wealth, youth, beauty, and world fame. I know that you will never want for anything again so long as you live and that makes me happy too. How many stars would have risked the experiment of color, of pioneering? That took courage.

As you can readily see, Miss Hopkins, I am a great admirer of yours. It is my wish and that of the publication in which this open letter appears, that you will live and prosper for many years more in your chosen profession.

Tell the millions of your fans, through MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, about your future plans and tell them yourself, as only you can tell them.

Your sincere admirer,

J. Eugene Chrisman

. . . and mind made up to stay that way!

Behind many a young and lovely face is a mind rich in mature wisdom. The instinctive knowledge women seem to be born with. It commands..."Stay lovely as long as you can."

So, you pay great attention to your complexion, your hair, your figure. Your dressing table is gay with bright jars of creams and cosmetics. And if you know all of your beauty lore, there'll be in your medicine chest a certain little blue box. Ex-Lax, its name. And its role in your life is to combat that enemy to loveliness and health . . . constipation. You know what that does to your looks!

Ex-Lax is ideal for you. Because it is mild, gentle, it doesn't strain your system. It is thorough. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And it is such a joy to take . . . it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

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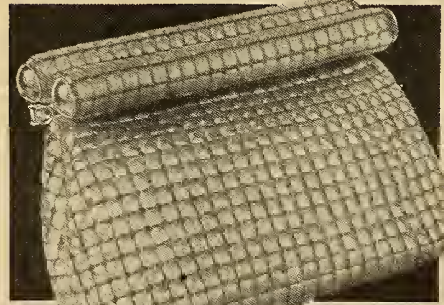
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NOW YOU'LL KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS

Just Ask the Cinema Sage

In Warners' coming film, *Midsummer Night's Dream,* Anita Louise is cast as Queen of the Fairies

Jane Withers—Her next picture is titled, *This Is the Life.* She was born at Atlanta, Ga., Apr. 12, 1926. The man who played the part of Mr. Parker in *Ginger* was Walter King. You can address Jane Withers at 20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. (L.D., Tampa, Fla.)

Joan Crawford—Her marriage to Franchot Tone has been rumored. But that is all. No announcement has been made. (C.F., Foxburg, Pa.)

Jean Harlow—Yes, she was born in Kansas City, the same as Wallace Beery, except that Jean was born on the Kansas side while Wally was born in the Missouri section. There is no picture selected yet (at this writing) as Charles Boyer's next. (L.M., Nashville, Tenn.)

Claudette Colbert—It was Ray Milland who played with her in the part you mention in *Gilded Lily.* (C.A., Seattle, Wash.)

Fredric March—You can address him at 20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. (T.W.T., Nashville, Tenn.)

Virginia Bruce—She was born Sept. 29, 1910. She is under contract to M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Calif. (C. H., LaSalle, Ill.)

Joan Crawford—She was born Mar. 23, 1908. Her studio is M-G-M, Culver City, Calif. (C.H., LaSalle, Ill.)

Fredric March—Having been born Aug. 31, 1898, he is now thirty-seven years old. (C.H., LaSalle, Ill.)

Norma Shearer—She is under contract to M-G-M. (C.H., LaSalle, Ill.)

Claire Trevor—So far as is known, at this writing, she is not married. (C.H., LaSalle, Ill.)

Ann Dvorak—Her birthday is Aug. 12. The year was 1912. (C.H., LaSalle, Ill.)

Charles Boyer—His birthday is Aug. 28. (C.H., LaSalle, Ill.)

Jeanette MacDonald—At present, she is scheduled to appear in *Rose Marie* with Nelson Eddy. As far as is known now, she is not married. Her birthday is June 18, 1908. (L.D.C., Winnipeg, Man., Canada.)

Ruby Keeler—Aug. 25 is her birthday. There is no star of whom we know, whose birthday is Aug. 27. (E.H., Dayton, O.)

Nelson Eddy—He will co-star with Jeanette MacDonald in his next film, *Rose Marie.* Nelson Eddy is his real name. No release date for *Rose Marie* has been fixed yet, as this is written. (M.E.H., Winnipeg, Man., Canada.)

Ralph Bellamy—So far as known, he is not under contract to any studio at present. A recent picture in which he was starred was *Air Hawks,* made by Columbia Pictures, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. (P.M.R., No. Weymouth, Mass.)

Clark Gable—He receives his mail at M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Calif. His birthday is Feb. 1. The year was 1901. Hunting and horseback riding are favorite sports of Clark's. (A.P., Hollywood, Calif.)

Frankie Thomas — You can address him at RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. He was born in New York City, April 9, 1922. Since he is still growing, it is difficult to say what his height will be by the time you read this. Boys *will* grow! (M.M., Charleston, S.C.)

If you want information about a movie star, ask this department. Your answer will appear as soon as space permits its inclusion. Or, if you prefer an immediate personal reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your letter to The Cinema Sage, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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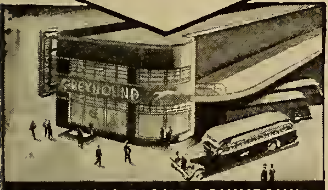

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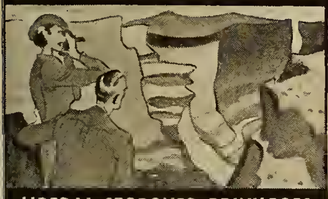

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NINO MARTINI, idol of the Metropolitan Opera and popular radio programs. With his magnetic personality, his magnificent voice, he flashes to stardom as the screen's new romantic hero.

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MARIA GAMBARELLI, famous ballet dancer and protegé of Pavlowa.

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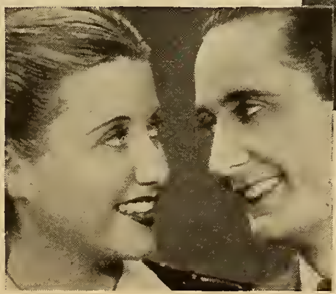

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REGINALD DENNY
VICENTE ESCUDERO
world's greatest gypsy dancer!

Directed by Alfred E. Green

Katharine Hepburn

Bringing vividly to the screen, all the emotions through which an imaginative mill-town girl might pass, Katharine Hepburn gives life and reality to her rôle in *Alice Adams.* Her new film is *Sylvia Scarlett.* Cary Grant has male lead

Joan Crawford

What happens when a man of science tries to become a man-about-town is shown in *I Live My Life*, Joan Crawford's new starring vehicle. Teamed with Joan is Britain's Brian Aherne, who'll handle the jolly, old romance

Joan Bennett

The youngest of the theatrical Bennetts, Joan is climbing high in Hollywood. *She Couldn't Take It* with George Raft for Columbia, and *Two for Tonight* with Bing Crosby, made for Paramount, are her new films

MEN *of*

Clark Gable's a real he-man (at right) in his rôle for M-G-M's coming film of pirate life entitled *Mutiny on the Bounty*

Famous for years as an actor, Herbert Marshall (above) gathers new laurels in *The Dark Angel.* Fredric March and Merle Oberon co-star with him

Nelson Eddy (at right) will do *Rose Marie,* his studio advises

Charles Boyer (above) failed, then succeeded magnificently. His recent film is *Shanghai*

It's been just one picture after another for Joel McCrea (at left). *Barbary Coast* for U-A is his lates

the HOUR

Last seen in RKO's fantastic spectacle, She Randolph Scott (at left) next appears in Paramount's new picture, So Red the Rose

New star, that's Henry Fonda (at left), now doing Way Down East

Newcomer to the screen, Errol Flynn, former Olympic Games boxer (above), has swash-buckling star rôle in Warners' coming picture, Captain Blood

You'll see Dick Powell (at right) in Warners' Shipmates Forever, soon. Ruby Keeler is with him, too, n this picture!

Richard Dix (above) is starring in the Gaumont-British picture, Transatlantic Tunnel

MICKEY ROONEY -Boy Genius

Mickey Rooney's portrayal of *Puck* in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* carries the stamp of genius. He doesn't play *Puck.* He *is Puck* in all of his mad, mischievous moods, stemming straight from Shakespeare. His performance merits stardom

BY PAULA HARRISON

THEY'RE shooting a scene from *Midsummer Night's Dream.* In the foreground, gnarled trees spread their branches over a winding stream. Farther back, the forest recedes into a tangle of mysterious shadows. From out of those shadows, a woodland creature comes stealing—horned head, tow-colored locks straggling over bright eyes, small furry body, impudent tail that seems to listen with the rest of him.

Whatever he hears or fails to hear apparently satisfies him, for he flings back his head in a gale of impish mirth, takes the stream at a bound and vanishes, only to reappear the next moment in the topmost branches of a tree, his laughter pealing forth again, his eyes peering gleefully down on a world of idiotic mortals created for his special amusement.

Near the cameras stands a quiet gray-haired man, absorbed in watching. Never once do his eyes leave the figure of the boy, whose speech and cavortings he follows half in wonder, wholly in delight. Only when the cameras have stopped grinding does he nod, smile a little, shake off what seems to be a dream of his own, and murmur to anyone or no one: "The child doesn't play *Puck.* He is *Puck!*"

THE man is Max Reinhardt, the German director with a world-wide reputation. The boy is Mickey Rooney, whose comparatively modest name as a movie actor is destined, they say, to blaze into glory when the *Dream* is released. Yes, it's the same Mickey Rooney —the perky, pug-nosed Mickey whose face and mannerisms are admirably suited to the rôle of any typical American youngster who plays ball with the rest of the gang on the corner lot, and yammers when he's told to wash behind the ears.

But Mickey and *Puck!* Mickey as a sylvan sprite, hobnobbing with fairies? Mickey "leaping back four centuries," as Reinhardt put it, "into the very heart of Shakespeare!" How come? Your guess is as good as mine, and neither is important. It's a mystery that can't be solved by drawing diagrams.

Mickey's own analysis, as far as it goes, is more sensible than most. Walking up and down, because his curly tail—emerging for air from a square-cut hole in his bathrobe—made sitting impractical, he chatted as man to man.

"I'll tell you the truth," he confided, raising candid blue eyes, "when I looked at that book 'n' read some o' those sides, I said to myself: 'This is the nuts,' I said. I'll never be able to do it—smart aleck," he commented in parenthesis, "callin' Shakespeare the nuts. But then you take anybody who's never read any sides like that before, 'n' they might've thought the same thing. Like *'The king doth keep his revels here tonight,'* 'n' *'Come, recreant.'* My golly, I didn't even know the meaning of those words, like *revels 'n' recreant,* 'n' I was worried stiff. Then I thought: 'What's the sense of bein' scared just because it's Shakespeare. If I get the part, O. K. If I don't get it, O. K. too.' So I took it home 'n' started figurin' it out, with a dictionary 'n' everything. That was before Mr. Reinhardt came. Next day I did it for his assistant, but I didn't do it exceptionally well. So I kept on thinkin' about it 'n' finally, just like that, it came to me that this *Puck* was nothin' but a kid that liked to jump around the same as I do 'n' have fun 'n' rib folks a little without really hurtin' 'em any. 'N' just because he didn't talk the way I do was nothin' against him—*say,* he might think *my* talk was funny too, if he could hear me. Well, after that it was a cinch—or anyway, lots easier than at first.

"THEN Mr. Reinhardt came. Gosh, I sure was nervous when I stood up in front of him 'n' he said: 'Well—' " Mickey's voice slowed down and rumbled, " 'Well—let's do it.' " He paused for a moment, remembering something pleasant. "Well—let's do it," he repeated affectionately. Then he continued. "He didn't say much when I got through—but I guess he liked it. Mr. Reinhardt's a man," Mickey explained earnestly, "that thinks a lot but don't go in for much gabbin'. He's got two faces. One's like this—" Mickey's own face spread into a gentle grin —"'n' you know he likes it. The other's like this—" the grin faded into gloom—"'n' you know he don't.

"Gee," he sighed, "I miss that play more 'n' anything I ever did. You know," he assured me, "that guy Shakespeare gets under your skin. When I grow up 'n' get hold of some money, I'm gonna put it on myself. Sometimes we'd work from nine in the morning till way at night, with fifteen minutes or half an hour maybe for a sandwich. But would anybody do any crabbin'? I'll say they wouldn't. Sometimes he'd look at me—Mr. Reinhardt, I mean—like —oh, I dunno—like he was my father or something—'n' he'd say: 'Are you tired? Well, you go on home.' Gee!" he cried, eyes shining with hero-worship, "I'd do anything for that guy!"

There you have Mickey's explanation of his *Puck*—an intelligent effort to understand the part, enthusiasm that never flagged and training at the expert hands of a man he loved. Which still leaves out of account the unknown quantity. Others have had intelligence, enthusiasm, training, and remained cart-horses. Mickey must have been born with the wings of Pegasus.

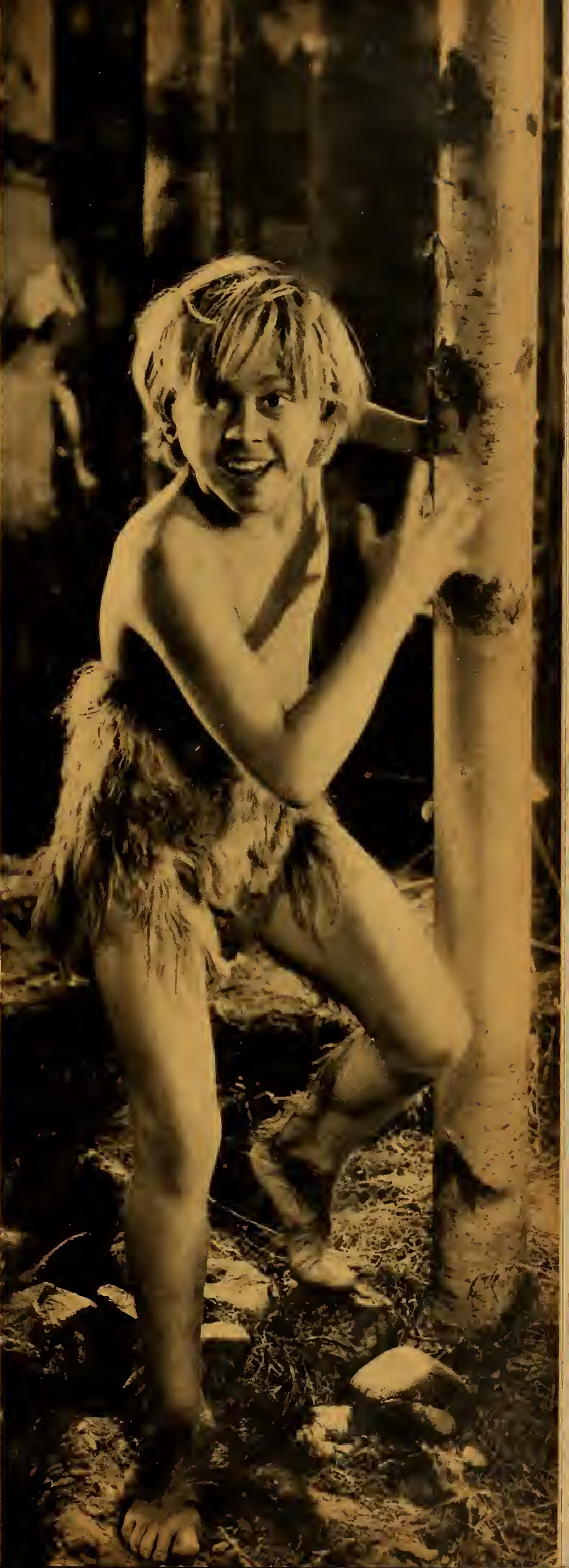
TO THE stage he was certainly born, for his parents were vaudeville actors and Mickey started touring with them when he was two weeks old. He took easily to the hurly-burly, absorbed self-reliance with his feeding bottles and was soon mimicking the antics of the people among whom he lived.

He was two and a half when he wobbled over to a fellow-thespian at rehearsal and hurled a challenge. "I c'n sing it better," he announced.

Sid Gold, six feet tall, squinted down at the hero. "Bet a dollar you can't," said Sid.

"It's a bet," returned Mickey calmly, borrowed a dollar from his friend, the orchestra leader, and burst into song. Tiring of his bargain midway, however, he eyed the dollar bill speculatively, tore it in two, proffered half to Sid Gold and half to the

[*Continued on page* 68]



Here is the inimitable *Puck* himself, as impersonated by youthful Mickey Rooney in Max Reinhardt's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* for Warner Brothers' studio

"Until a few years ago, I made a terrific pretense at being very well educated. Then, suddenly, I discovered that one hasn't a thing to be afraid of—*if he doesn't pretend!* I'm not afraid of people now," adds Norma Shearer, as quoted by Jim Tully, famed novelist, in his searching study of the M-G-M star, beginning on the next page. The portrait here shows Norma, smiling and at ease

NORMA SHEARER As I Know Her—

By JIM TULLY

"I WOULD rather tell you about my past hardships —I am a little superstitious about my good fortune. I never feel very far away from my early struggles. They remain vivid in my mind. That which keeps me trying is that I feel that all this is so temporary."

It was Norma Shearer who spoke. In a lovely home, with two beautiful children, a young, famous and successful husband, and approaching the zenith of her own career —a less shrewd woman than Norma would have been lulled by the siren of success.

Because of illness, Norma began school at ten, and quit before she was fourteen.

For some time she resented not having had a formal college education. "Up until a few years ago," she said, "I made a terrific pretense at being very well educated—people expected it of me, and I had to try to live up to it. I succeeded in impressing them that I was well-read. Then, suddenly, I discovered that one hasn't a thing in life to be afraid of—*if he doesn't pretend!* I'm not afraid of people now. I used to be. I could move into a two-room apartment now, and be perfectly happy."

Norma studied the piano when young, having ambitions to be a concert player. Her teacher was Blossom Connelly. Norma's feet could not touch the floor, and she sat, swinging them back and forth. At last the teacher said harshly: *"Will you stop kicking that piano!"* The shocked Norma stopped. She was momentarily discouraged.

HER father early lost everything he had. And Norma went to work in a music store. Her high ambition to be a pianist dwindled. Instead, she demonstrated popular songs, when about fifteen. Many people in Montreal realized that the Shearer family had come down in the world, and none more than Norma's brave-hearted mother. Once she came into the music store where her daughter worked. Overcome, she left

[*Continued on page* 74]

Nino Martini

Mary Ellis

Jan Kiepura

Michael Bartlett

The Song Birds Are Flying West

By IDA ZEITLIN

"I 'ave fun wis my hot dance," says Lily Pons, the star of new film, *Love Song*

THE songbirds are flying west. They hear you calling them, and they're speeding to answer your call. If you detect a little nervous fluttering of the wings here and there, you'll know that that particular bird is recalling an earlier trip, and a reception varying from lukewarm to glacial. Some of them, alighting hopefully and by special invitation in Hollywood a few years ago, weren't allowed so much as a single warble. Others sang their hearts out, to no avail. "Sorry," they were told. "Musicals are finished." So they flew homeward again, a fat worm in the form of a pay-check hardly compensating for the dismal fact that they'd given of their excellent best and been found wanting.

They steered clear of Hollywood after that. And when Hollywood began trying to coax them back, they shook wise heads. "Nothing doing," they retorted in effect. "Kick me once and it's your fault—kick me twice, and it's mine," and stuck to concert and opera, to musical comedy and radio, where a voice was a voice and not the corpse of a voice, mangled by faulty mechanism.

"But it's different now," Hollywood pleaded. "The mechanics of sound production have been perfected. We can do your voices justice. People are ready for musicals again. The pendulum's swung back."

"Has it, indeed!" They lifted polite brows. "You'll have to show us."

AND Hollywood, as she generally does when challenged, came through. Hollywood showed them. Hollywood, in the person of Harry Cohn of Columbia, persuaded one of the most brilliant of their number—a songster named Grace Moore—to give the films another chance. And Harry Cohn and Grace Moore and Victor Schertzinger and the sound technicians put the singing voice and the

Nelson Eddy

Lawrence Tibbett

Helen Jepson

Everett Marshall

Today's talkies are surely doing right by the singers! Grand opera stars stud the Hollywood sky, and they come to you on wings of song

Radiant Gladys Swarthout, at left, is featured in Paramount's *Rose of the Rancho.* Above is Grace Moore, hit star

singer's charm back on the Hollywood map to such good purpose that it would probably take something more violent than a cyclone to wipe them off again.

The effect on your movie fare is already apparent and growing daily more so. Except for this new birth of interest in music, Irene Dunne might never have sung to you in *Roberta;* John Boles might have continued to hide his tenor under a bushel; Nino Martini might have remained to you only a glamorous radio voice, instead of emerging as a figure of glamour in Fox's *Here's to Romance;* they might never have revived the delicious *Naughty Marietta,* wherein your old favorite, Jeanette MacDonald, won fresh laurels, and your new favorite, Nelson Eddy, made his dazzling bow. Except for this new interest, the cry for great singers — to do to audiences and, incidentally to box offices, what Grace Moore and her picture had done—would never have risen in Hollywood to penetrate every corner of the globe. "We've done right by your colleague's voice, haven't we?" Hollywood demanded. "And we'll do right by yours. In fact, our technicians are working and will go on working, so that we'll do even more in the future than we have in the past. Will you come now?"

AND so they're coming. Some are enroute — Jeritza, Talley and Jepson and Kiepura. Some are here and at work. If you live within range of a national radio network, you've thrilled to their voices, and wondered perhaps about the person and personality behind the voice. You've a fair idea of what you're going to hear when they come to the screen. *What are you going to see?*

For one thing, you're going to see a group of extraordinarily vital people. For every one of them—whether because of the colorful world they live in or because of some inherent quality bound up with their artistry—seems more glowingly alive than his fellows, like a gaily-hued tropical bird in the midst of wrens. It's a quality difficult to define, impossible not to recognize, and

[*Continued on page 76*]

Do You Want a *Free Screen Test?*

You too can be a movie star!
Enter this great contest *now*

New to films once, Jean Rogers, above is star in Stormy

Now Valerie Hobson, above, plays leads. Will you?

RULES

1. Any man or woman, sixteen or over (minors must have consent of guardians), who is a resident of the United States, may enter this contest. It is not necessary to purchase any article to enter.
2. Contest opens September 1, 1935, and closes January 1, 1936.
3. Winners of the Search for Talent Contest will be judged by photographs and by motion picture screen tests made at your local Universal theatres at times to be announced in newspapers and in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
4. Judges of the contest will be executives of Universal Pictures. Their decisions will be final.
5. Judges may select as many contestants as they deem fit, contestants to be given all-expense free trips to Hollywood and return, for sound tests at the studio. *No less* than *six* contestants will be awarded trips to Hollywood with an opportunity to win movie contracts.
6. Each photograph must be attached to an entry blank.
7. Contestants agree to abide by decisions of the judges, and any entrant must by his or her signature to an entry blank, agree to permit the publication of photographs in connection with advertising and publicity concerned with this Search for Talent Contest.
8. In case of a tie, duplicate awards will be made.
9. Employees of Universal Pictures Corporation, Hump Hair Pin Manufacturing Company, Motion Picture Publications, and Fawcett Publications, and their families are not eligible to compete in this contest.

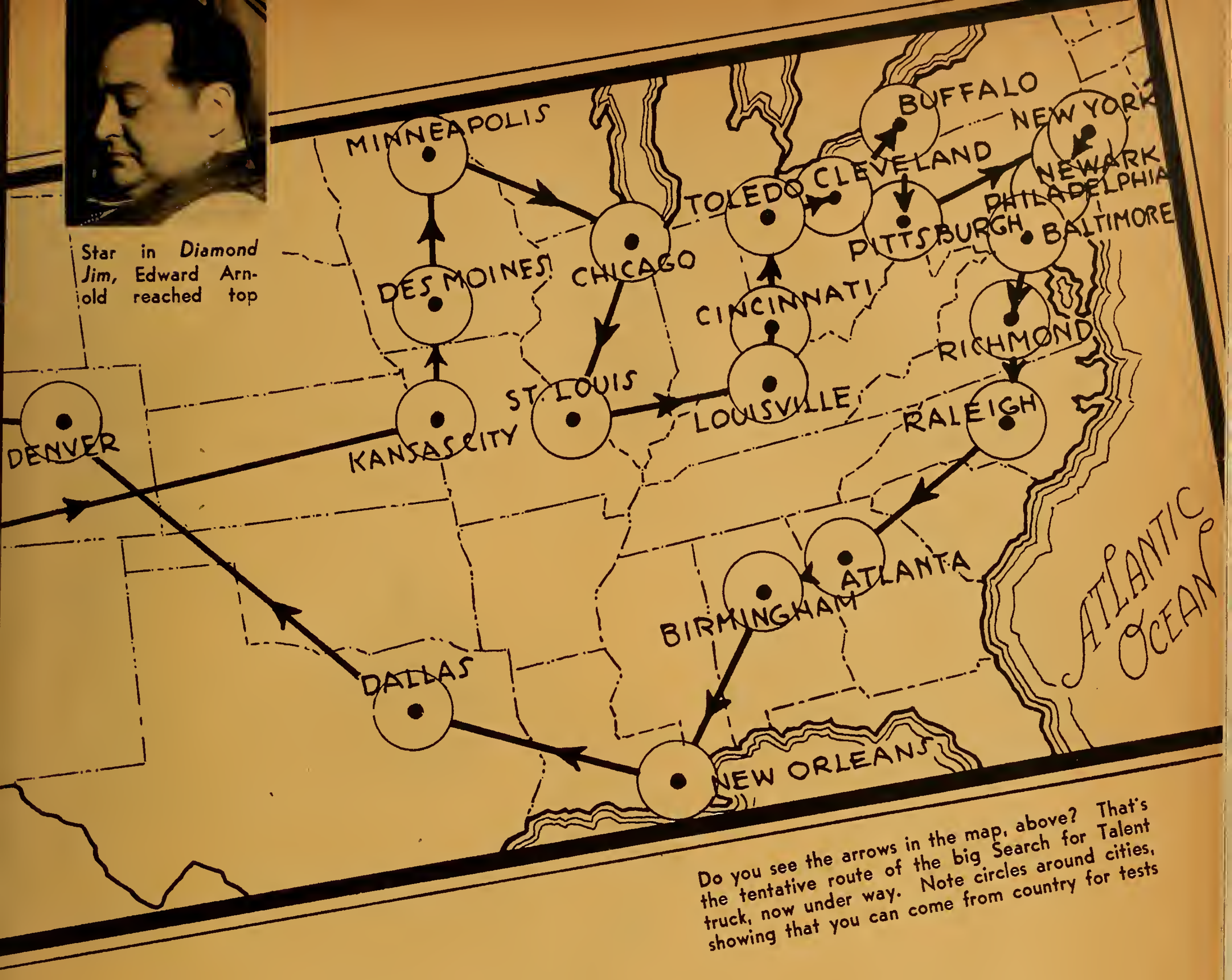
A HUGE Scout truck, manned by a crew of cameramen and directors from Hollywood, is rolling along the highway today in a national search for talent campaign, and you may be just the person that is being sought!

Never before have such opportunities existed in the movies for new faces. *Studios can't find enough talent!*

And—because it's impossible for everyone with talent to come to Hollywood for a screen test—*we're bringing Hollywood to you!*

This exciting search, which will cover the country in the next few months, will be the most welcome news ever heard by thousands of men and women. Think of it—a real camera test, in screen make-up! Right in your city! And those screen tests may bring you the fame and fortune that is enjoyed by so many fortunate people in Hollywood.

Star in *Diamond Jim,* Edward Arnold reached top



Do you see the arrows in the map, above? That's the tentative route of the big Search for Talent truck, now under way. Note circles around cities, showing that you can come from country for tests

Universal Pictures has joined forces with MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and the makers of Hold-Bob bob pins, world's largest hairpin manufacturers, to give this Search for Talent the widest publicity possible.

ON HUNDREDS of movie screens, word of this priceless opportunity will be flashed by Universal Pictures exhibitors. In hundreds of thousands of store windows, you'll read about it in displays arranged by Hold-Bob bob pins, where you can get entry blanks for this contest. And—in the pages of this magazine—you'll be able to follow the Search for Talent step by step, and read all the details.

In short, the whole country is going to be talking about this elaborate campaign to ferret out and bring to Hollywood the girls and boys of all ages whose screen tests show that they have a chance to win acclaim in films.

Last month, we announced the general plans of the contest. Now we're ready to give you the itinerary of the tour.

Look at the map on these pages. It shows the approximate route to be followed by the Scout car. Then watch your local Universal screen for announcements, and watch your newspapers for word of the arrival of the truck.

When the truck rolls in, it is all equipped to make screen tests. There is no charge for all this. You don't have to pay a thing to enter.

Before the truck arrives, however, you must have your entry blank in, so that everything will be in readiness to make the tests. You can use the blank in this issue, or get one at the stores selling Hold-Bob bob pins.

Attach your photo to the

[*Continued on page* 62]

Fill this blank out and enter this national contest NOW!

Name ....

Address ....

City ....State ....

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Height ....Weight ....Coloring .... Age........

Attach your photo and send to:

IRVING RICHARD GREEN, Managing Director
SEARCH FOR TALENT CONTEST
1918 PRAIRIE AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

C-Men★ Capture BANDIT BAXTER!

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

THANKS to the courtesy of M-G-M, here I am, some eight thousand feet above sea level in the Sierra Nevadas, watching the filming of one of the most interesting pictures of this or any other year—*Robin Hood of El Dorado.*

I'm writing this on the veranda of the log cabin assigned to Warner Baxter, who plays the title rôle. The grandfather of all pine trees—a giant so huge that Warner, Ed Kennedy, Bruce Cabot and I, by joining hands and stretching as though we were crucified, could scarcely reach around it—stands in lonely majesty in the little clearing which lies between the cabin and the raging mountain torrent that tumbles noisily down-canyon over its succession of miniature Niagaras. High above the great pine and the solid forest wall which embraces the clearing, tower the wind-swept, granite pinnacles of the Sierras. "Beautiful" is too weak an adjective to apply to a scene of such awesome grandeur. Warner, in one short sentence, caught the spirit of this country when he referred to the highest of the peaks as "The Throne of God." That was what it was.

It's Sunday morning and Bill Wellman, the director, has declared a holiday—the first in more than a week of man-killing toil. He and several of his cronies were up at the first glimmer of dawn and away to fish for trout at the headwaters of the Stanislaus River. Most of the principals in the cast are now assembled here, at Baxter's cabin, and, at the moment, a vehement argument is under way anent the depth of the snow which still chokes the higher passes.

Not only couldn't Warner Baxter keep away from the studio C-Men (Cameramen) but the tourists took snapshots of him, too! Above is a group with kodaks busy. They're tourists, out after photos

J. Carroll Naish, above, has an important rôle in film, *Robin Hood of El Dorado*

NOW for the film itself. *Robin Hood of El Dorado* is based on the true life story of Joaquin Murrieta, the famous bandit of California's gold-rush days.

In its fundamentals, the plot of *Robin Hood of El Dorado* is closely akin to that of *Viva Villa.* Both stories are based on the desire for vengeance created in an otherwise peaceful man by the unjust deeds of oppressors. Joaquin Murrieta was a laughter-loving Mexican, a tenant

★Cameramen

Above is a glimpse of the mountain country where ***Robin Hood of El Dorado*** was filmed

Ann Loring, at left, who plays part of Juanita in picture, likes to ride bicycle now and then

Would you like to know how pictures are made? Andwhere? You do? Then read this inside story!

Director William Wellman and Warner Baxter, above, are giving Margo, dancing star, tips on talkies

on one of the great *ranchos* of early California. Oppressed by the land owners, he.and his people looked with eager joy to the coming of the Americans in 1848 and '49, when gold was discovered in the Sierras, to free them. Instead, Murrieta found the Americans more cruel as overlords than the *haciendados*. His wife was murdered by a party of miners and, when he sought vengeance, he was declared an outlaw and a price placed on his head. Accepting his outlaw status and driven by hatred of everything American, he organized a band of desperadoes who terrorized the gold country until finally, in 1853, he was shot and killed by the one American whom he called his friend. That is Joaquin Murrieta's career.

The story is tragic—but it is also powerful human drama and it gives Warner Baxter one of the greatest opportunities of his career. And no picture ever had a more authentic setting. This location where we are now working is actually the scene of many of Murrieta's greatest exploits and also the scene of his death.

IF YOU have a map of California at hand, I'll tell you just where we are. First, locate the town of Modesto, mid-state in the San Joaquin Valley. Then follow the old Brete Harte Highway, due east, through the rolling, live oak-studded foothills and the colorful old towns of the gold rush, to Sonora. And from Sonora, swinging to the north of Yosemite, climb higher and higher through the great Stanislaus National Forest until you arrive at a point just below the summit of Sonora Pass. And there —or rather, here—we are, established in three camps, Dardenelle, Nelson's and Kennedy's Meadows. It is a picturesque location indeed.

Dardenelle houses the cast—Warner Baxter, Bruce Cabot, Eric Linden, J. Carrol Naish, Ann Loring, Margo, Kay Hughes, Edgar Kennedy,

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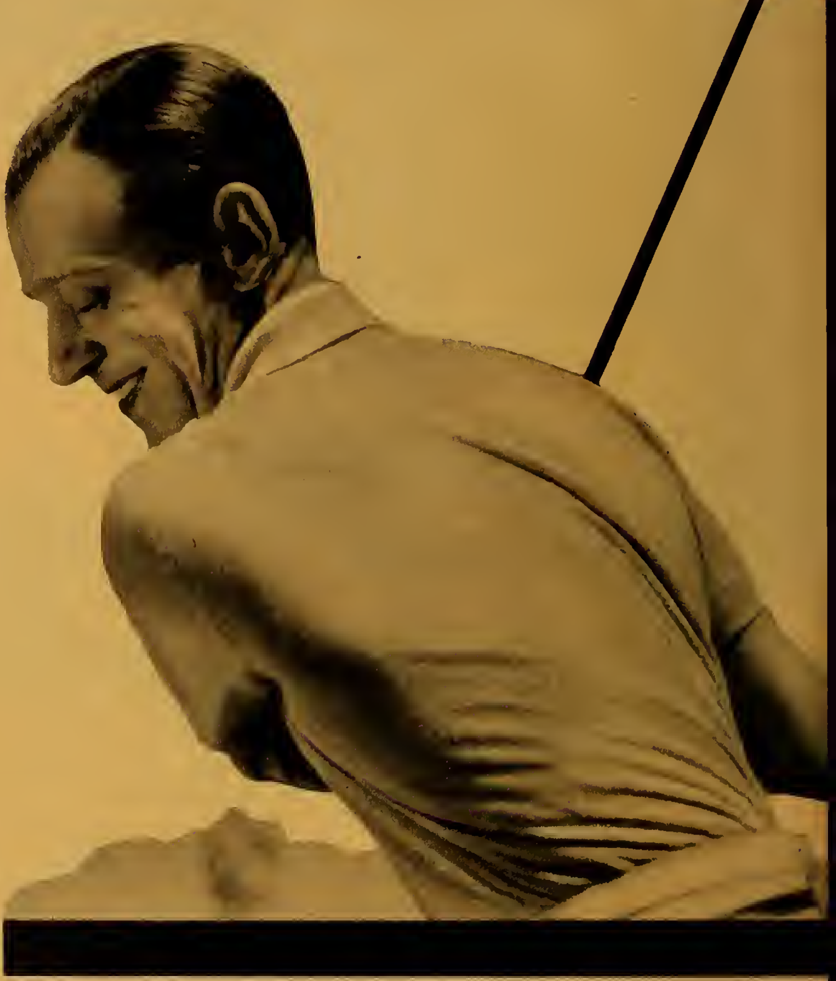
Hollywood Can't Change FRED ASTAIRE

By WILLIAM F. FRENCH



Fred's a gay, young fellow with a much discussed personality. He has only a single aim—to keep on being himself!

WITHOUT doubt, the most misunderstood man in Hollywood today is the much-liked and little-known Fred Astaire—the fellow whom everybody says is different because he insists on remaining the same. There's a paradox for you!

Two years in the land of pretense, and not changed a bit! Stranger than fiction!

So now, they are calling him the enigma of Hollywood and suspecting him of leading a double life. Which is exactly what he is doing —leading probably the most double of double lives in filmdom. For Fred is trying to keep his screen life out of his personal affairs, and vice versa. And in doing so, he continues gaily along his way, absolutely unchanged.

He is just as he was that first day when he stepped on the M-G-M lot to do his tiny bit in *Dancing Lady*.

Instead of following the usual custom of seeking "solitude" with a brass brand, he's just plain Fred Astaire. And that's all!

And thus, he became the sand in the interviewer's spinach, and the ring in the press agent's bath tub!

But film folk didn't despair. They were sure that airy manner of Fred's was hiding something; positive that there must be an extraordinary quirk somewhere in a chap who could flash to movie fame over night.

YET there is nothing *extra-anything* about Fred, unless it's his twinkling feet, or his amazing quiet sense of humor, or his never-failing pleasantness, or perhaps his touchiness about having his name linked with the names of celebrities. That's something new.

For Fred, though regarded as perhaps the most modest human in all Hollywood, resents intensely having anyone attempt to light him up with the reflected glory of famous people who are his friends. It seems that Fred has a quiet notion that he can furnish his own candle power. And that's true enough, too.

Also, he is just a little chafed on the subject of having people declare, in joyous amusement:—"Why the fellow is an honest-to-goodness comedian, as well as the greatest dancer of them all. I honestly believe that he could continue in pictures if he actually lost his ability to dance!" That's what they actually say.

When he hears something like this, Fred doesn't say much, but his half-repressed snort tells those who know him that he hasn't forgotten that he has always been a comedian, with Broadway and London regularly looking forward to his gay humor.

Fred's feelings, like his humor, are not worn on his lapel—but he is as susceptible to a slight or a failure to appreciate his qualities as he is to a good yarn. For Astaire loves clever stories. Everybody, from celebrities, producers, directors and stars to broken-down actors, chorines and studio laborers bring their funny stories to Fred. When he hears them, his eyes sparkle and his grin tickles his ears. Sometimes, he taps out a little applause with his nimble feet—though his appreciation is usually expressed with a smile or a chuckle.

Fred doesn't tell stories himself, although he is a marvel at impersonating his friends—

[*Continued on page* 78]

ROCHELLE HUDSON Puts Up Her Hair

Rochelle isn't an ingenue any more! She's grown up—become a real star, and her future appears very bright

BY ANNE ELLIS MEYERS

THERE'S a certain quiet dignity about Rochelle Hudson these days that you've never seen before. A certain seriousness about her piquant face when it's in repose. An intelligent look in her eyes that belies her nineteen years.

Something has happened to her, I thought, watching her on the set of *Way Down East.* Then it came to me in a flash—I knew what it was!

The Hudson child has grown up! Little Rochelle Hudson has put up her hair.

In *Way Down East* where she plays the Lillian Gish rôle of the girl who loved not wisely but too well, Rochelle doesn't literally put up her hair. Instead, her charming coiffeur is arranged in a long bob, with a mass of curls on her forehead, and a row of combs forming a crescent at the back of her head.

But make no mistake on this point. The erstwhile ingenue of Will Rogers successes, the Cosette of *Les Miserables,* the big sister of Shirley Temple in *Curly Top* has become a young woman. Moreover, she knows it. In fact—But let Rochelle tell it.

"I've felt grown up for years," she said.

Her tone was undeniably earnest and sincere as she told me this during an interlude between retakes of a scene. As pretty a farmerette as ever it's been my privilege to behold, Rochelle sat in a garden chair manicuring her fingernails. Her slender figure was incased in a garden-print house dress, which, for all its billowy fullness, quaint frilled collar and cuffs and New England primness, detracted not at all from the Hudson charm. Her small waistline was accented by a green-and-white checked apron. She was lovely indeed.

ALTHOUGH I've never been closer to a farm than the window of a cross-country train, I suspected this was the type of outfit a girl might wear to milk the cows or feed the chickens. But if a farmer's daughter ever saw such sandals as adorned Rochelle's dainty feet, exposing pedicured toes, it must have been in a Sears-Roebuck catalogue. (Or don't they have brilliant blue velvet sandals in mail-order catalogues?) Rochelle's blue-gray eyes twinkled as she noticed the direction of my gaze.

"We're taking close-ups," she pointed out. "In the picture I wear prim Mary-Janes."

Then her eyes darkened wistfully.

"I suppose I didn't act grown-up before. At least, I couldn't get anybody to believe I wasn't a child.

"But, you know," punctuating each word with a swish of the nail file, "I've looked so young for so long! Nobody realized I had matured."

Into her eyes crept that serious look again. Here was no precocious youngster trying to impress me with worldly wisdom. Here was a person definitely emerged from the hair ribbon and short skirt age.

"It annoyed me at first to appear so young," she confided. "But I've gotten over that feeling—almost. Excuse me, please, I have to get back on the set. I'll be back." And away she dashed!

THEY were shooting the scene at the well in the farm yard, where Rochelle unexpectedly comes upon the "villain" who had betrayed her, played by Edward Trevor, a darkly handsome newcomer to the screen.

Having seen Lillian Gish in the silent version of *Way Down East* at least three times, I was more than interested to see how Rochelle would fare.

"What are you doing here?" [*Continued on page* 52]

...And a Little Child —*or two*— shall lead them

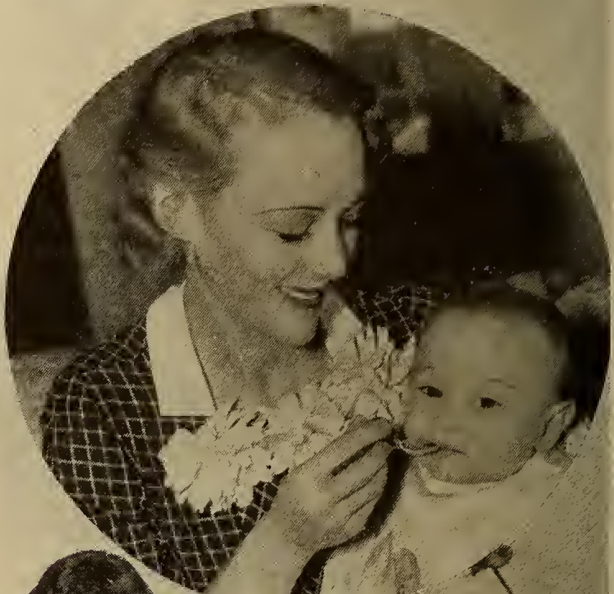
By Evaline Lieber

THERE was a day when we would have fainted, had we heard the words of a lovable, old nursery rhyme wafted on the evening breeze from the windows of a Hollywood or Beverly Hills home. Now, we'd be worried if we didn't. We'd shudder at thoughts of kidnappers, chicken pox, measles.

You've read many stories about Hollywood babies. But I wonder if you've realized the real import, the hidden significance of these accounts. Just look at the names of the Hollywood mothers and fathers in the box printed with this story. Just check, for yourself, the birth rate among the Hollywood great. And you'll realize from the figures that it's really the cradle that is swaying gently or rocking violently the entire life of the present motion picture colony.

Hollywood has changed. Of course, it has changed. And chubby little fingers, dainty little toes and rosy little cheeks have changed it.

Once upon a time, Hollywood was selfish. Wholly, frankly selfish. It lived only for glamour and glory and personal fame. It existed for self. If love interfered with a girl's



It's feeding time for Harry Joe Brown, Jr., above. His mother, Sally Eilers, is with him

You will not hear the music of dance orchestras from the windows of Hollywood homes in 1935—*but lullabies!*

Here's Joan Blondell and George Barnes as smiling parents with the baby, Norman Scott

Wide World

At right is Gloria Stuart and her baby, Sylvia Vaughn Sheekman, and below is Clara Bow Bell with her son, Rex Bell

Wide World

In the group at left, starting on opposite page are, left to right: Manny Robinson, Michael Hopkins, Susan Ann Gilbert, Jack Woody, Jr., Charles Wesley Ruggles, the host; Gary Evan Crosby, Carol Ann Beery and Patricia Hawks. Seated behind them is Arline Judge, holding tiny Philip Lang Crosby

career, then—poof to love! She tossed away *the* man with the same nonchalance with which she discarded an unbecoming dress. If marriage threatened screen success, she or he paused for a trip to a divorce court with the same ease with which trips are made to Lake Arrowhead or Palm Springs.

Hollywood existed upon the theory that domesticity and motherhood took away glamour. And, since *glamour* ruled with an iron hand, anything that might detract from it was ruled out with a ruthless hand—love, motherhood, fatherhood. That was years ago.

It's almost impossible to realize today that that Hollywood of yesterday even existed. When a great star even *suggested* marriage, someone cried, "Don't. Remember what happened to Francis X. Bushman!"

When a girl hinted further that she might like to have a curly little head to caress, horrified voices forecast that she would never work in another picture. When Gloria Swanson refused to listen, had baby Gloria and made her best pictures *after* her daughter was born, she was hailed as only the rare exception to the rule.

When Clara Bow wanted to adopt a baby, while she was still the *It* girl, she was absolutely ordered to forget the idea immediately.

Contrast that attitude with today's. Richard Dix spent several days recently in New York, enroute to make *Transatlantic Tunnel* for Gaumont-British. He could talk to his New York friends of nothing but Richard, Jr., and Robert. Twin Richard is the aggressor. He's the one who grabs his bottle from mama's hand and gurgles loudly into it. Young Robert is equally hungry but he's more leisurely about appeasing the animal side of his nature. He takes his time and thinks soberly between drinks. Papa Richard is certain, already, that Richard, Jr., will be the go-getter and Robert the philosopher of his family. And that's certain.

I can remember the day when newspapers carried headlines about Jack Pickford's phone calls to Marilyn [*Continued on page* 54]

RONALD COLMAN'S Private Life

Much has been written about Ronald Colman but little is known. Here's the real story

BY GRACE MACK

LIGHTS were being changed and the big sound stage was momentarily quiet. Suddenly the sharp, peremptory voice of a woman broke the silence. She was insistent.

"I want to meet Ronald Colman," she announced. "You see I'm from London and he's from London—" She thought that a good reason.

The studio guide who had brought her on the set pretended not to hear her remark, so she repeated it. Louder. This time, Colman, who was off in a corner talking with a prop boy, heard her. Instinctively, he started to edge away from the line of attack. But he was not quick enough. The woman glimpsed his retreating back and with a shout, *"There he is!"* dashed across the set, grabbed him by the coat tail and spun him around.

"So you're Ronald Colman," she gurgled. "Well, I'm from London and you're from London and I simply *had* to meet you!"

It is typical of Colman that, caught in a situation like that, he accepted it gracefully. If he was annoyed at the woman for grabbing him by the coat tail,—and what man wouldn't be?—he concealed it admirably. He was gracious and cordial and I am sure that the lady from London left the set convinced that she had just experienced her life's big moment. For Ronald Colman affects women like that. He has a fascination for them.

RECENTLY, I had lunch with one of the screen's leading feminine stars. It wasn't an interview, just a friendly get-together. We began talking about men, and I asked her whom she considered the most attractive man on the screen. "Why Ronald Colman, of course," she replied. "In fact, I think there ought to be a Ronald Colman in every woman's life."

Frequently, people ask me this question: "Just what sort of a person is Ronald Colman?" I think he comes nearer personifying in real life the characters he portrays on the screen than any star I know. I mean by that, [*Continued on page* 56]

There are MAE WESTS *—and there is* MAE WEST

BY DOROTHY CALHOUN

MAE WEST had just issued her denial of the daily marriage rumor. A new "husband" had popped up in Waco, Texas, a gentleman in the wholesale lumber line who claimed that he had led her to the altar in 1902. Mae was amused.

"That makes the eighth so far," said Mae. "Well, all I can say is,—a girl might forget matrimony maybe but never alimoney or any other kind of money and all the alimoney I ever got wouldn't buy a diamond in a ten-cent store. I've made some mistakes in my life but never such a big mistake as a husband. It isn't exactly flatterin' to a woman to think that if she had a husband, he wouldn't c'mon up an' see her sometime in the last fifteen years!"

Even sitting still, Mae gives the effect of undulating. She glances slyly sidewise at the handsome Spaniard, Marcel Ventura, who is her contact man, a former Reparations Commission member, writer, and—at present—"The Singing Troubadour" of the air.

"It's part of the business of being a woman, to be remembered. And nobody ever said I wasn't a good business woman. Even an ex-wife gets remembered once a month when the alimony check is mailed. Violets may be for memory in the language of the flowers but diamond bracelets talk louder and plainer. And I never got any diamonds from a husband, not even someone else's husband. A woman always remembers a man that gives her a sparkler,—and she never forgets the man who doesn't! So if those fellows married *any* Mae West, it must have been one of the others,—or both of them." Mae laughs heartily.

SHE sits enthroned in a dressing room all heaped with peach satin pillows. Mirrors reflect from every side, her famous curves and flaxen blondeness,—even to one in the ceiling. Diamonds glitter on her extremely small hands and the mirrors multiply that glitter until the small room seems filled with flying sparks.

Among the strange notions, apocalyptic bits of legend that have gathered about Mae West, is a vague idea that she is a large woman. Even sitting in an ordinary chair, her small shoes do not touch the floor. Yet somewhere I read, or was told, or heard it whispered, that Mae West had once been in a strong woman act in vaudeville! That is preposterous.

"I heard that one too," Mae smiles. "As near as I can figure it out, one of those other Mae's must be a whole lot of woman. The story about my being a weight-lifter said I could swing two Arabs around the stage in my arms. I hope I know better ways of sweepin' a man off his feet than that! Listen—a woman's arms need to be just strong enough to bear the weight of sables and a few diamond and saphire bracelets and that's all. What good is it going to do her to be able to swing Arabs? None at all.

"The May West who was in burlesque had the name a good many years before I did, though I never heard of her until our trails began to cross. Once my manager was making an advance trip, a [*Continued on page* 60]

How Many Mae Wests Are There? That's What Mae West Wants to Know!

Mae West is curious to know how many other Mae Wests there are in the United States. Look in your local phone book or directory. See whether there are any Mae Wests (or May Wests) in your home town. If there is one, call her up. Tell her to mail a picture of herself to *Miss Mae West, Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif.* In return, Mae will send her one of her own latest photographs, *personally autographed!*

The Picture

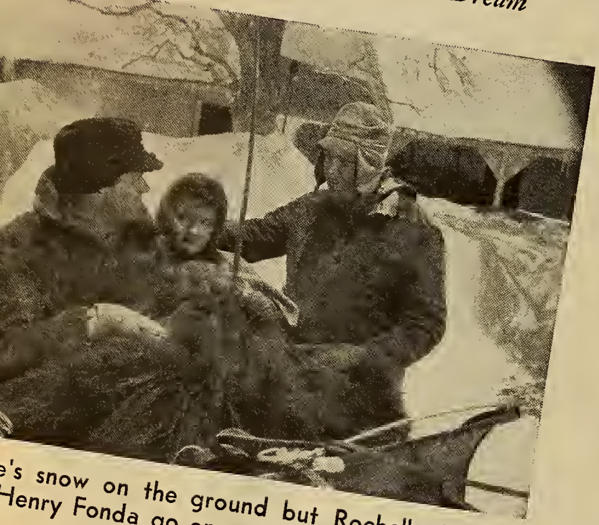
Hit stars this month are Hudson, Henry Wilcoxon, Claudette Colbert, Fred

eping up on Jean Muir here, Mickey Rooney is
o no good in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

A Midsummer Night's Dream—A A A A—Shakespeare's great fantasy is brought to the screen with consummate skill, sympathy, understanding. Seeing it, you feel as though you were in that brief and blissful instant, that moment when you slowly waken from a deep sleep with the evanescent memory of a pleasant dream. A poetic phrase best describes this film: "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Dominating all the mad, fanciful, mischievous action is the person of *Puck*. And interpreting that part is Mickey Rooney who deserves to be called not only a child star but a child wonder. As you may know, the story of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* begins with the imminence of the wedding of Theseus, Duke of Athens. Before that marriage actually takes place, there are innumerable characters and situations introduced, real and unreal, defying reason and taxing fancy, involving mortals, and immortals.

In the all-star cast, besides Mickey, are James Cagney, Joe E. Brown, Hugh Herbert, Frank McHugh, Victory Jory, Olivia de Havilland, Dick Powell, Jean Muir, Ian Hunter, Verree Teasdale, Anita Louise, and many others. (Warner Brothers)



e's snow on the ground but Rochelle Hudson
Henry Fonda go on a trip in *Way Down East*

Way Down East—AAAA—A powerful, emotional drama so well handled by scenarist, director, and cast, that it deserves a prominent place among the screen's classics.

The story, with the background of a bigoted little New England village, is compounded of old, familiar dramatic elements . . . a girl who has been wronged . . . a lover who lives in terror of his narrow-minded, sanctimonious father . . . a malignant gossip, the scornful condemnation of prudish society. Poorly handled, it could have been heavy, drooling melodrama; perfectly handled, as it most certainly is, it becomes genuine artistry.

Rochelle Hudson, substituted at the eleventh hour for Janet Gaynor in the leading rôle, plays her difficult part with great ability. Henry Fonda, co-starred as her lover, rises to great heights in several of his scenes and definitely establishes himself in the position which he won in *The Farmer Takes a Wife*. Russell Simpson, Slim Summerville, Andy Devine, Astrid Allwyn, Edward Travers, Margaret Hamilton, and Spring Byington are excellent in supporting parts. (Fox)

ancis Lederer directs a speculative glance at
ances Dee in the lively comedy, *Gay Deception*

The Gay Deception—AAAA—Here's an effervescent, sparkling comedy-romance, a "Cinderella" story which offers no profundities but guarantees real entertainment. Don't miss it! It's a treat to see.

Frances Dee, too often handicapped in the past by feeble rôles, skyrockets to new importance with an amazingly fine performance as a small town steno who wins a five-thousand-dollar lottery and rushes to New York for a social fling with the Four Hundred. This picture undoubtedly will establish her as one of the most popular young comediennes of the screen. Francis Lederer, as a European prince, working in disguise as a hotel menial in order to study American business methods, falls madly in love with her and wins her in a hilarious and joyous comedy of errors which reaches its climax when he escorts her to a fashionable ball and is arrested for impersonating royalty. He handles his rôle deftly and for the first time brings to the screen the light romantic appeal which has made him a matinee idol on the stage. Benita Hume, Alan Mowbray, Ferdinand Gottschalk and Luis Alberni are excellent in an important supporting cast. (Fox)

(Other current and recent

Parade

BY ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

Mickey Rooney, Rochelle Frances Dee, Henry Fonda, Astaire and Ginger Rogers

***The Crusades*—AAAA**—Had Cecil B. De Mille, through some fourth dimensional miracle, been able to photograph the Third Crusade, he could not have produced a more stirring or a more authentic record of that epic human drama. This picture, with its deft balancing of breath-taking spectacle and intimate human emotions, is one of the greatest screen achievements to date—and a lasting tribute to the imagination, daring and painstaking toil of its creator.

The cast is superb. Henry Wilcoxon as *Richard of England;* Loretta Young as *Berengaria,* his queen; C. Aubrey Smith as *Peter the Hermit;* Ian Keith as *Saladin;* Katherine De Mille as *Alice of France;* Alan Hale, as *Blondel,* the minstrel; Joseph Schildkraut as *Conrad*—all contribute brilliant performances. But their work, despite its greatness, is of secondary importance to the sweep and power and artistry of the picture as a whole. De Mille and his technical staff are the real stars of *The Crusades.*

Highlights: The siege of Acre . . . the battle before Jerusalem . . . the struggle of the dying soldiers to kiss the true cross found in Acre . . . the wedding of Berengaria. (Paramount)

***She Married Her Boss*—AAAA**—And here, fellow Claudette Colbert fans, is the most infectious, delirious and mildly insane comedy-drama of the month—a laugh festival that will have you in stitches from its opening scene to its ridiculous but uproarious climax. Claudette once again proves herself the greatest comedienne on the screen.

She marries her boss because she loves him—he marries her because she is necessary to his business. She wants to be a wife and manage his home and his problem child—he wants her to be a business partner and manage his department store. Eventually, some two or three thousand laughs later, they compromise—by throwing bricks through the store window.

Melvyn Douglas, as the business-bound husband, gives the finest performance of his screen career. Michael Bartlett, as Claudette's playboy suitor, is delightful and destined for a brilliant career. Edith Fellows, one of the most amazing little child actresses to date, scores heavily as the spoiled child. And Raymond Walburn, in a drunken butler rôle, contributes a side-splitting scene.

This one must be seen to be appreciated. It's a howl. (Columbia)

***Top Hat*—AAAA**—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers . . . twinkling feet and tantalizing tunes . . . rhythmic romance and clever comedy! *Top Hat* is tops—it has everything!

The plot (what there is of it) is sheer froth, hinging on a ludicrous mistake in identity. It lacks logic, but it is loaded with laughter and lyrics. Furthermore, it is garnished with the cleverest dialogue of the year. Fred Astaire hits a new high, not only with his dancing, which easily excels anything he has done in previous pictures, but also with his acting, which in itself is sufficient to establish him as one of the screen's great comedy stars. Ginger Rogers, with less to do than in *The Gay Divorcée,* makes every one of her scenes outstanding. And, by the way, after seeing the picture, you will comment on the fact that she has gained a new beauty. Edward Everett Horton, as a henpecked husband; Helen Broderick, as his hard-boiled helpmate; Eric Blore, as a belligerent butler; and Erik Rhodes, as a marriage-minded modiste, head the supporting cast and contribute a host of laughs.

Of the five songs, written by Irving Berlin, four are almost certain to be hits. (RKO)

Katherine De Mille, Henry Wilcoxon and Loretta Young play outstanding rôles in *The Crusades*

Melvyn Douglas (left) and Michael Bartlett support Claudette Colbert in *She Married Her Boss*

Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire shake hands in *Top Hat.* And teamed, they're tops in the film

films are reviewed on page 6)

Little Big Trouper —Sybil Jason

Hollywood takes off its hat to the child star, Sybil Jason of South Africa. Six years old, she has what it takes—talent!

By Marcella March

When Sybil Jason flashed across the screen recently in Warner Bros. *Little Big Shot,* Hollywood knew that there was a new child star in the Hollywood firmament. She could sing. She could dance. And she could act. She was a wonder! Here was a tiny tot from distant Capetown in South Africa who might soon rank with Shirley Temple, herself! There had been reports from London that she was *good,* but the American film public had still to be shown. And *how* Sybil showed them! She is only six,—and already a sensation!—(Editor's Note).

AT THE AGE of six, Sybil Jason has discovered that pleasures are really more enjoyable when shared. Or maybe she hasn't discovered it. Maybe all children are gifted with an inarticulate knowledge of certain truths that are forgotten as extraneous things crowd in on their consciousness, and learned again in later years, sometimes at the price of bitterness and pain. When little Sybil likes a show, for instance, she wants others to come and see it too. She wants to share her joys.

But Sybil isn't inarticulate however. She tells one, quite willingly, what she thinks, taking it for granted that she will be understood. That's why an afternoon with Sybil left me with the breathless feeling of having been privileged to look once more through a door that I had though shut to me forever; the door that shuts out the magical state of childhood.

Sybil has been a trouper half of her life . . . three years, to be exact. Her singing has brought enthusiastic plaudits in Capetown, Africa, her birthplace. And sophisticated Mayfair audiences have succumbed to her charms in London. But she isn't spoiled. Sybil merely doesn't remember the time when she was *not* an entertainer, and it seems as commonplace to her to act on the set as it does for the little girl next door to "pretend" in the backyard.

She was just two when she first surprised her family by repeating songs she had heard, singing them perfectly, without deviation from words or melody. Her father, a commercial traveler in the English colony at Capetown, and her mother, a housewife, told their friends about their talented baby. People who came to scoff remained to pray . . . pray that Sybil sing at their parties and entertainments. At three, Sybil knew what it meant to entertain audiences. She had learned to play simple accompaniments to her songs on the piano without benefit of instruction. And, in between, she amused herself by trying to imitate the stars she saw on the screen,—including Mae West! Just imagine that!

Sybil's uncle, Harry Jacobson, was a pianist with the [*Continued on page* 79]

WARDROBE FOR WINTER

Bette Davis, Patricia Ellis, Verree Teasdale and Olivia de Havilland show how to pick a good coat

By **DOROTHY MANNERS**

IF YOU are going to have "one good garment" this season, if your wardrobe budget permits only one luxurious fling . . . let it be your winter coat!

For the woman who is smartly, wisely, and not too economically coated through winter is the woman who is well dressed on all occasions and at all times.

The idea and the adjectives are pretty Patricia Ellis', and she went on to explain: "A coat is the only important garment a woman can buy that is an all-day-'round investment in her appearance! It is the quality mark of the entire wardrobe, because a good coat is so serviceable, so wearable from season to season, and so little at the mercy of changing fads and fancies in fashion. My advice to every girl who takes pride in her appearance is to shop carefully, and well, and not too cheaply for her coat this winter.

"Good coats are *not* cheap! They can't be if they boast the correct materials, or furs, or lines. Yet I am continually amazed at the attitude of girls I have known who throw up their hands in horror at the cost of a quality coat and say they can't afford one.

"YET THESE same girls invest anywhere from $25 to $75 every year, and year after year, in coats that barely stand one season's wear without wilting. Isn't it much wiser to pay more for one good coat that will wear five seasons than to spread the same amount over several garments that are distinctly inferior?

"Not every girl, of course, can afford a good fur coat! But oddly, I consider it the wisest investment that the careful girl can make. A good fur coat can stand the hardest wear that the wearer and the weather can give it year after year; and it can go places and do things that even the smartest cloth coat, or fur-trimmed garment, *can't!* With a cloth coat, we usually have to have a wardrobe of three . . . the street coat, the sports coat and one or two evening jackets or coats. But the carefully bought fur coat covers every hour and costume of the day!

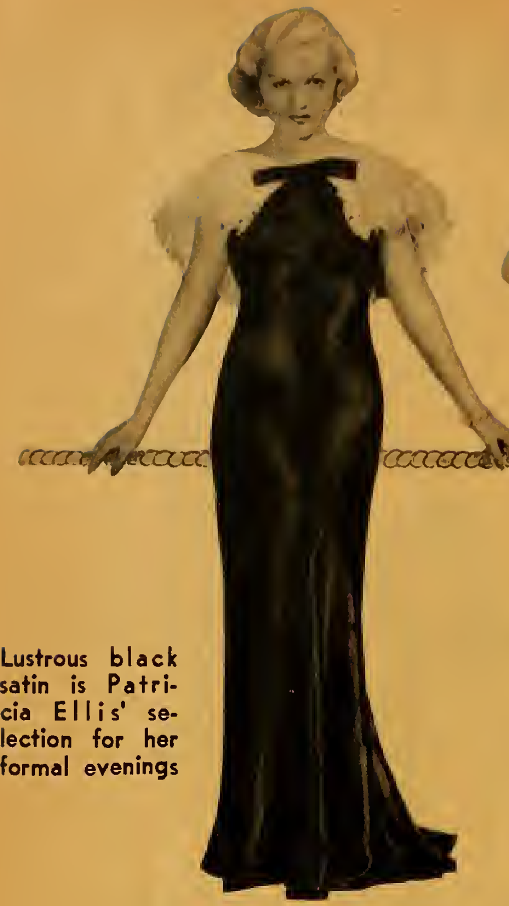
"Too many girls who have never bothered to price fur coats or shop for them carefully, invariably think of furs in terms of mink and sables that run into the thousands of dollars. Yet there are any number of good, wearable, smart furs such as caracul, in either black moiré or gray kid, dyed ermines, krimmer or leopard that are not out of the reach of the average salary, or the limited family budget if the girl is only willing to plan and shop and save for her choice!"

Flaring stand-up collar and sleeves, fitted at the wrist, feature Patricia Ellis' dyed ermine swagger coat

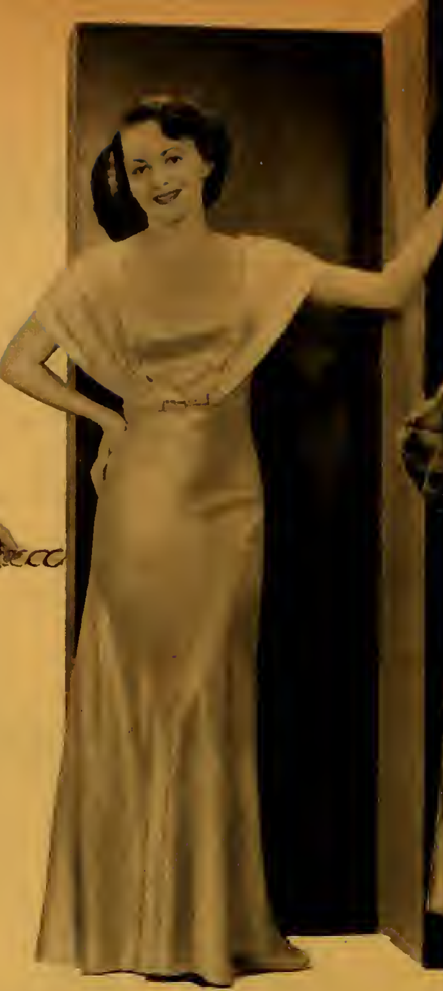
PATRICIA picked up several fashion pictures that had just come to the publicity department, looked through them, sorted several, and said: "Let's just prove how an entire wardrobe can be constructed around some good, but not too expensive fur coats that will take the average girl completely around her wardrobe clock."

She picked up a picture in which she models a stunning dyed ermine swagger coat with flaring stand-up collar, full sleeves fitted at the wrist, and in the popular knee length. "During the August and September sales," continued the practical Pat, "this coat can be purchased for a few hundred dollars. And, incidentally, summer days are grand days to go hunting for bargains in fur coats!

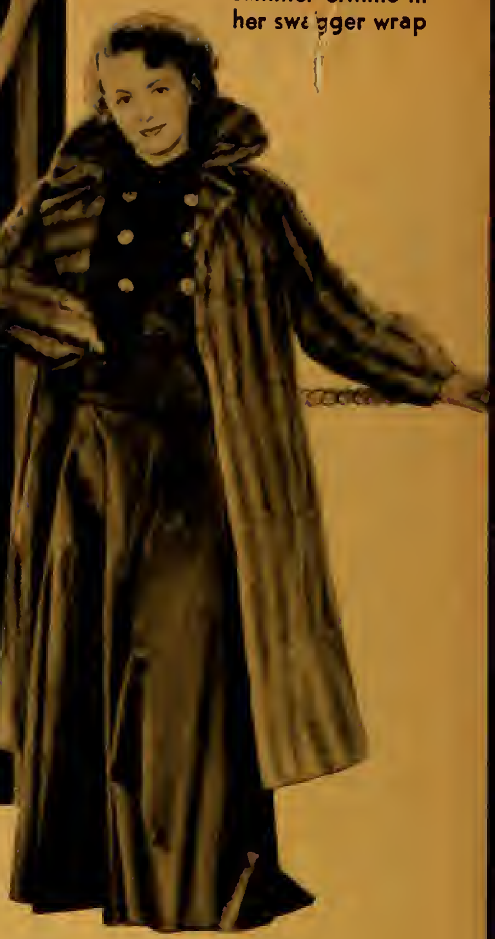
"I like this one particularly because it is smart every hour of the day with whatever you choose to wear, from sports to



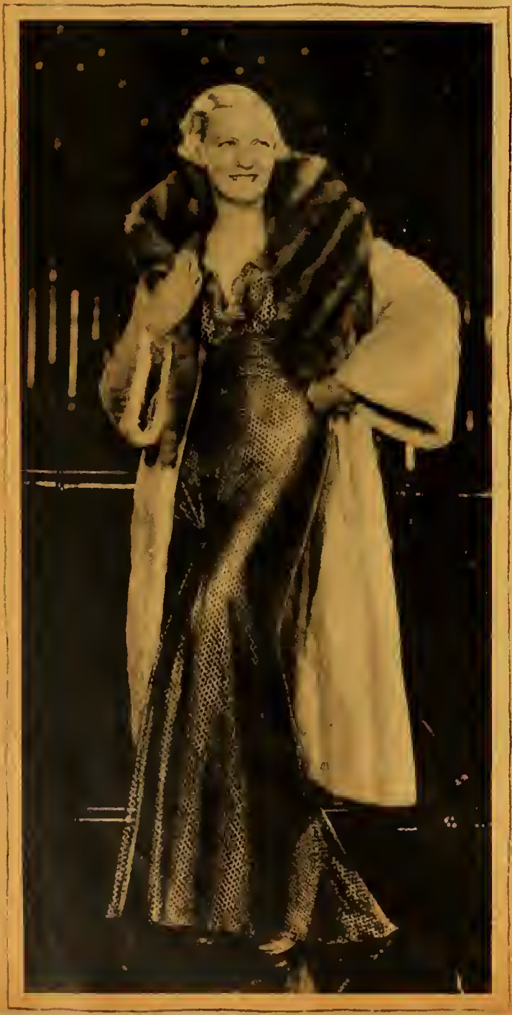
Lustrous black satin is Patricia Ellis' selection for her formal evenings



Cream-colored satin is chosen by Olivia de Havilland, above, for gown



Olivia de Havilland still likes summer ermine in her swagger wrap



Bell-shaped sleeves feature Verree Teasdale's Russian ermine wrap in white

evening clothes. It is as serviceable as it is beautiful. For instance, I wear a street ensemble in brown and cream knitted wool and a tricorn brown felt hat with it here; but in direct contrast, it would be equally smart over the afternoon frock worn by Verree Teasdale."

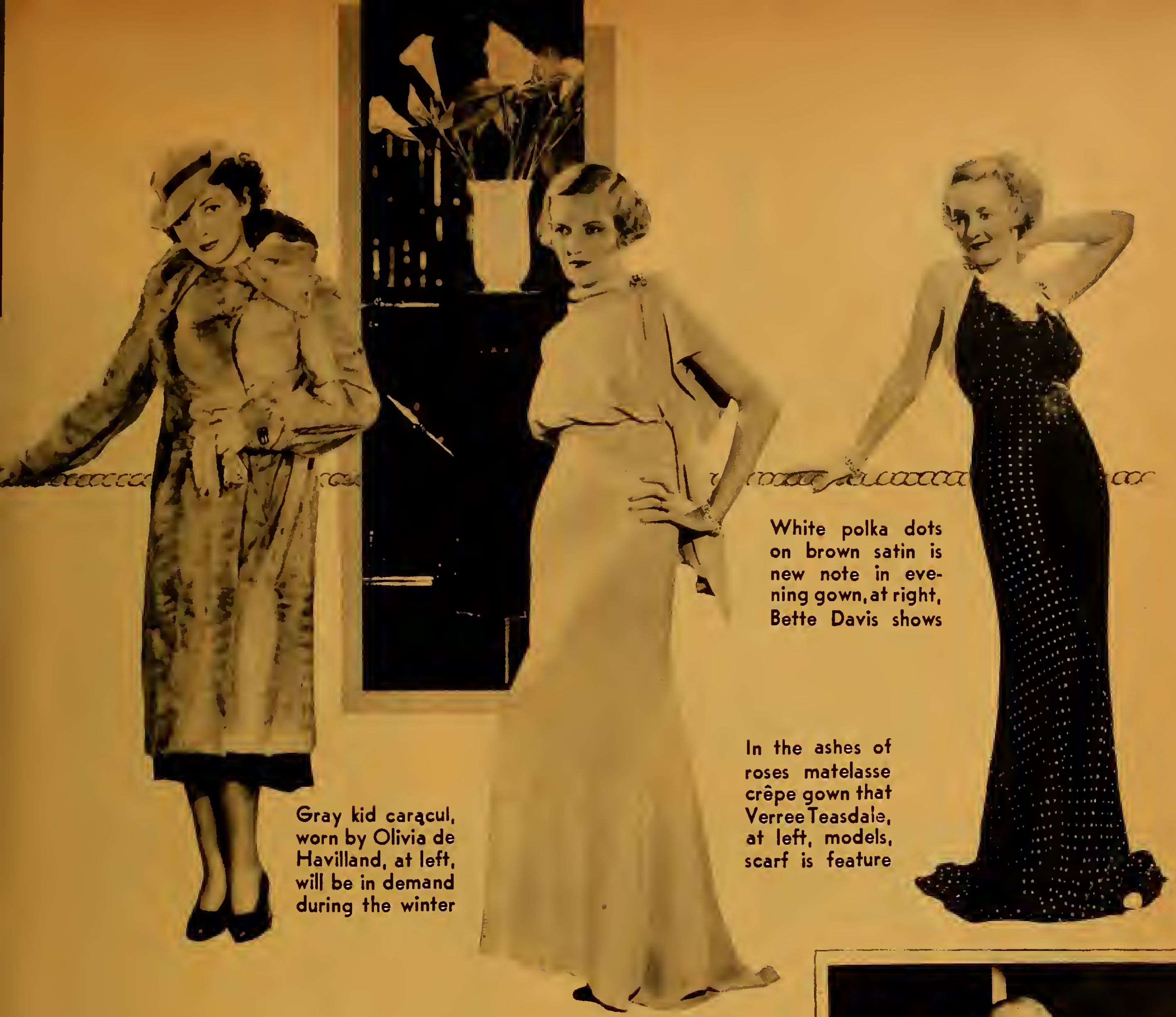
THE ASHES of roses matelasse crêpe afternoon, or dinner frock with skirt fullness in back and a draped upper half with Hindu sari effect, as worn by the stunning Verree, would be smart under almost any garment, but we had to agree with Patricia that it would be most effective under the rich, soft ermine.

And getting on into a more formal mood, visualize the cream colored satin evening gown, modeled by Olivia de Havilland, combined with the same garment. Olivia's circular skirted gown has a set-in panel in the back, the draped bodice is reminiscent of the old-fashioned *fichu*. A brilliant pin fastens the collar at the waistline. The gown is the creation of Orry Kelly, Warner Brothers' clever stylist.

Unfortunately, Pat had to get back on the set. They were waiting for her for a few retakes for *Bright Lights*. But the game of fitting gowns under coats had begun to intrigue us, so we went on with some arranging and selecting of our own.

Summer ermine, in another very smart all-around model cropped up again, this time on Olivia de Havilland. But while the fur was the same, the color was lighter, creating an entirely different effect. Less formal, this time, but equally adaptable to various costumes. The coat in the swagger style, features a notched Johnny collar and sleeves with gathered fullness at the wrist. With it Olivia wears a moiré taffeta cocktail suit in two pieces, the Eton-effect jacket with its schoolboy collar and six brilliant buttons and the floor-length circular skirt.

It's a long way from the cocktail hour to the golf links in the morning, but Olivia's coat could bridge the social difference just as smartly over Claire



White polka dots on brown satin is new note in evening gown, at right, Bette Davis shows

In the ashes of roses matelasse crêpe gown that Verree Teasdale, at left, models, scarf is feature

Gray kid caracul, worn by Olivia de Havilland, at left, will be in demand during the winter

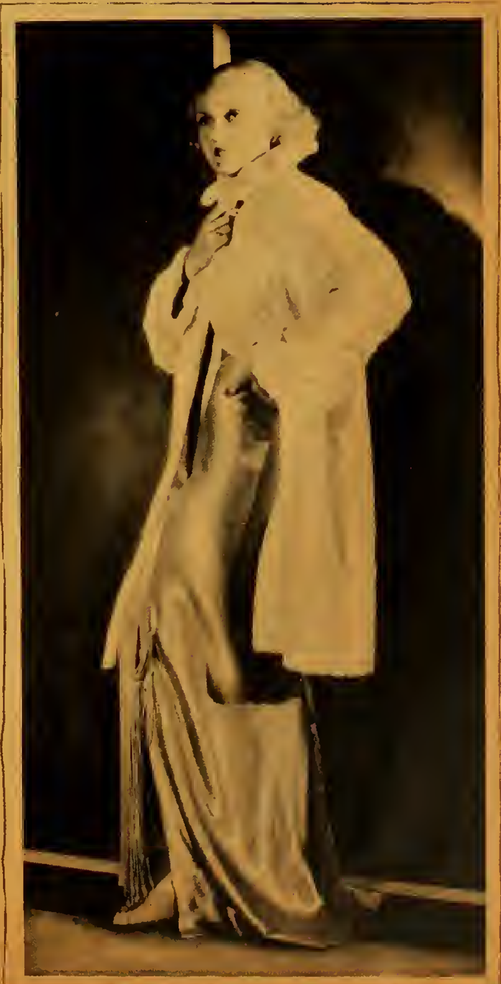
Dodd's sport ensemble. A lightweight gray wool skirt is topped with a white-gray-and-black striped sweater. Her side-laced golf shoes are black kid and her vagabond felt hat is gray, banded with black ribbon. Of course, you don't wear the coat on the links, but what an effective arrival or departure it would make over this sports ensemble.

Going into the evening hours with this particular coat, a *less formal* formal would be more in keeping . . . a point perfectly illustrated in the brown-and-white polka dot satin trimmed in white, and worn by Bette Davis. Lustrous satin is definitely smart for evening this season, even when it is in a capricious mood of polka dots. The draped bodice, accented by the three gardenias at the throat is belted on a trailing satin all-around train skirt, unrelieved by paneling or pleating.

IF ONE fur coat is a luxury, two must be looked upon as nothing short of a wardrobe boon. The girl who can afford but one coat for all purposes had better look twice at these models worn by Patricia and Olivia as perfect models for *everything*. For there are certain furs that belong only to day hours or to evening hours. For instance, the white ermine coat belongs only to night wear, and unless you're lucky enough to be able to afford more than one good coat in your winter wardrobe, white ermine is best left to movie stars.

The luxury of ermine is stunningly modeled for us here in the beautiful coat worn by Patricia Ellis. The beautiful knee-length wrap of white Russian ermine is styled with loose sleeves and narrow turn-down collar. Pat wears it over cerise satin with a

[*Continued on page 72*]



White Russian ermine is smart for evening. Here Patricia Ellis wears it in popular knee length

The TALK *of*

FRANK PARKER, whose gorgeous tenor voice via radio has charmed millions on the Jack Benny program, has decided that pictures is a "screwy" business.

Arriving on the coast with Benny, he gave up several lucrative spots on N. B. C. programs, and decided to stick with Benny on the coast broadcasts—likewise to take a shot at the picture game. He took several tests and finally he got a picture contract with a screen musical, *Sweet Surrender,* and his contract called for top billing. Then he learned the picture was to be made in New York and back he trekked, having to abandon three weeks of the Benny program and pick up the loose threads back in the big town.

—Wide World

Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard, his new leading lady, listen to Eddie Duchin's orchestra at Cocoanut Grove. They're teamed in the comedian's new silent film, *Modern Times.* Rumor has it, they're married. They won't say!

A VISITOR to the studio dressing room of Franchot Tone glimpsed on his make-up table a beautiful photograph of Joan Crawford. It was autographed and the inscription read: "I wake up smiling, Joan." Rather cute, we'd say!

RADIO Pictures can claim one distinction at least. On the lot, recently, there were working at the same time the three greatest dancers stage or screen has known in a generation—namely, Fred Astaire, Bill Robinson and Jim Barton. And how they have clicked in pictures!

FRANCES LANGFORD, the cutie whose "pay dirt" reaches $1,000 per week on a national broadcast, and more than that for her work in pictures, has forced Constance Bennett into second place in the contest to decide what movie girl has the smallest waist. Frances measures just 22 inches around. Connie is

Boy, what a girl! That's Jessie Mathews, above, in a scene from her coming Gaumont-British picture, *First a Girl*

HOLLYWOOD

Who's who in Hollywood and who is doing what? Here's a chance to know all the latest inside answers!

Ted Lewis hasn't any room to twirl his topper now! "You're My Thrill" is the title of the number. That's what Ted thinks too—and he's surrounded! The scene here is from Ted's starring film for M-G-M, ***Here Comes the Band***

Twenty thousand Hawaiians can't be wrong! Not when they cheered Shirley Temple anyway. Seen returning, she's snapped on ship with parents

putting on flesh. Her waist now measures 23 inches. You'll see Frances in *Every Night at Eight* and in *Broadway Melody of 1936.* Watch Frances! She's not only a newcomer but a comer!

MALE stars of the screen have a new idea to keep in condition. Chester Morris and Jimmy Dunn each have an ex-fighter on salary to keep them in physical condition and to act, in their spare moments, as bodyguards and chauffeurs.

Battling Eddie McKenna, former coast champion, trains Morris, and Nate Slott, a great middle-weight in his day, trains Dunn. Victor McLaglen has long had Abdul, a young Turk who has fought more than 200 battles, as his trainer, but Vic doesn't use him as a bodyguard.

MIRIAM HOPKINS, currently seen in the rôle of *Becky Sharp* in the Technicolor picture of that name, first came to attention on the stage when she was selected, an unknown, after a long search, to play the lead in *An American Tragedy.* Miriam did not draw down much salary in those days but the little girl from Gawgia has done right well since. She has two homes, one near the beach at Santa Monica in California, and another in Sutton Place, New York. Likewise a sizeable bank account and her pick of the pictures she cares to make.

WITH all the major picture producers reviving westerns it should be mentioned that, on a ranch in Newhall, about 40 miles from Hollywood, a mighty fine country actor is feeling the urge to come out of retirement and do some character work that would be mighty good to see. His name is William S. "Bill" Hart.

AT THE Brown Derby at luncheon recently were such stars as Al Jolson, Ruby Keeler, Joe Penner, Freddie Allen, Marlene Dietrich and a score of others equally famous.

Yet the fan magazine

Working crossword puzzles is easy for Robert Taylor (at left) between scenes on the *Broadway Melody of 1936* set. But look at the help that he has! Jack Benny heads cast of the musical film

hounds at the entrance passed up all of these celebrities to gang up on a tall, slim, modestly dressed woman who tried to sneak out of a side door. Yoo Hoo there, Amelia Earhart!

A DECIDED study in contrasts was seen on Hollywood Boulevard recently. For several days there was a display of banners strung across the thoroughfare where every one of importance the world over has traveled at some time or other. One set of banners bore the inscription:

"Hollywood Welcomes the Hollywood Bowl Concerts for the Season of 1935." The alternate set of banners loudly and glaringly proclaimed: "Hollywood Welcomes Minsky's Burlesque." Songbirds or Strippers. Take Your Choice.

IT'S a habit in Hollywood for top rating film stars and lesser ones, as well, to have secret telephone numbers, not only *not* listed in the telephone directory, but changed every three months. When the change is made the company notifies the subscriber and that is all. Charlie Farrell is one using secret numbers, but he doesn't think so much of them now. A few days ago Charlie was delayed reaching home from the polo field and wanted to call up his wife, Virginia Valli. He could not think of his new number and the telephone company would not help out. Charlie was telling a newspaper man of his dilemma, because it was such a good joke on him. The newspaper man promptly handed Charlie the new number of his telephone. Tie that one.

The dashing D'Artagnan, Walter Abel, above, would die fighting for Heather Angel in *The Three Musketeers*

AT A round table in the Metro commissary a group of writers were discussing the danger of writing to girls and George S. Kaufman claimed he had an idea which would always protect him in the clinches. "If it came to pass," said Kaufman, "that I had to write to one of the little pieces of [*Continued on page 72*]

Playing opposite Errol Flynn, expert fencer, in *Captain Blood,* Olivia de Havilland, above, takes a lesson too!

—Wide World

Edmund Lowe is making the social rounds in Hollywood nowadays. It's Louise Henry who's with him here

What LIFE Has Taught *Leo* CARRILLO

Living simply at his canyon home, Carrillo's happy

By HARRY GANLEY

IT WAS down to that astounding home he's fashioned, down in old Santa Monica canyon, that I went to meet Carrillo. His ancestors used to own the whole southern end of California. Time and fate took it away from them. But now Leo has bought back ten acres of it, and he's built a house that's three years old and looks and feels a hundred! Into it, he's crammed the sight and feel of life as it was lived here a century ago. That's one spot where his sentimentalism runs riot. The tradition of old Spanish California is his fetish. "Might as well dynamite Plymouth Rock," he mutters, "as forget California's traditions!"

He exults in that house. His own hands pushed the plaster around, laid the home-made bricks. "Built it myself," he glories, "and tried to give it the savour of the things my forefathers had."

Architects call it a crazy house. "Can't put it in blueprints a-tall!" they complain; "all y'c'n do with a house like that is *build* it!" And love it, Leo adds.

There's a fence all around his ten acres, but the gates are never closed. There's no door-bell to his house; they didn't have 'em in old California. When I drove in, Carrillo's voice was booming laughter from an upstairs room with a veranda that climbed down to the patio. I mounted and found myself walking into his bedroom. He was deep in a big chair, with not a thing on but a grimy beret, an ancient pair of trunks and a pair of canvas sneakers. His body was nut brown, because he roams like that, all over his domain when he's not working.

Three neighbors were there with him, sprawled on his bed, his chairs. Folks drop in [*Continued on page* 70]

Every morning and evening, Maureen O'Sullivan, below, exercises to keep in trim

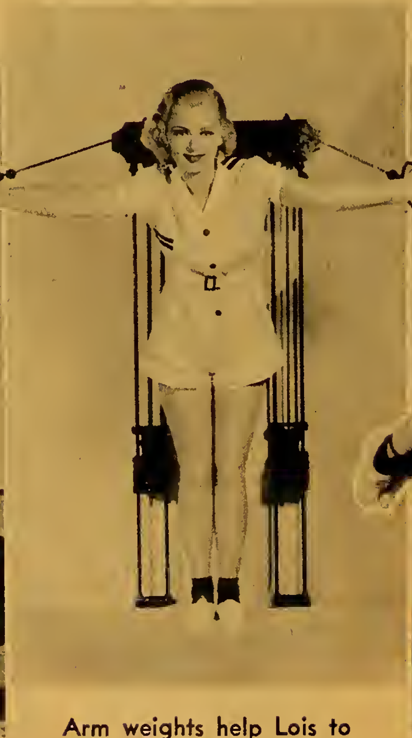
Bending sideways from the hips is a favorite exercise of Maureen's

Touching right toe with tip of left hand is one way Maureen keeps figure

Keeping Fit---Hollywood Style!

Take a few tips on film form from Maureen O'Sullivan and Lois Lindsay!

For shapely legs, there's bicycle riding, says Lois



Arm weights help Lois to keep her charming figure

Lois Lindsay uses exercise horse to stay fit

It's play for Lois to work out with her medicine ball

How Readers Rate Them

Caught by a roving cameraman, while reading his fan mail, is Franchot Tone. You'll see him soon in *Mutiny on the Bounty*, a tale of piracy on the high seas

MOVIES HELP WORLD
($15 Prize Letter)

I AM a private secretary, temporarily unemployed and, during this somewhat difficult period, I have found moving pictures a genuine help and solace. Though I may have to save pennies by wearing forty-nine-cent stockings which wrinkle around the ankle, I am willing to do so in order that, twice weekly, I may pass the necessary two-bits through the window of a good picture house. There, elbow to elbow with some other jobless person, I find unrolled before me a glamorous story—a tale in which love moves along graciously, a beautiful heroine finds her prince, a villain receives his well-earned punishment, and the world seems a pretty good place after all. So I offer my genuine gratitude to the friendly Hollywood players, as well as to Motion Picture Magazine, for the pleasure which they provide for us. They are helping many a discouraged man and woman over a hard spot. When this period is finally over, the moving-picture industry may claim a large share of the credit for keeping people cheerful and optimistic, even when facing an uncertain future. God bless you.—Miss Faith Coolidge, 57 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, Mass.

If films are a source of solace in times of stress, perhaps that alone justifies their existence. Don't you think?

ARE MEN SUPERIOR?
($10 Prize Letter)

I DISAGREE on the principle of Mrs. Varney's assumption that "men are superior actors" inasmuch as life is governed by relativity and it is therefore difficult to establish set rules on any subject. Men, for instance, are generally known as "the stronger sex"—yet how many women manage to dominate men! A person when using superlatives is always limited by an individual point of view attained through his or her own experiences and reactions. If it is quite true that Adolphe Menjou, Leslie Howard, Guy Kibbee, etc., possess the gift of expression to an extraordinary degree, it is also undeniable that Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Katharine Hepburn, and others, also possess that gift to a great extent. Some of the best dramatic actresses have no claim whatever to beauty and anyone who has seen Elisabeth Bergner, as *Catherine of Russia*, will have noted how each word, look, inflection, and even each sigh, expressed volumes. For a Charles Lindbergh, you have Amelia Earhart; for a Victor Hugo, a Louisa May Alcott; for a Napoleon, a Joan of Arc. All of which proves that talent and genius are not necessarily limited to any particular sex, nationality, or social position. Otherwise, there would be no justice!—Emma Presti, 4 rue de Caire, Paris, France.

Is it all in your particular point of view? Or are men (or women) really superior actors?

MAKE RACES REAL!
($5 Prize Letter)

HUMBLY begging your pardon, suh, but loyalty to racing traditions—particularly Derby Day—demands that I speak my mind regarding pictures based on the hackneyed plot wherein the family's fortunes are retrieved through the winning of the Kentucky Derby. To begin with, Kentuckians, (as well as the entire country's racing element), are familiar with the list of past Derby winners and resent a phony name for a supposed winner. This is hard enough to endure but imagine our consternation when we see, (as in *Kentucky Blue Streak)*, our beloved Churchill Downs nestling in a southwestern locale with barren *mountains* directly opposite the grandstand and clubhouse! The vista here includes racing stables and many dwellings with nary a mountain in sight—only green hills in the far distance! Imagine our amazement at viewing empty spaces around the cashiers' windows and in the aisles—we who know what it means to "inch" our way along in a terrific Derby Day jam! Or to see an old lady receive a ten spot with the suggestion that she get a box seat! (After arrival at the track on Derby Day? Impossible!) Please, in the name of tradition, may we have authenticity in racing pictures?—Jean Lord, % A. Kramer, 905 Lydia Ave., Louisville, Ky.

This writer has a quarrel to pick with the locations at which films are made. Have you?

GREAT TEAM PLEASES
($1 Prize Letter)

I TAKE exception to the writer's statement in Motion Picture for September, that Mr. Eddy and Miss MacDonald are a "second Gaynor-Farrell" team. They are incomparably themselves. I went to see *Naughty Marietta* thirty times! Miss MacDonald, as Princess Marie, is delicious in her love for the people. Her adorable gesture of embracing them from the window is evidence of her own delightful talent. When Warrington sings to her under the Southern moon, the great psychological moment has come. Love calls her. Her expression of startled, fearful fascination is again her own great acting. Mr. Eddy's voice is uniquely his own. His acting has a personality different from any other. To say that they are a "second" anyone, depreciates the charming personality of their talents. I have seen great stars in various parts of the world. I would not say that Mr. Eddy and Miss MacDonald were a "second" of any, but that they *compare favorably with any!* I believe that no other picture has drawn people back, again and again, as *Naughty Marietta* has. Inciden- [*Continued on page* 81]

Prizes for Letters!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over two hundred words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Any Woman can be Up to Date

(in her information)

A great deal of the talk among women, on the subject of feminine hygiene, had better be disregarded. Some of it is garbled, incorrect, perhaps even dangerous. And some of it is just plain old-fashioned. Here are the facts, for any woman to read, and *bring herself up to date.*

With *Zonite* available in every drug store, it *is* old-fashioned to think that poisonous antiseptics are needed for feminine hygiene. There was a time in the past, when certain caustic and poisonous compounds actually were the only antiseptics strong enough for the purpose. But that day ended with the World War which brought about the discovery of Zonite.

Zonite is the great modern antiseptic-germicide—far more powerful than *any* dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on human flesh. But Zonite is *not* caustic, *not* poisonous. This marvelous Zonite is gentle in use and as harmless as pure water. Zonite never injured any woman. No delicate membranes were ever damaged by Zonite, or areas of scar-tissue formed.

It is hard to believe that such power and such gentleness could ever be combined—as they are in Zonite. But what an ideal combination this is—for the particular requirements of feminine hygiene.

Also Zonite Suppositories (semi-solid)

Zonite comes in liquid form—30c, 60c and $1.00 bottles. The semi-solid Suppository form sells at $1.00 a dozen, each pure white Suppository sealed separately in glass vial. Many women use both. Ask for both Zonite Suppositories and Liquid Zonite by name, at drug or department stores. There is no substitute.

Send for the booklet "Facts for Women." This is a frank and wholesome booklet—scientific and impersonal. It has been prepared for the special purpose of bringing women up to date. Don't miss reading it. Just mail the coupon.

USE COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

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Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.
( ) Facts for Women
( ) Use of Antiseptics in the Home

NAME..
(*Please print name*)
ADDRESS..
CITY..............................STATE..............................
(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P. Q.)

Rochelle Hudson Puts Up Her Hair

[*Continued from page* 35]

Trevor was asking. He was sullen.

"It's a place to work," Rochelle replied. "I didn't know you were here." Her voice was low, dramatic, convincing. I applauded silently.

It was the proverbial ill wind that catapulted Rochelle into *Way Down East* and stardom. An ill wind as far as Janet Gaynor was concerned, the latter having been forced out of the production by a freak accident. Coming around a mound of hay, she ran head on into Henry Fonda, the farm-boy hero of the picture, and suffered a slight concussion of the brain.

Replacing Gaynor in this production marked the second time in Rochelle's career that another's misfortune gave her a big break and boosted her upward in her profession. Two years ago, at seventeen, Rochelle thought her film career was over. She tasted the bitter cup of failure. When R.K.O. failed to take up its option on her services, Rochelle, feeling like an orphan without a home decided to free lance. It took her a year to discover that, as a free lance, she was a flop.

Then Fox gave her a test for a rôle in *Dr. Bull,* after another actress had been rejected, and Rochelle made good. On the strength of her performance in that picture, she won a contract with Fox and began to supply the love interest for pictures starring her fellow citizen from Claremore, Okla., Will Rogers.

STUDIO wiseacres say it was a terrific test for an actress who had never played anything more important than sweet young things to step into Gaynor's shoes. But Rochelle shed her ingenue personality when she accepted the part. She went into it with the courage and conviction worthy of a veteran star like the redoubtable Will Rogers himself.

It's not only the biggest thing Rochelle's ever done, but it's her best.

Curling her feet beneath her and relaxing into a comfortable position in the big chair, she admitted, "They say I'm being starred now." Her tone was as unself-conscious as if being starred was an everyday occurrence in her life.

"I don't know whether you would say I'm a star or not," she went on. "But what does it matter, after all, whose name is on the top? Starring doesn't mean a thing to me. I might be just as bad a star as I was good as an ingenue."

"But you don't want to return to playing ingenues again?" I asked in surprise.

"Oh, no. I've had enough of them. I've been the girl whom heaven must protect for so long that my release from such rôles makes me feel like a boy on the first day of summer vacation.

"I've learned not to get excited about such things. Hollywood has taught me to keep on an even keel."

Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Absorb all blemishes and discolorations and make your skin smooth, soft and healthy with the daily use of pure Mercolized Wax. This single, all-purpose beauty aid is the only cream necessary for the proper care of your skin. Mercolized Wax cleanses, softens, lubricates, bleaches and protects. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed, clearing away freckles, tan and other blemishes. Your complexion becomes so beautifully clear and velvety soft, your face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin.

Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free. Phelactine is the modern, odorless facial depilatory that fastidious women prefer.

Powdered Saxolite

is a refreshing stimulating astringent lotion when dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. It reduces wrinkles and other age lines. When used daily, Saxolite refines coarse-textured skin, eliminates excessive oiliness and makes the skin glow with fresh, warm, youthful color.

Amazing! Sensational SILK HOSE GUARANTEED TO Wear Without Holes OR NEW HOSE FREE!

AGENTS: UP TO $24 in a WEEK

New kind of Silk Hose, Chiffons and Service Weights—have "tight-twist" threads—ends snags. 2 pairs guaranteed to wear 3 mos., 4 pairs 6 mos. *Agents:* Big money full or part time demonstrating, in addition get your own hose free. Grace Wilbur, Iowa, reports $37.10 profit in 9 hours. Wessberg earned over $100 one week. Demonstrating equipment supplied. Write, giving hose size.

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AMAZING NEW HAND-BAG WOMEN BUY IT ON SIGHT

NEW EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

"MISS AMERICA" Handbag—brand new, different—and HOW it sells! Exclusive features. Beautiful modernistic design. Genuine Top-Quality Steerhide. Two roomy "Talon Zipper Locked" Compartments for 100% SAFETY—PRIVACY. TRIPLE FITTED!—coin purse, mirror, key case. Initials and full name engraved in 22K Gold FREE. Women rave about this new BAG. Men and women agents cleaning up big profits! Lightning seller everywhere. Write at once for

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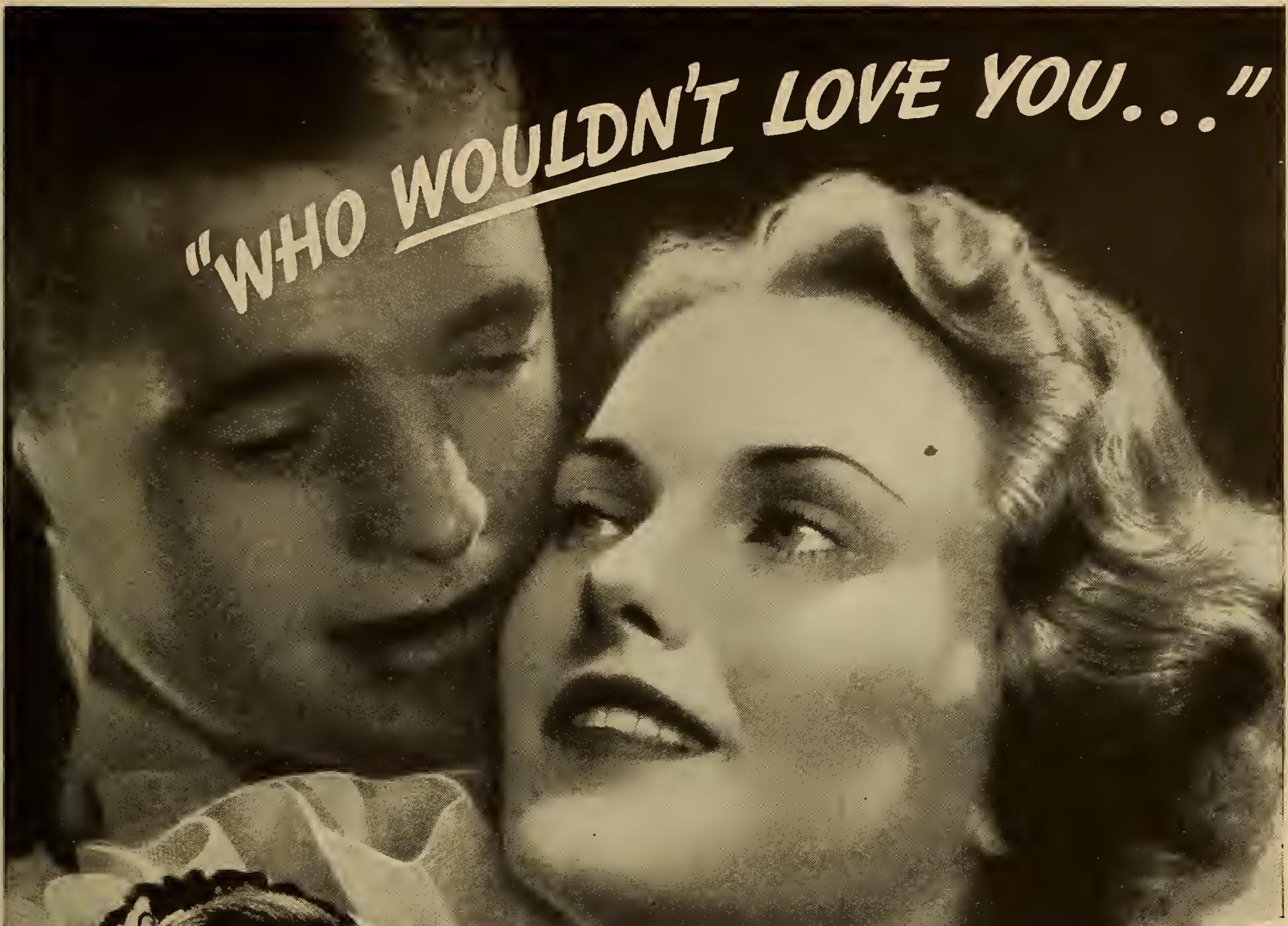
"WHO WOULDN'T LOVE YOU..."

Romance comes to the girl who guards against COSMETIC SKIN

IT certainly is true that men just can't help falling in love with skin that's smooth and soft. The girl who doesn't win this charm—and *keep* it—is a foolish girl indeed!

There's really no need to risk spoiling your looks by letting unattractive Cosmetic Skin develop. It's when cosmetics are not properly *removed* that tiny blemishes appear, enlarged pores, blackheads, perhaps!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Guard against these signs of Cosmetic Skin with Lux Toilet Soap! Its ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores—gently removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. 9 out of 10 screen stars use this soap that's made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly!*

Use cosmetics all you wish! But to *protect* your skin—use Lux Toilet Soap before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed!

I USE COSMETICS, BUT I'M TAKING NO CHANCES WITH COSMETIC SKIN. THAT'S WHY I USE LUX TOILET SOAP FAITHFULLY

MERLE OBERON

STAR OF SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S "THE DARK ANGEL"

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Doubly Effective

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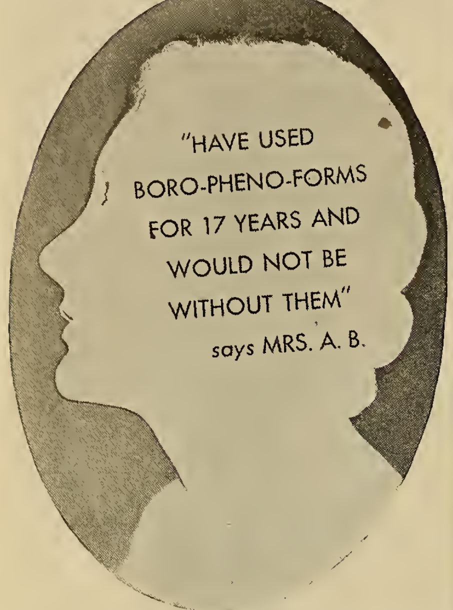
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. . . And a Little Child—or two—shall lead them

[*Continued from page* 37]

Miller in New York. He had an orchestra play long distance to her. Recently, the front page story of metropolitan newspapers told how Richard Dix's daily telephone calls, costing $40 each, (from London to Hollywood) brought him news of the daily activities of twins Richard and Robert. Their daily weights, daily diet, the times they smiled and the times they cried—Virginia Webster Dix reports!

HOLLYWOOD'S PROUD PARENTS

The Latest

Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg
Marguerite Churchill and George O'Brien
Donna Hayes and Kenneth Harlan
Mr. and Mrs. Frank McHugh
Mr. and Mrs. Guy Kibbee
Molly O'Day and Jack Durant
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dix
Frances Lyons and Russ Saunders
Virginia Lee Corbin and Theodore Krol
Hobart Henley and Dorothy March
Gloria Stuart and Arthur Sheekman

Within Last Five Years

Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg
Joan Bennett and Gene Markey
Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown
Joan Blondell and George Barnes
Karen Morley and Charles Vidor
June Collyer and Stu Irwin
Dixie Lee and Bing Crosby
Mr. and Mrs. Andy Devine
Clara Bow and Rex Bell
Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles
Dorothy Jordan and Merian C. Cooper
Helen Twelvetrees and Jack Woody
Mary Astor and Dr. Franklyn Thorpe
Frances Dee and Joel McCrea
Virginia Bruce and John Gilbert
Florence Lake and Jack Good
Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery
Mr. and Mrs. John Wayne
Doris Warner and Mervyn LeRoy
Dolores Costello and John Barrymore
Harold and Mildred Lloyd
Sue Carol and Nick Stuart

Adopted

Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson
Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay
Connie Bennett
Florence Eldridge and Fredric March
Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Beery
Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien
Miriam Hopkins
Gracie Allen and George Burns
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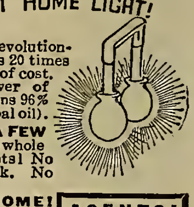
TURNS NIGHT AIR INTO BRIGHT HOME LIGHT!



The scientific, new wickless lamp revolutionizing home lighting! Actually gives 20 times light of old wick lamp at fraction of cost. Floods home with 300 candlepower of brilliant, soft, white light, yet burns 96% *free air*, only 4% cheap kerosene (coal oil).

LIGHTS WHOLE HOUSE FOR A FEW PENNIES Now you can light up the whole house *for hours* for only a few cents! No smoky chimneys to clean or break. No wicks to buy or trim!

30-DAY TRIAL IN YOUR HOME! This amazing, new light is built into beautiful, new art lamps. Have your choice on 30-day no-risk trial right in your home! Enjoy this wonder-light for a whole month! *Write today for illustrated description and TRIAL OFFER!*

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Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

Unloved

I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face...unloved...discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids...even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P.O. Box 4040. Merchandise Mart, Dept. 178, Chicago.

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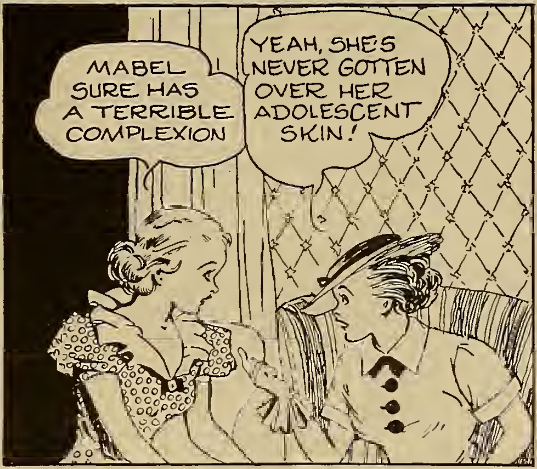
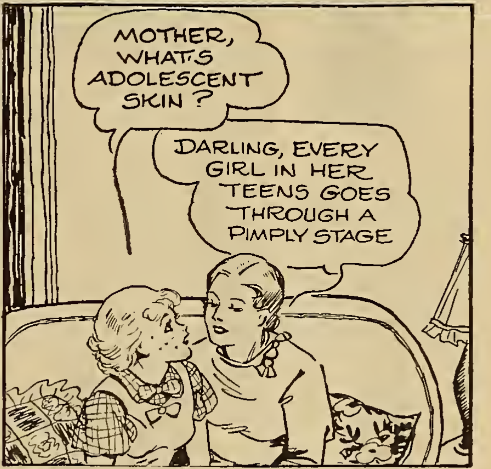
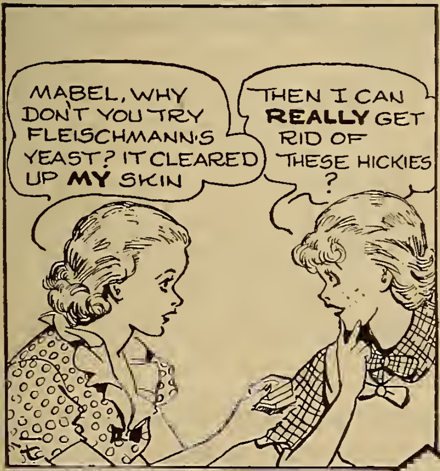
If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address
Frontier Asthma Co., A-49 Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

DON'T ASK MABEL– HER SKIN GIVES ME THE *WILLIES!*

Read how Mabel won lots of new dates


MABEL SURE HAS A TERRIBLE COMPLEXION
YEAH, SHE'S NEVER GOTTEN OVER HER ADOLESCENT SKIN!


MOTHER, WHAT'S ADOLESCENT SKIN ?
DARLING, EVERY GIRL IN HER TEENS GOES THROUGH A PIMPLY STAGE


MABEL, WHY DON'T YOU TRY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST? IT CLEARED UP MY SKIN
THEN I CAN REALLY GET RID OF THESE HICKIES ?

A MONTH LATER
GEE, MABEL, I WISH YOU'D GO TO THE PROM WITH ME!
BOY, THE FELLOWS SURE ARE RUSHING MABEL–AND NO WONDER–WITH A SKIN LIKE HERS!

Don't let adolescent pimples humiliate YOU

Between the ages of 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the skin—and pimples pop out on the face, chest and back.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears those skin irritants out of your blood. And the pimples disappear!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear. Start today!

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—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

WHY BE FAT?

Reduce with SAFETY this Proven Easy Way!

★She Lost 48 POUNDS

• At last! You can reduce **SAFELY**—no dangerous drugs! Now it is no longer necessary to be the slave of ugly fat. Here's a quick and easy method to lose excess weight, using a basic formula developed, thoroughly **tested and proved** by physicians at a nationally renowned research institution. So delightful to take, too—just like eating candy!

Why continue to endure hated fat, with all its embarrassment and humiliation? Others are finding it so easy to have alluring, slender figures, so why not you? This amazing new method not only makes fat vanish, pound after pound, but you look years younger and feel better in every way! This has been the experience of women everywhere, with SLENDRETS (Wafers), the new SAFE way to slenderness.

Read What They Say About SLENDRETS "I reduced 48 pounds, look ten years younger," writes Mrs. Sims (Iowa) . . . "36 pounds of fat gone. Never felt better," writes Miss Angell (New York) . . . "Lost 5 pounds this week, leaves no flabby skin," writes Miss Nolan (California) . . . "Now wear stylish clothes," writes Mrs. Sanda (Pennsylvania) . . . "As a Graduate Nurse I recommend SLENDRETS," writes Miss Hackett.

This fact is important to you: Safe SLENDRETS absolutely **DO NOT** contain the dangerous drug, dinitrophenol. No thyroid, either. Non-laxative. You lose weight by a safe new principle which doctors approve. SLENDRETS redistribute the carbohydrates. No danger, no risk, and pleasant too. A scientific, proven formula. You can start with SLENDRETS with complete confidence, knowing that they will aid you to

LOSE FAT...OR NO COST!

• If you are not **entirely satisfied** with the wonderful results, you get your **money back in full.** SLENDRETS will delight you or they cost you nothing. Don't wait, fat is dangerous. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for the generous-supply package containing 84 wafers. Or better, send $5.00 for the SLENDRETS "Home Package," the extra-large economy size. (Currency, stamps, money order, or C.O.D.) IN PLAIN WRAPPER.

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Check payment method: ☐ Currency, money order or stamps enclosed. ☐ C. O. D.

Name..

Address..

City.......................State.......................

Ronald Colman's Private Life

[Continued from page 38]

that he has in real life that same charming, almost old-school gallantry which characterizes his work on the screen. There is nothing fresh or flirtatious about him. To women, he is always polite, modest, and obliging. At parties, he is the sort who picks up the things they drop, watches cigaret ashes, brings them food and drink and listens attentively to their conversation. He has a natural gift for saying the complimentary sort of things which women like to hear. But he doesn't overdo it. He is never the actor, putting on an act. He is rather the well-bred young man who instinctively performs those gracious little attentions which every woman adores.

IN SPITE of the fact that he has been a top-notch star for several years, and that much has been written about him, little is known, even in Hollywood, about his private life. And yet, there is nothing of the recluse about him. He would not, to be sure, ever deliberately seek the limelight. On the other hand, he doesn't go about in dark glasses to keep from being recognized and if he happens to get caught in a net of autograph hounds, he doesn't actually duck down an alley to escape them.

He likes to dance and frequently goes to the Cocoanut Grove. But, more often, you will see him at places like the Brown Derby or Pirrone's.

He lives quietly and unostentatiously. For years, he had a little tucked-away house at the upper end of Vine Street in Hollywood. Recently, he has moved to Beverly Hills. His new house is not large or pretentious. Just a friendly, comfortable home. It hasn't even a swimming pool.

He has two Filipino boys to look after him. They have been with him for a number of years. He entertains frequently but never gives big parties. Usually, it's dinner for six or eight. He has a weakness for Indian curry and this is served at the Colman dinners.

HE DOESN'T play bridge. He likes poker but more for the fun of the game than the winnings, though—usually—he is very lucky. His luck, however, does not hold when it comes to gambling or betting on a horse race.

"When I bet on a horse," he confesses, "it can practically always be depended upon to come in last."

His favorite sport is tennis and he plays well.

He plays the piano. "Very, very badly," he assures me.

He cares little for clothes and has a rather small wardrobe, as screen stars' wardrobes go. As you may know, he dresses very conservatively. Once in a while, he becomes reckless and purchases a bright colored sweater or tie

[Continued on page 58]

IRRESISTIBLE Charm and Warmth

Indera FIGURFIT (COLDPRUF) PRINCESS SLIPS

IT IS no longer necessary to sacrifice charm and style for comfort. The new Indera Figurfit (Coldpruf) Knit Princess Slips have all these qualities--and more.

These slips are knit by a special process, and lie smooth and close-fitting beneath any kind of frock, even the most dainty, without bunching or crawling. They keep warmth in and cold out. Equipped with our exclusive Sta-Up shoulder straps, beautiful colors, easy to launder--no ironing necessary.

Ask at your favorite store for Indera Princess Slips if you want fair prices and the best quality. Accept no substitute; look for Indera trade mark. Choice of cotton, wool mixtures, rayon and wool, 100% wool worsted, silk and worsted. Sizes for women, misses and children.

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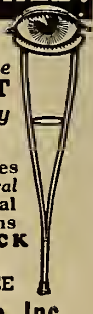
Sleeps Fine, Feels 10 Years Younger—Uses Guaranteed Cystex Test

Thousands of women and men sufferers from poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder have discovered a simple, easy way to sleep fine and feel years younger by combating Getting Up Nights, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Neuralgia, Burning, Smarting and Acidity due to poor Kidney and Bladder functions, by using a Doctor's prescription called Cystex (Siss-tex). Works fast, safe, and sure. In 48 hours it must bring new vitality, and is guaranteed to do the work in one week or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 3c a dose at druggists. The guarantee protects you.

DIVORCE EYE CRUTCHES!



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STANDARD ART STUDIOS
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MIRIAM HOPKINS
in Samuel Goldwyn's
"BARBARY COAST"
Max Factor's Make-Up
Used Exclusively

Miriam Hopkins Reveals Her Beauty Secret

..and Another Woman Becomes Beautiful

MIRIAM HOPKINS and Janet Ross met in Hollywood for the first time since their school days together. Only a few years had passed, but what a change it had made in the two girls! Miriam Hopkins was lovelier than ever, charming, poised. Janet was dull-looking, self-conscious, awkward.

"Please tell me," asked Janet, "is there anything an average girl like me can do to be more attractive?"

Of course there was! The first step to beauty was to obtain expert advice, so Miriam Hopkins took Janet to Max Factor, the Hollywood genius of make-up. To her delight and amazement, Janet learned that the secret of beauty which had dramatized the loveliness of Miriam Hopkins could be used by anyone.

"Color harmony make-up will reveal the beauty in your face just as it does with screen stars," Max Factor told Janet. "You shall see for yourself what powder, rouge and lipstick in your color harmony shade will do."

With the instinct of a true artist, Max Factor selected and applied the colors that would bring out in the dull little face before him, the priceless and elusive thing called beauty. Rachelle powder to enliven the skin and give it satin-smoothness, Blondeen rouge to give alluring lifelike color to the cheeks, Vermilion lipstick to accent the youthful tone of the lips. Color harmony powder, rouge, lipstick . . . the living portrait was finished...and another woman experienced the joy of seeing for the first time, beauty in her own face!

Would you like to see what an amazing change color harmony make-up will bring about in your face? If you are a blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead, there is a color harmony make-up that will transform you into a radiant new being...Max Factor's Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. At all leading stores.

Would you like Max Factor to give you a personal make-up analysis, and send you a sample of your color harmony make-up? Would you like an illustrated booklet on "The New Art of Society Make-Up?" Mail the coupon and all these will be sent to you.

Janet Ross

Tells Her Own Story About
COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP

"MAX FACTOR'S POWDER brought out unexpected beauty in my face through the magic of its color harmony shades. I find it clings for hours, and makes my skin appear satin-smooth even in a close-up.

"MAX FACTOR'S ROUGE is creamy-smooth, and blends so perfectly that the lovely tones appear to be my own coloring. It keeps its true color in any light because the color harmony shades are light-tested.

"MAX FACTOR'S SUPER-INDELIBLE LIPSTICK is moisture-proof, so I apply it to the inner as well as the outer surface of the lips giving them an even, harmonized color that is really lasting."

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP—*Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony*

©1935 by Max Factor & Co.

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*. . . FREE.

5-11-98

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STREET____________________

CITY____________ STATE____________

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES (Color)*	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	

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EYE
BEAUTY
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Maybelline Eyelash Darkener instantly darkens eyelashes, making them appear longer, darker, and more luxuriant. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and absolutely harmless. The largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world. Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE.

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.

Maybelline Eye Shadow delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color, and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.

Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream
A pure and harmless tonic cream, helpful in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.

Maybelline Eyebrow Brush
Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.

These famous preparations in 10c sizes mean simply that you can now enjoy complete highest quality eye make-up without the obstacle of cost. Try them and achieve the lure of lovely eyes simply and safely, but . . . insist upon genuine MAYBELLINE preparations . . . for quality, purity, and value. Purse sizes obtainable at all leading 10c stores.

Maybelline Co., Chicago.

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Ronald Colman's Private Life

[Continued from page 56]

but, invariably, when he gets them home, he decides that they are too much on the gay side and never wears them.

He has quite a collection of hats but usually has one favorite that he clings to, long after it has outlived its first expectancy. Not long ago he decided that his pet model could be brought up to date by making the brim a trifle smaller, so he took a pair of scisssors and trimmed it down.

He never carries a cane. Never wears a ring. Hates wrist watches. And wouldn't be caught dead with a pair of spats on.

He has no pet superstitions but if he makes a remark which might sound slightly boastful or one that would "tempt Providence," as the saying goes, he quickly knocks wood.

HE DRIVES his own car, a convertible coupé which he has had for three years. Sometimes, he is accompanied by a very fresh, young Sealyham dog, named Frisky. "George," the wire-haired terrier which appeared with Ronnie in several pictures, has now retired from professional life and stays at home with his memories.

Colman reads a great deal.

He has a chronic case of wanderlust, and as soon as he finishes a picture, he is usually off on a trip somewhere. His idea of a perfectly delightful holiday would be a long cruise in tropic seas with a group of congenial friends. Paris is one of his favorite cities. "And it's the one place where I would probably get fat," he told me. "I have a positive weakness for French cooking. And when I'm in Paris, I eat twice as much as I do ordinarily."

But the city that remains indelibly engraved upon his heart is Florence, Italy. It was there, by the way, that he made one of his first pictures, *The White Sister.* "To me, Florence is one of the most picturesque and romantic cities in the world," he says. But he is also enthusiastic about Spain, and naturally he has a sentimental fondness for London.

Those who work with him say that there is nothing tempermental about Ronald Colman. He is easy to get along with and never causes any trouble. On the sets, his best friends are usually the prop boys and technicians. He has a keen sense of humor and likes to play practical jokes on people.

"Do you think you will ever marry again?" I asked.

A merry twinkle crept into his eyes. "That's something I wouldn't know about," he said.

But the way he said it, and the laughter that lurked in his eyes, told me a great deal more than his reply would indicate. In fact, to use the Mae West vernacular, I'd say: "Ronald Colman can be had."

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AN AMAZING invention called Rollette, developed in Rochester, Minnesota, makes it possible for you to rid yourself of unsightly pounds of fat and have a beautiful, slender form. This remarkable patented device takes off fat quickly from any part of your body without strenuous diets, dangerous drugs, exercise. Leaves the flesh firm and gives a natural healthy glow to the skin. Makes you feel years younger.

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"By using Rollette I have lost 23 lbs. the first month."
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. . . IN ONE MINUTE . . .

Simply apply Dr. Dennis' cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION. Quickly relieves the itching torture of eczema, eruptions, rashes and other skin afflictions. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated and inflamed skin. Clear, greaseless, and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

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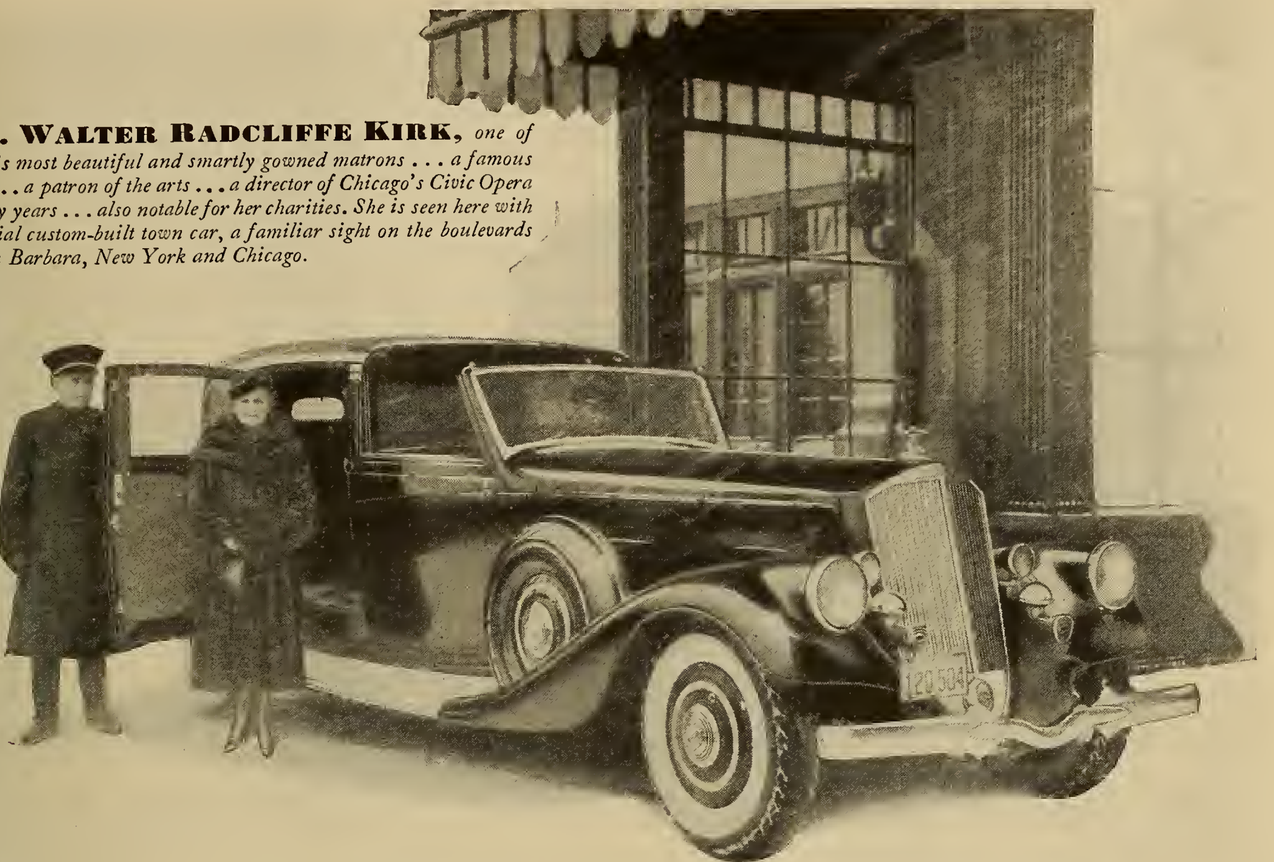
MRS. WALTER RADCLIFFE KIRK, *one of Chicago's most beautiful and smartly gowned matrons . . . a famous hostess . . . a patron of the arts . . . a director of Chicago's Civic Opera for many years . . . also notable for her charities. She is seen here with her special custom-built town car, a familiar sight on the boulevards of Santa Barbara, New York and Chicago.*



All hers . . all luxuries . . yet she chooses this twenty-five cent tooth paste

"It is remarkable how quickly Listerine Tooth Paste cleans and what a brilliant lustre it gives," says Mrs. Kirk. "A real luxury!"

The moment you try this modern dentifrice, you will discover why it is the favorite of men and women who, if need be, could afford to pay $25 instead of 25¢ a tube for their tooth paste.

We ask you to see how quickly and thoroughly it cleanses the teeth, attacking tartar, film and discolorations. Its results are rather remarkable.

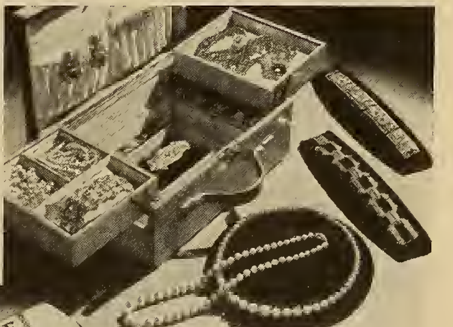
See what a brilliant lustre it imparts to teeth. The precious enamel, unharmed by this gentle dentifrice, seems to gleam and flash with new brilliance.

Note that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and invigoration that follows the use of this unusual dentifrice—a clean, fresh feeling that you associate with the use of Listerine itself.

If you are interested in economy, you'll be delighted to find how far this tooth paste goes. Get a tube today. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

"BOWSER"—*son of "Wire Boy," famous Blue Ribbon winner. A thoroughbred wire-haired and Mrs. Kirk's favorite dog.*

GOLD SET. *All the accoutrements of Mrs. Kirk's dressing table, from the dainty file to hair brush, are of gold—a most unusual and luxurious set of heirlooms.*



TRAVELING JEWEL CASE—*showing part of Mrs. Kirk's exceptional jewel collection, notable for the careful selection of its stones and their rare beauty—another of her most treasured possessions.*

Listerine Tooth Paste

"3 minutes of my time... and I forgot my troubles!"

There's no doubt about it—the three-minute way certainly makes a difference. Three minutes chewing FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing-gum laxative—then good-bye constipation and the logy way it makes you feel. Have you been using racking "all-at-once" cathartics? Then you know what cramps and griping are. The three-minute way is easy, thorough, and oh so efficient! It's good for the entire family—and children love it.

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U. S. GOVERNMENT JOBS!

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$1260 to $2100 Year

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Common education Usually sufficient

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Sirs: Rush to me without charge, (1) 32-page book with list of U. S. Government Jobs. (2) Tell me how to get one of these jobs. Send sample coaching.

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"I had to stretch every dollar!"

"LIKE all mothers, I wanted every advantage for my children. But it was hard work to stretch John's pay to cover necessities, let alone music for Mary, or four years at High for Jack.

"Then one day I read an advertisement which told how married women could earn $25 to $35 nursing. I'd always been handy around a sick-room and this seemed a good chance to make use of this knack of mine—and be paid for it! I sent the coupon to CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING and when the booklet arrived read every word of it.

"After talking it over with John I decided to enroll. The lessons were so easy to understand! When I had finished the 8th lesson our doctor suggested I take a case for him. Ever since I've been nursing in our neighborhood, making $25 a week."

Let CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING train *you* as it has trained thousands of men and women at home in their spare time for this dignified well-paid profession. Send coupon today. Learn how *you* can become a C. S. N.-trained practical nurse.

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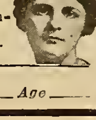


Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

*Name*____________________
*City*__________ *State*________ *Age*____

There are Mae Wests—and there is Mae West

[*Continued from page* 39]

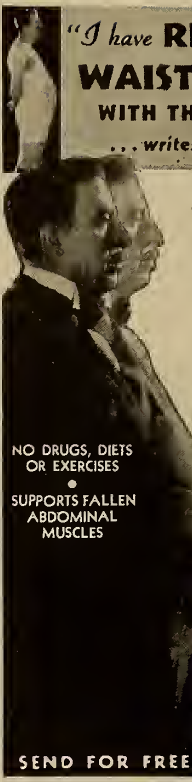
week ahead of my show, and ran across a cheap little theatre in the next town with 'May West's High Steppers' in electric lights over the door. She was traveling just ahead of us and using our advance publicity and bills! He had a lawyer write her a letter and put a stop to that. But he couldn't do anything about the name. It turned out to be her own, only she spelled it with a 'y.' After that, every now and then, I'd read something ridiculous about myself and I'd know the writer musta got us mixed up.

"MY FRIEND, Eva Tanguay, knew this burlesque May West, a big woman with black curls. Last year, a fellow came to see me,—said he had something he felt sure I'd like to buy. It turned out to be a piece of sheet music called 'I Want You to Be My Bamboo Queen' with 'Sung by May West and Billie O'Brien' in big letters across the front with a picture of a song and dance team, a little man and a bouncing brunette. The catch was the date,—just five years after I was born.

"They called 'em soubrettes then, and they wore long, black silk stockings, knee-length skirts and picture hats. You should have seen the fellow's face as he looked at me and then back at the picture. 'I must be wrong,' he said, 'by about twenty years and fifty pounds.' I'm gettin' used to it now, but at first it was sort of annoyin' to have perfect strangers turn up at the studio, claimin' they used to be my partner in a doubles act in Keokuk or Peoria. Or that they'd loaned me five dollars when I was broke in Kansas City. Right on the face of it, that is a laugh. Do I look like the kind of a girl five dollars would do anything for? Or maybe they say that I'd married them back in Fall River in 1909. It doesn't follow that because a woman knows all the answers, she's ever answered 'I do.'

"At that, 'Mae West' isn't an uncommon name. Why, do you know, there's two Mae Wests right here in Los Angeles in the telephone book? The way I found out about them is that they began getting my phone calls. Then, I understand, agents started dropping in at their house trying to sell imported town cars and mink coats and swimming pools, and the ice man began to ask for autographs. When they commenced gettin' my mail, they called up the studio and protested. I don't blame 'em. Nobody with a weak heart ought to read my mail. One of 'em came to see me and told me some of the troubles she had being taken for me. She was a married woman, it seems, a nice, domestic little thing. She says the phone calls from gentlemen pretty nearly drove her crazy. They'd wake her up in the middle of the night tryin' to date her up! And the letters they'd write her!"

"I have REDUCED my WAIST 8 INCHES WITH THE WEIL BELT" . . . writes George Bailey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SUPPORTS FALLEN ABDOMINAL MUSCLES

Wear the WEIL BELT for 10 days at our expense!

YOU will appear many inches slimmer at once and in ten days your waist line will be 3 inches smaller. 3 inches of fat gone or no cost! "I reduced 8 inches" . . . writes Geo. Bailey. "Lost 50 lbs." writes W. T. Anderson. . . . *Hundreds* of similar letters.

REDUCE your WAIST 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS *or it will cost you nothing!*

You will be completely comfortable as its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move! Gives an erect, athletic carriage . . . supports abdominal walls . . . keeps digestive organs in place . . . greatly increases endurance.

Simply write name and address on postcard and we will send you illustrated folder and full details of our 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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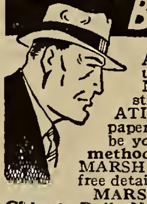

AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME under supervision of NORMAN MARSH, creator of the famous comic strip "DAN DUNN, SECRET OPERATIVE 48," appearing in the big newspapers. Success—fame—real money may be yours when you learn the easy simple methods and secrets which make the MARSH cartoons so successful. Send name for free details of this personal course. *Act Today!*

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You would be more Popular too, with SUNNY Golden Hair!

Gain for yourself the glowing freshness and charming brightness of sunny golden hair. Secret of loveliness of fascinating blondes. Whether blonde or brunette, let your hair bring out all the natural beauty and charm you possess. Rinse *your* hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. And have that fresh bright clean look your friends will admire.

BLONDES—Protect the natural golden hues of your hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Marchand's imparts brilliant lustre to dull hair, even lightness to faded or streaked hair, successfully and secretly.

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TRY A BOTTLE—FREE!

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A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo—FREE—to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. The finest treatment you can give your hair. Marchand's Castile Shampoo cleanses thoroughly, rinses *completely.*

EXTRA GIFT FOR PROMPTNESS

A valuable little booklet "Care and Treatment of the Hair" sent free also, to those who write immediately. Send for your bottle. Now!

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GOLDEN HAIR WASH

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Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. I am enclosing 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

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One month's supply only $1.00. If you have tried other methods and are skeptical, we will send you a trial supply. 25c *cash must be sent with all trial orders.*

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You need not send one cent with your order. Just pay postman when delivered, or you can safely send money-saving Post Office charges. Try these proven tablets at our risk. Snyder's Anti-Fat Tablets are safe, harmless and guaranteed to produce results if directions are followed or we refund your money. You are the sole judge. Don't delay any longer—get rid of dangerous fatty tissues—be attractive. Send today for a month's supply.

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1434 N. Wells St., Dept. 350R Chicago

Do You Want a Free Screen Test?

[*Continued from page* 31]

blank and send it to the *Search for Talent headquarters, 1918 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.* That's all you have to do. If your photo indicates that you have possibilities, you'll be notified to appear for a screen test at the city nearest you.

From Los Angeles to New York and back again, the huge truck will be carrying its crew on one of the most intensive talent searches ever organized. Don't let them pass you by!

HOW TO MAKE A SCREEN TEST

THINK of the fun of getting made up for a screen test at your local Universal theatre! It's as much fun as a school play. H. E. Howard, director of the tour, will make arrangements for getting all contestants ready for the camera.

You don't use street make-up *at all.* The new panchromatic film now calls for brown make-up. Even the lip rouge is mostly brown.

This explains the make-up that visitors to studios see on the stars—it looks like a deep coat of tan. But you photograph like a million dollars in it!

The director will have you walk in front of the camera, while the cameraman grinds away, and the lens of the camera catches your personality.

Nobody knows how he'll look in films until he's tested. Sometimes the results are amazing! Girls, who never thought they'd have a chance, look marvelous in films! And what's more, movies aren't like still photos—they have life and action. And when you put motion into a photograph, you capture personality.

You don't have to be beautiful—*but you must have personality.* And only a screen test can tell if your personality has that winning quality necessary for making a success in pictures.

HOW THE SEARCH WORKS OUT

IF YOU are one of those selected for the screen test—and the number is unlimited—you'll first be made up at a time to be announced in your local papers. Then the tests will be made on the stage of the theatre showing Universal pictures. Tests require certain lights, which can best be set up on the theatre stage.

After the tests are made, they will be sent to Universal for judging by casting officials. Here again, there is no limit set upon the number of persons who may be given contracts with Universal Pictures—*for this is a real, honest-to-goodness search for talent,* and Universal would be glad if *dozens* of men and women could be found. However, to make sure that you have full confi-

[*Continued on page* 71]

Eyes BURNING AND TIRED?

Dust—wind—sun glare—reading—tire your eyes. For relief, cleanse them daily with Murine. Soothing. Refreshing. Used safely for nearly 40 years.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair now when it is so economical and easy to get rid of it in your own home.

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At home—in spare time—20 minutes a day. Overcome "stage-fright," gain self-confidence, increase your salary, through ability to sway others by effective speech. Write now for free booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words.*

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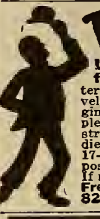
TAP DANCING



LEARN AT HOME NEW EASY WAY. Professional Stage Method. Surprise and entertain your friends. Be popular, earn extra money, develop hidden talent. No music or experience needed. Begin dancing first day. Beginner's fundamentals and complete Professional Tap Dance included. Equal to $40 instruction. Easy way to reduce or build up figure. For ladies or men. Send only $3.75 money order for Complete 17-Lesson Course. Or send no money (if in U. S.) and pay postman $3.98 on delivery. No more to pay. **Try 5 days.** If not delighted, money refunded. Limbering exercises Free if you enroll now. **THORNTON DANCE STUDIOS**
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BIG ROYALTIES

paid by Music Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Free booklet describes most complete song service ever offered. Hit writers will revise, arrange, compose music to your lyrics or lyrics to your music, secure U. S. copyright, broadcast your song over the radio. Our sales department submits to Music publishers and Hollywood Picture Studios. WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET.

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Earn MONEY at HOME

WOMEN:—do you WANT more money? Learn the wonderful new **"Furcraft Service".** Quickly learned; at slight cost **and** earnings may start in 2 weeks—then permanent year-round profits. No selling, no soliciting! **FREE BOOK**—tells all about this high class popular money-making art. A real opportunity for you! **Write today,** no obligations!

NORTHWESTERN FUR CO., Dept. 1948, OMAHA, NEB.

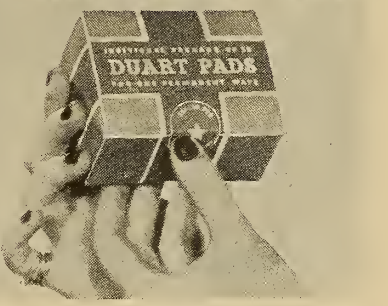
See Jean Muir in the Warner Bros. classic "Midsummer Night's Dream"

A Max Reinhardt production with Olivia de Haviland
James Cagney, Joe E. Brown, Dick Powell and 20 other stars

The kind of a wave you've always hoped for

Picture yourself among the Hollywood stars when you choose your permanent wave. For in reality, you can share their luxury of the soft lustrous waves and ringlets everyone admires on the screen. Just follow their definite advice. Pass up no-name "bargain" waves and go to a hairdresser who uses the same genuine Duart Certified solution and Duart Sealed waving pads used in Hollywood. Then you know you'll get the kind of a wave you have always hoped for. Copy a screen star's hairstyle if you like. Use the coupon to send for the new Duart **FREE BOOKLET** of smart Hollywood coiffures—24 pages filled with pictures and directions. Ten cents brings the booklet and a package of Duart Hair Rinse. Use it after your shampoo to brighten the natural color of your hair and add those glamorous highlights. Your choice of twelve delicate shades.

Demand this SEALED package for a genuine Duart Wave



DUART

permanent waves

Choice of the Hollywood Stars

Send 10c for Duart Rinse and Free Booklet

12 shades—mark your choice.

☐ Black
☐ Dark Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Brown
☐ Golden Brown
☐ Chestnut Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Blonde
☐ Light Golden Blonde
☐ Henna
☐ White or Gray (Platinum)
☐ Ash Blonde
☐ Medium Brown
☐ Golden Blonde

Duart, 984 Folsom St.,
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I enclose 10 cents for one package of Duart Hair Rinse and the FREE Booklet of Hollywood Coiffure Styles

Name ....

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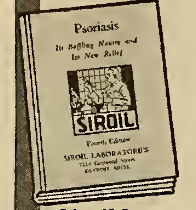
PSORIASIS



SEND FOR THIS BOOKLET *on*—
SIROIL

Siroil has brought relief to thousands of men and women throughout the country. Applied externally to the affected areas it causes the scales to disappear, the red blotches to fade out and the skin to resume its normal texture. Siroil will not stain bed linen. We back with a guarantee the claim that if you purchase a bottle of Siroil and do not receive decided benefit within two weeks—and you are the sole judge—your money will be refunded.

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1214 Griswold St., Dept.F-11, Detroit, Mich.
Please send me full information on Siroil—the new treatment of Psoriasis.
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How to wash Blonde hair 2 to 4 shades lighter—*safely!*

BLONDES, why put up with dingy, stringy, dull-looking hair? And why take chances with dyes and ordinary shampoos which might cause your hair to fade or darken? Wash your hair *2 to 4 shades lighter* with Blondex—*safely.* Blondex is not a dye. It is a shampoo made especially to keep blonde hair light, silky, fascinatingly beautiful. It's a powder that quickly bubbles up into a foamy froth which removes the dust-laden oil film that streaks your hair. You'll be delighted the way Blondex brings back the true golden radiance to faded blonde hair—makes natural blonde hair more beautiful than ever. Try it today. Sold in all good drug and department stores.

Beauty for Gala Hours

[*Continued from page* 12]

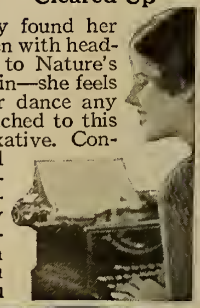
No matter how smart your frock, it can't offset stringy, unkempt hair. Your party coiffure should differ from your everyday coiffure, too. Bangs, a coronet braid, clusters of curls here and there.

It's one thing to start out on a party with a flattering, neatly arranged coiffure, and another to keep it that way all evening. Sadly enough, many girls' coiffures begin to wilt and straggle before the end of the evening. But this can be avoided if you remember two things: (1) have a good permanent wave so that your waves and curls will be springy and not droopy and (2) for the rest, rely on good, strong bob pins, placed strategically. I can recommend some very fine pins that have a firm grip, preventing them from slipping. Incidentally, the makers of these pins are sponsoring a great Search for Talent contest, about which you can read, elsewhere in this magazine. These pins come in five different colors, so you can wear a shade closely matching your hair, and keep the presence of the pins a deep secret. They cost only ten cents a card, and they're invaluable aids to a pleasing appearance.

Jumping from head to toes, let's talk about party pedicures. For you should give yourself one, especially if you are wearing transparent sandal hose and the toeless sandals that are so very popular now. In giving yourself a pedicure, you should follow the same rules that hold in manicuring, except that you must file the toenails straight across instead of curving them down at the sides, to prevent ingrown nails. Use cuticle remover and oil at the base and sides of the nails, of course; and let your imagination run riot in selecting polish for your toes. If you are using a dark shade of lacquer on your hands, use the same shade on your feet; but if your fingernail polish is pale, use lacquer a couple of shades darker on your toes. . . . Dark, vivid shades of polish make the feet look much whiter and smoother.

OF COURSE, it will do you no good to paint your toes scarlet if the poor things are disfigured with corns. You'll just have to do something about *that.* The "something," I suggest, is to buy a box of new, improved corn plasters. These plasters have a smooth, waterproof surface that refuses to stick to your hose and, what's more, they fit snugly in place with no bulging or overlapping; so you can give your pet corns a thorough routing, painlessly and conveniently. The medicated centers in these plasters do the trick of discouraging the corns. A box of twelve, with eight medicated centers, costs twenty-five cents—little enough to pay for foot comfort. Better write to me for the name, so you can wear sheer sandal hose, without shame, at your next party!

Even though you don't wear eye make-up every day (although why you



WORK . . . "FUN AGAIN" With Constipation Cleared Up

THE end of every day found her tired out, nervous, often with headaches. But now, thanks to Nature's Remedy, work is fun again—she feels like going to a movie or dance any night. Millions have switched to this natural all-vegetable laxative. Contains no mineral or phenol derivatives. Instead a balanced combination of laxative elements, provided by nature, that work naturally, pleasantly. Try an NR tonight. When you see how much better you feel you'll know why a vegetable corrective is best. Only 25c at all druggists.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

THE A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

FREE: Beautiful 5 Color—1935-1936 Calendar-Thermometer with the purchase of a 25c box of NR, or a 10c roll of Tums (For Acid Indigestion). At your druggist's.

STRANGE *Chemical* SPONGE
Cleans Cars NEW WAY!

AGENTS! *GoldMine!*
REVOLUTIONARY chemical sponge cleans cars like magic! Banishes auto-washing drudgery. Also cleans linoleum, woodwork, windows without work! Auto owners, housewives wild about it. *Agents making phenomenal profits!*
SAMPLE OFFER—Samples sent at our risk to first person in each locality who writes. No obligation. Get details. *Be first—send your name TODAY!* KRISTEE MFG. CO., 2721 Bar Street, Akron, Ohio.

ARTIFICIAL
LASHES
BROUGHT TO YOU FOR THE FIRST TIME AT A REASONABLE PRICE!

The secret of the captivating beauty of movie stars! Long, dark, lustrous lashes that transform eyes into bewitching pools of irresistible fascination. Makes the eyes look larger, more brilliant, and far more expressive. Try a pair of these wonderful lashes and you will be surprised at such magic charm so easily acquired. Quickly put on by anyone, absolutely safe, can be used again and again. Mailed promptly on receipt of price. 35c pair, 3 pair $1.00.

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BANISH WRINKLES *and* Sagging Face Muscles!

Regain the Glory of Youthful Charm This New and Better Way!

Restore the smooth, firm, fresh look of youth without dangerous operations or costly massage. Simply wear safe, comfortable CONTOUR-ETTE. This remarkable beauty aid strengthens weak face muscles and gently smooths away wrinkles from eyes, forehead, mouth, throat and chin. You'll look years younger. Send for CONTOUR-ETTE today. Try it. If you aren't 100% satisfied return it and get your money back. Special price $2.00 or c. o. d. $2.15. Fully protected by patents. Non-elastic.

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Who want to make $35 a week and MORE!
Write today . . . Territories are going fast.
Dept. F-2, CONTOUR-ETTE COMPANY, 17 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

Eyelids Burn?

Bathe them with LAVOPTIK

Instant relief for inflamed, sore, tired, strained or itching eyes. 6000 eyesight specialists endorse it. 25 years success. Get Lavoptik (with free eye cup) from your druggist.

shouldn't, I can't imagine!) you *must* use it for parties! A light touch of mascara on your lashes will make your eyes look starry, while elongating the brows with pencil and darkening the upper lids slightly with shadow, will make the eyes seem much larger. You may be surprised to learn that you can now buy refills for a very popular brand of mascara that comes in a smart, durable gold and red metal box. The old, used tray can be pried out and the new one snapped in place in a jiffy. . . . With each refill, costing thirty-five cents, there's a new brush, too. This mascara comes in black, brown, and midnight blue (a divine shade for evening!) and it's as harmless as water. its smooth, emollient consistency enables you to apply it so that your lashes look naturally long, dark, and curly instead of artificially fringed. If you can't find these new mascara refills at your drugstore, drop me a line.

WHEN you've been working hard all day and your eyes look tired, swollen or bloodshot, you can easily coax them back to normal in time for the party! Here's the trick: Drop a couple of drops of soothing lotion in each eye (a sanitary dropper comes with the eye lotion I'm referring to) to remove dirt particles and to reduce the bloodshot condition. Then saturate cotton pads in this lotion and place them on the eyes to correct the swelling. Lie down, now, and rest for 15 minutes and when you remove the pads, your eyes will be in their best party mood! A large bottle of this safe, reliable eye lotion costs a dollar and twenty-five cents at your drugstore. Want the trade name?

There's no time when a girl feels figure inadequacies as much as when she dons her best evening frock. And certainly there's no figure defect quite so obvious as an undeveloped bust line—especially with the simple, molded lines of the new winter dresses. But there's a remedy for this now—a new brassiere with concealed pockets for holding soft pads that give the effect of a normally developed bust line. The "bra" is moderately priced and "comfy," so you can wear it for daytime as well as for parties. The pads of rubberized, washable material retail for a dollar a pair and the "bra" costs another dollar. Do let me know if you want the trade name of this aid to a faultless figure.

There's a new lipstick that is a "natural" for parties, because it has a tiny mirror attached to the case. You can whip out your lipstick and apply it accurately, between dances, without having to grope in your bag for a compact. The small mirror pops up when you remove the lipstick cover, and slides back neatly as you replace it. Realizing that the case is so beautiful that you could never discard it after using the contents, the manufacturer offers a refill. A dollar and a half buys the lipstick and refill, nestling in a tiny box. Creamy and very permanent, the lipstick comes in four lovely shades. A perfectly grand Christmas gift, incidentally!

"WHY JEAN, HOW DID YOU GET SO THIN?"

"*I have* . . .

REDUCED MY HIPS

9 INCHES *with the*

PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE"

. . . *writes Miss Jean Healy*

"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Company ...and sent for FREE folder".

"They allowed me to wear their Perforated Girdle for 10 days on trial".

"The massage-like action did-it...the fat seemed to have melted away".

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 20 pounds"

REDUCE

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS

3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR

...it won't cost you one penny!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily and Safely!

● **The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous massage-like action gently reduces surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.**

Ventilated . . . to Permit the Skin to Breathe!

● And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today!

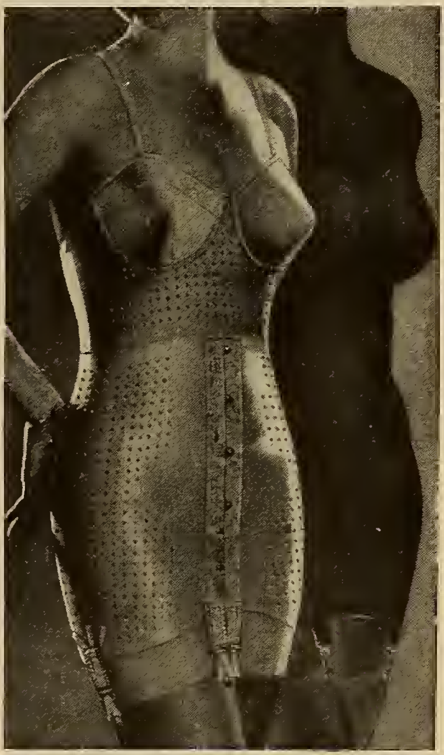
● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at our expense!

»TEST . . . *the*

PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

FOR 10 DAYS

. . . *at our expense!*



SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 711, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.

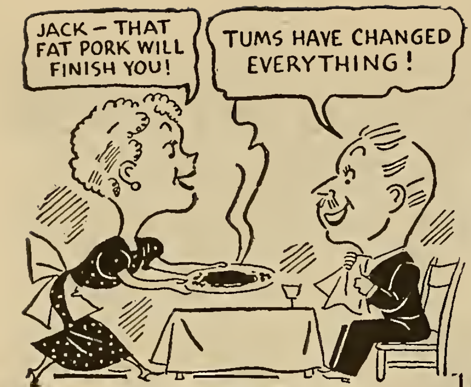
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... *State* ....

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card


JACK – THAT FAT PORK WILL FINISH YOU!
TUMS HAVE CHANGED EVERYTHING!

JACK SPRATT
NOW EATS FAT
AND ANYTHING ELSE IN SIGHT;
NO STOMACH SOUR
CAN KNOCK HIM FLAT...
FOR TUMS HAVE SOLVED HIS PLIGHT!

WHO ELSE WANTS TO FORGET SOUR STOMACH?

The way to eat favorite foods and avoid heartburn, sour stomach, gas and other symptoms of acid indigestion is no secret now. Millions carry Tums. Nothing to mix up. No drenching your stomach with harsh alkalies, which doctors say may increase the tendency toward acid indigestion. Just enough of the antacid in Tums is released to neutralize the stomach. The rest passes on inert. Cannot over-alkalize the stomach or blood. *You never know when*, so carry a roll always. 10c at all druggist's.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE ANTACID . . NOT A LAXATIVE

HANDY TO CARRY

FREE: Beautiful 5 color 1935-36 Calendar-Thermometer with the purchase of a 10c roll of Tums or 25c box of NR (the all-vegetable laxative). At your druggist's.

REDUCE! WEIGHT GUARANTEED!

Amazing NEW HARMLESS HOLLYWOOD METHOD
Share the secret of the screen's brightest stars.
Reduce

GET FIGURE CONTROL. Become dangerously alluring without harmful drugs, starving, or strenuous exercise.

24 POUNDS 31 DAYS!

MGM ☆ INGENUE

As if by magic via

HOLLYWOOD STARS Reduce-Eazy method; become irresistibly attractive Easy. Safe. Eat what you like. Fat endangers your beauty and health no matter how fat you are, or what you have tried, YOUR MONEY BACK ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED UNLESS FAT DISAPPEARS by following simple directions. No Dinitrophenol or Thyroid substance.

NO RECORDED FAILURES
NURSE, P.C., Ky., says, Tried all other methods, was desperate. Tried Reduce-Eazies, lost 52 lbs. in a short time, feel like a new person. J. P. Hollywood, lost 24 lbs., feels and looks younger. E. B., Pa. lost 5 lbs. 25c size.

Try Now FREE 30-DAY $5 MONEY BACK TRIAL TRIAL PACKAGE AND PRICELESS BOOK 25c. Send for Reduce-eazy book and tablets NOW! $1

HOLLYWOOD STAR PRODUCTS, LTD.
DESK 31 — BOX 395—HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 10]

land seriously threatened by the Withers child. More, Jane's ma figures Jane's every bit as good as Shirley and should have everything Shirley has, even to a private bungalow dressing room. So far, no shots have been fired; Shirley works at the Westwood Hills Fox lot, while Jane works at the Western avenue lot, ten miles away. Intensity of the rivalry is shown by the fact that Jane dutifully tells interviewers that "my favorite actress is Shirley Temple." H'mmm!

More Style Changes?

BECAUSE Hollywood sets the world's styles, there now arise two questions?—Will the bobbed-hair period end? And will natural-color fingernails return? Long-haired screen stars include Virginia Bruce, Ann Harding, Evelyn Venable, Hedda Hopper, Sylvia Sidney, Julie Haydon, Aline McMahon. And for the switchaway from colored fingernails, no other but Joan Crawford is leader. Once the reddest-nailed star in movieland, she now uses no color at all on her fingernails.

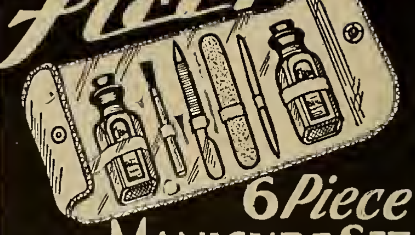
Joan's Ever-Changing House

EVER since Joan Crawford, several years ago, bought the big home she lives in, out Brentwood way, she's never let it rest. There has hardly been a week when decorators, architects, painters, carpenters, masons, artisans of one kind or another, haven't been transforming it into something else. Bill Haines redecorated it completely, several times. At the present moment, builders are finishing the complete changing of what was originally Spanish style into a replica of an old English mansion. By the time Franchot Tone moves in—uh huh, they'll be married almost any day, now—it'll maybe a Chinese pagoda, or something.

Another Brave Guy . . . !

EVERY once in a while, some more-or-less famous artist, in a moment of sheer bravery, picks what he terms "Hollywood's most beautiful woman." It remained for one Maurice Trapet to pick *four* of 'em—for the murals of a new restaurant on the Boulevard. He had to paint the most beautiful brunette, redhead, blonde, and platinum. The last was a cinch—Jean Harlow, of course. For the others, he chose blonde Marion Davies, redheaded Katharine Hepburn, brunette Kay Francis. (Shooting permits in California cost two dollars!)

Free!



6 Piece MANICURE SET

This beautiful satin-lined 6-pc. Traveling Manicure Kit contains everything for a perfect manicure. Bottle of Polish Remover, bottle of Nail Polish, Nail File, Brush, Dauber, Cuticle Push and Sandpaper Pad.

10,000 Sets Will Be Given Away

Write at once for your set. Enclose 10c coin for packing and postage. Also learn how you can obtain absolutely FREE such wonderful gifts as—Ladies' Wrist Watches, Lamps, Clocks, Dresser Sets, etc. Mail today.

HOME PLAN CORP.
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LIGHTEN YOUR HAIR WITHOUT PEROXIDE

... to ANY shade you desire ...SAFELY in 5 to 15 minutes

Careful fastidious women avoid the use of peroxide because peroxide makes hair brittle Lechler's Instantaneous Hair Lightener requires NO peroxide. Used as a paste, it Cannot streak; Eliminates "straw" look. Beneficial to permanent waves and bleached hair. Lightens blonde hair grown dark. This is the only preparation that also lightens the scalp. No more dark roots. Used over 20 years by famous beauties, stage and screen stars and children. Harmless. Guaranteed. Mailed complete with brush for application. . $1

FREE *88 page booklet "The Art of Lightening Hair Without Peroxide" Free with your first order.*

ERWIN F. LECHLER, Hair Beauty Specialist
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BACKACHES due to MOTHERHOOD

Having a baby puts a terrible strain on a woman's back muscles . . . frequently causes years of suffering. Allcock's Porous Plaster does wonders for such backaches. Draws the blood to the painful spot . . . shoulder, back, hips, arms, legs. Pain stops quickly. Allcock's is the original porous plaster . . . take nothing else. Lasts long, comes off easy. Also excellent for chest colds. 25¢ at druggists or write "Allcock, Ossining, N. Y." **ALLCOCK'S**

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PSORIASIS, ECZEMA, ITCH, ACNE, RINGWORM. Distresses from these disorders now QUICKLY relieved with PSORACINE, a remarkable preparation used by thousands. Many wonderful reports from everywhere. FREE INFORMATION ON SKIN DISORDERS. WRITE ILLINOIS MEDICAL PRODUCTS, 208 N. Wells, D71, Chicago

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SHARE HOLLYWOOD'S MOST GUARDED BEAUTY SECRET

Is your neck and contour losing its youthful line? **Francess Kable's Hollywood Contour Band,** used and endorsed by famous stage and screen stars—

1. Rebuilds relaxed neck and contour muscles.
2. Corrects under-chin heaviness.
3. Builds up receding chin.
4. Creates and protects the perfect contour.

FREE—IF YOU ORDER NOW Introductory offer consisting of: Original $2.00 Hollywood Contour Band, Jar of Neck and Contour Cream, and complete instructions for home treatment—Just send a dollar bill to
FRANCESS KABLE, INC.
400 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 102, Chicago, Ill.

Chaplin's Favorite Yarn

IT SEEMS Charlie Chaplin, on his recent world tour, went to visit an old friend in Bali. The old friend had succumbed to the Orient and the tropics, and was snoring on his bed when Charlie arrived. Charlie noticed the mosquito netting, inevitable adjunct of a tropical bed, wasn't drawn, and asked the man's servant about it. "Oh," explained the servant, in pidgin, "when Missa go sleep, he so dlunk he no pay attention for mosquitoes, an' when he begin wake up, mosquitoes so dlunk dey no pay attention to Missa . . . !"

Back When—II

BACK in the Mack Sennett days, Marie Prevost was a big-shot Sennett star, and Carole Lombard was just another Mack Sennett Bathing Beauty. Now at Paramount, Carole Lombard is starring in *Hands Across the Table,* and Marie has a bit rôle in it. Do you remember Monroe Salisbury? He was one of the greatest-great stars of the screen, less than two decades ago. In a California state hospital, he died recently, from the effects of a fall. At his last rites in a San Bernardino mortuary, there were just four mourners—his sister, her husband, and two friends of theirs. There wasn't a soul from Hollywood present. And about the same time, there was a Public Administrator's sale of the effects of Lew Cody and Mabel Normand. A man bought the gold inlay from one of Mabel Normand's teeth for 55 cents.

June Knight, above, is no Indian but her arrows find their mark! You'll see her in *Broadway Melody of 1936*

"NO. 8"..... She is easy to identify

EIGHT million women have always had to consider the time of month in making their engagements — avoiding any strenuous activities on difficult days when Nature has handicapped them severely.

Today, a million escape this regular martyrdom, thanks to Midol. A tiny tablet, white and tasteless, is the secret of the eighth woman's perfect poise at this time. A merciful special medicine recommended by the specialists for this particular purpose. It can form no habit because it is *not* a narcotic. And that is all a million women had to know to accept this new comfort and new freedom.

Are you a martyr to "regular" pain? Must you favor yourself, and save yourself, certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you your confident self, leading your regular life, free from "regular" pain. Even if you didn't receive complete relief from every bit of pain or discomfort, you would be certain of a measure of relief well worth while!

Doesn't the number of those now using Midol mean something? It's the *knowing* women who have that little aluminum case tucked in their purse. Midol is taken any time, preferably before the time of the expected pain. This precaution often avoids the pain altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain may have caught you unaware and reached its height. It's effective for hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day. Get these tablets in any drug store — they're usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or you may try them free! A card addressed to Midol, 170 Varick St., New York, will bring a plainly wrapped trial box.

ALWAYS HERSELF
She knows how to live . . . how to get through the world . . . the eighth woman who uses Midol.

free! Make these Charming FLOWER BASKETS of odds and ends and Colorful Crepe Paper

They're new—they're smart—and they're grand fun to make, these clever little baskets fashioned in a few minutes, by even inexpert fingers. Make them of odds and ends that cost you nothing, and some colorful, versatile Dennison Crepe Paper that costs little more....Use the gay, novel flower baskets for bright decorative touches about the house, or as gifts, or for friends, or to sell. Send the coupon now for *complete*, illustrated directions for making 5 clever novelties in all—FREE!

DENNISON'S, Dept. L-246, Framingham, Mass.
Send FREE Instructions for Making 5 Clever Novelties.
Name..............................
Street (or*R.F.D.*)..............................
City..............................*State*..............................

Why not let us include some of these other Dennison Books? Check those you want and enclose 10c for each.

__1935 Book of New Dennison Crafts *__Crepe Paper Flowers*
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__Party Games, Stunts & Decorations *__The Cellophane Craft Book*
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A Whirlwind Money Maker!

SENSATIONAL! NEW! PORTRAIT RING SELLS TO EVERYONE!

A Harvest of Profits For Men and Women!

Crisp dollar bills for you by the handful! A once-in-a-lifetime chance for big cash profits every day with the new sensational Portrait Ring that is taking the country by storm! By a marvelous, exclusive secret process, any picture, photo or snapshot of mother, wife, sweetheart, child—anyone—is permanently reproduced on a beautiful, life-time, onyx-like ring. A tremendous hit! Everybody wants one—buys on sight! And you make dollars in handfuls just wearing and showing the Portrait Ring and writing orders for eager customers.

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Every Man, Woman and Child Wants This Treasured Remembrance of Loved Ones

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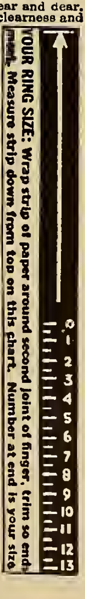
YOUR RING SIZE: Wrap strip of paper around second joint of finger, trim so ends meet. Measure strip down from top on this chart. Number at end is your size
0
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Mickey Rooney—Boy Genius

[*Continued from page 25*]

orchestra leader, and retired content with his payment of two just debts.

But the whole performance had given Sid Gold an idea, and presently Mickey was in actual fact his partner. They sang together, but the highlight of the act was an opus entitled *Pal O' My Cradle Days,* which Mickey delivered with tremolo effects. Delivered it, that is, except on those occasions when he balked. Standing beside his team-mate at the footlights, joining his treble to the other's baritone, Mickey would survey the house—and often as not Mr. Gold would hear a hissing from the corner of the junior partner's mouth. "Rotten house. I'm cuttin' the recitation."

Beaming outwardly, raging inwardly, Mr. Gold would hiss back: "Cut the recitation an' you're fired on the spot!"

The song over, Mickey would stalk into the wings, whence neither coaxing nor threats nor applause could lure him again.

"You fresh little rooster," the baffled Gold would storm. "Whose act is this anyway?"

"Yours, maybe," the rooster would concede. "But who gets all the claps?"

MICKEY fell an early victim to the charm of James J. Walker, then mayor of New York, who attended a Democratic banquet at which young Rooney was one of the entertainers.

"You're a great kid," the mayor told him, shaking his hand. "Come and spend a week with me some time."

Arrived home that night, Mickey hauled out his own small grip and started packing—one pair of pajamas, one bedroom slipper and a large photograph of himself. Grip in hand, he entered the room of his startled mother. "Well, so long, mom," said Mickey, the literal-minded. "I'm gonna spend a week with Jimmy Walker."

The lure of the movies brought the family to California when Mickey was five. Not long after, Larry Darmour announced a contest for the selection of a child to play the cartoon character of *Mickey Maguire.* Mickey Rooney finds nothing to make a song about in the fact that he was chosen from among twenty-five hundred contestants. "They wanted a kid with dark hair who could act tough," he said. "So mom put lamp-black over my hair, and I went down there and acted like I was tough. So I got the part."

Darmour gave him a five-year contract, with the privilege of making an occasional picture outside. His work quickly brought him to the attention of the major studios.

He likes his work, but takes it as a matter of course. Romance, for Mickey, centers about the world of sports. What sport makes little difference—tennis, swimming, baseball, riding, hockey, football, golf—he prances at the mention

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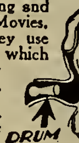

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of each, and is off like a colt on the trail of technical data that sounds dry as dust to the uninitiated, but obviously spells paradise to Mickey.

IT WAS this passion which almost brought him to grief during the filming of *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Many players are forbidden dangerous pursuits while a film is being shot. That *Puck* should keep his bones whole was a matter of prime importance. "No more football," Mr. Reinhardt decreed. "No more bicycle riding. No more risks."

"But trying to keep Mickey still," his mother commented, "was like trying to put a pair of pants on a snake."

"Well," argued Mickey, "a guy's gotta have some exercise. 'N' all the time it was, 'Mickey, you mustn't do this—Mickey, you mustn't do that—Mickey, you mustn't sit down—Mickey, you mustn't stand up,' till I got disgusted. So when I heard there was a lot of snow up at Big Pines, I talked mother 'n' dad into takin' me there for the week end.

"Well, I'd no more 'n' rented this toboggan when I met some kids—kinda big heavy fellas, they were—n' I said: 'Listen, kids, let's all go down on my toboggan.' We went over on this little bit of a slide—I'm tellin' you it wasn't as far across as this room 'n' not a forty-degree angle even. Well, I sat in front and when we started down, I saw we were gonna hit a tree. So I yelled: 'Slow down!' 'n' stuck my leg out 'n' my foot sinks into the snow 'n' before you know it, with all this weight behind me, over I go.

"Then when I tried to move my leg n' saw the bone sort of wrigglin' round, all I could think of was the *Dream,* 'n' how mom 'n' Mr. Reinhardt'd take it. 'Listen,' I kept yellin' like a boob, 'don't tell my mother,' not thinkin' she'd have to find out some time. But mom was O.K. She just cried a little 'n' then when she saw it couldn't be helped, she stopped. No, it didn't hurt much—only it took 'em so long to fix the splints, I thought they were choppin' down a cherry tree or somethin'."

AND how did Mr. Reinhardt take it? Reasonably, like mom, once the damage was done. "If he's broken his leg, he's broken his leg," said the director. "But I will not do the picture without my *Puck.*" So they shot around him till he left the hospital and reported back for work, "kinda sensitive at first, but I got over that all right in a couple o' days."

He wants to be a director when he grows up. "A director like Mr. Reinhardt," he stipulates, "not the hollerin' kind. I know how a fella feels that gets hollered at. With *me* I want the actors to feel right at home. First though, I'm goin' to college—if I ever get there." His face fell a little. "To tell you the truth, I guess I'm not much of a guy for studyin'." Then he chirped up again. "*Say,*" he crowed, head cocked, eyes sliding round in an indescribable glance of roguery—"say, I guess maybe *Puck* wasn't either!"

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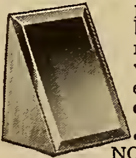

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What Life Has Taught Leo Carrillo

[*Continued from page* 49]

on him all the time, unannounced. Friends, neighbors, utter strangers. You're as likely to see a banker from New York or a tourist from Iowa wandering about the place. Leo doesn't mind; he likes it. Hospitality—old California tradition. Except when they steal souvenirs from his house and run up long-distance bills on his phone. There was the time at a party when a stranger, but a guest, asked if he might use the phone.

"Sure," said Leo, and showed him a private booth. There was a ninety-seven dollar charge on Leo's next phone bill for the New York call that the man had put in.

"A lousy trick," commented a Hollywoodian who heard the tale, but Leo remonstrated.

"No—I don't think a man can be a louse. When he seems to be, it's only that he's sick inside, sort of."

But, the next party Leo gave, he had the phone company disconnect his number until the party was over!

WELL, anyway, as I was saying, there were these three friends there when I walked in, and Leo was telling a story about a souse. It seems the souse went on the wagon and was pouring away all his liquor. But in farewell, he took a goodbye drink from each bottle. Well, Leo was acting it all out, and by the time the yarn was over, all of us were laughing like idiots, because Leo's as good an actor off the screen as he is on. Though he can portray a drunkard perfectly, the most he, himself, drinks is a glass or two of wine with his meals. He doesn't smoke either, and yet there's always cigars, cigarets, even pipe tobacco for his guests.

"I'm glad you came," Leo yelled to me when the story was over. "Come and see the place." He waved adios to his friends, and off we went.

Down into the patio, we went. Huge hand-shaped bricks created a towering fireplace. Walls were of aged plaster,—time-worn beams. "How old do you think it is?" he crowed. "Looks a hundred," I admitted. "Three years!" he grinned. "Look at the crooked bricks. Had some Swedish bricklayers, with square minds. They wanted to lay 'em mathematically straight. 'You bane make das house all screwy,' they told me when I pushed the bricks around. The plasterers called me names when I'd come along to their nice straight edges and push the plaster around with the heels of my hand till it's like that!" He showed the doorways, the arches, irregular, rough, lumpy, mad—and beautiful. "That's the way my fathers' fathers had it. That's the way I wanted it. My house is my personality, and the only way I could

[*Continued on page* 73]

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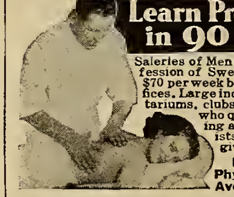

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FREE BOOKLET

Do You Want a Free Screen Test?

[*Continued from page* 62]

dence in the Search for Talent, we guarantee that no less than six persons will be brought to Hollywood for a chance to get into movies.

So, if you make a test free, and then are nominated for a trip to Hollywood for a personal interview and perhaps further tests, the entire affair won't *cost you a cent!*

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Take for instance, pretty little Jean Rogers, whose first picture was Universal's *Stormy*. That film, completed only a month ago, was not yet released when she was cast with Clark Williams, another newcomer, in *Tailspin Tommy*. Clark is a star! Yet, a year ago, he had never seen Hollywood!

Then there's June Martel, a newcomer from New York, getting her big chance in Universal's *Fighting Youth*. And John King, who sang with an orchestra, now finds himself playing the lead in Universal's *Yellowstone*.

Too, there are dozens of new faces in the big pictures under way at Universal, such as in the cast of *Magnificent Obsession*, starring Irene Dunne. This great picture, which already is regarded as one of the hits of the year, is giving a grand opportunity to a newcomer, Bob Taylor.

We're grateful for the help given us by Universal Pictures and the makers of Hold Bob bob pins in making this tour—a dream of ours for a long time—possible, so that Motion Picture Magazine can bring to its readers this opportunity.

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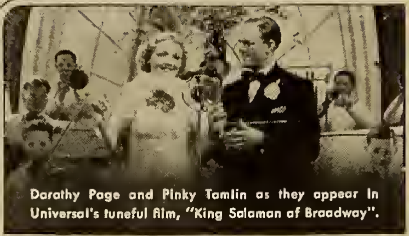

Dorothy Page and Pinky Tomlin as they appear in Universal's tuneful film, "King Solomon of Broadway".

Edward Arnold and Jean Arthur as they appear in "Diamond Jim". A Universal Picture.

WOULD *You* LIKE TO BE IN THE MOVIES?

Dorothy Page, leading lady in "King Solomon of Broadway". A Universal Picture.

HOLD-BOBS OFFER AN OPPORTUNITY FOR A FREE SCREEN TEST

The Search For Talent movie truck is on its way to you—ready to give you a free screen test and a chance to get into the movies!

HOLD-BOB bob pins, Universal Pictures, Motion Picture and Screen Play are sponsoring this nationwide Search For Talent and are bringing Hollywood right to your locality! Universal Pictures are looking for new talent. You may be the one they are looking for. Every one has a chance! There are no strings tied to this offer of screen fame!

To enter the Search For Talent, just fill out the entry blank (or facsimile) printed on the back of the HOLD-BOB card, attach your photograph and send to the Search For Talent headquarters. A local committee will select from these photographs, the most likely prospects for a screen career. When the Search For Talent movie truck, carrying a crew of cameramen and technicians, comes to your locality, those selected will be given actual movie tests which will be forwarded to Hollywood where Universal executives will select those whom they feel would be successful in the movies. They will be brought to Hollywood, all expenses paid, for final screen tests and an opportunity for a movie contract.

We cannot tell how many persons of talent will be found in this search, but there will be at least six who will be brought to Hollywood at *no expense to them!*

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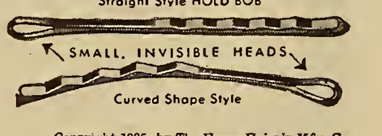

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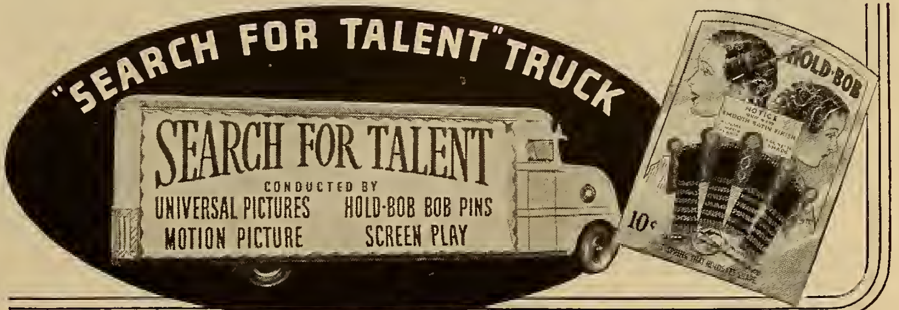

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Wardrobe for Winter

[*Continued from page* 45]

very décollettè gown that features two important fashion trends; the almost knee-high slit in the skirt on one side, and the long fringe trimming.

In the picture, *The Case of the Lucky Legs* (how's that for a title featuring a slit skirt?), Pat's ermine coat is worn with equal effectiveness over a black and white dinner gown in the formal mood. Once again, satin holds the spotlight in this Orry-Kelly dress with its princess skirt, flared fullness at the hemline, backless bodice, flaring pleated embroidery flounce which crosses the shoulders at the high front neckline, and drops to the waist in the back. The sassy satin bow at the throat gives the dress a distinctively youthful air that is not usually achieved with material as sophisticated as black satin. And, by the way, take good notice of the embroidery treatment. Embroidery is working its way into the evening mode this season for the first time since the war years!

And now, just as typically as Pat's ermine coat symbolizes orchids and midnight, the very smart gray kid caracul, worn by Olivia de Havilland, is cut and styled for day hours only! Orry-Kelly calls this youthful garment the "campus coat," and calls particular attention to the swagger cut, the deep sleeve cuffs, and flattering stand-up collar. While this model coat enhances street clothes, it is not cut in the lines generally flattering for evening wear. So be careful of the tailored fur models if you're planning one fur coat to last the rest of your life!

Remember your winter coat is the quality mark on your entire winter wardrobe. Let it go places and do things smartly all around the clock!

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 48]

baggage I would start my letter this way: Dear Tootsie-Wootsie and Gentlemen of the Jury."

ONE of the most successful character actresses, formerly of the stage and for the past few years on the screen, cashes her weekly check and keeps all of her money in bills of large denomination right in her apartment and has done so since the bank holidays. And the money is not under lock and key either, but hidden away in all sorts of receptacles.

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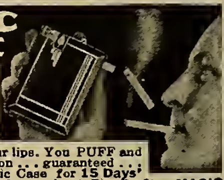

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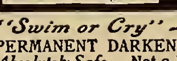

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What Life Has Taught Leo Carrillo

[*Continued from page 70*]

express it was to do it myself!"

HE GRINNED at a brown-streaked, artificial, dirt-caked doorway. "Looks like a li'l Mexican kid had rubbed himself all over that trying to learn to walk, huh?" he grinned. "I had 'em dirty it up so it'd look that way." And Leo laughed.

A calf's tail served as a door-pull. "They didn't have door-knobs in those days," he said. We stepped into a living room that sprawled like a lazy wench. And the room was mad with color. Great divans; chairs of unborn calves' skin; huge hand-hewn tables; rawhide thongs, instead of nails, holding in place overhead beams of eucalyptus, cut whole from the trunk of the tree. Logs smoldered in a gigantic fireplace. Things, things, things everywhere—and all redolent of old California. I noticed names over the windows, doors—

"Octavio," "Eulogio," "Atala"—there was a small red cross after that last one. "Adela," "Elisa," "Carlos"—these too had crosses. "My brothers and sisters," said Leo, and his face showed pride and worship.

"Eulogio—he's in New York; chief engineer for the Rockefellers; started here with a shovel; I called him Jack. The crosses?—those are the ones who have gone on. It's an old family custom to have their names over each portal—it helps keep them with us, living with us, even after they've gone." Leo spoke sadly.

There were other scores of things that breathed of days long since gone. And yet, by some miracle of arrangement, no air of a museum. It was a home, that was lived in and loved. That was all. And enough!

He talked of love. "When a man ceases to think of love, he ceases to be interesting." Love means, to Carrillo, love for mankind. He's famous for his free gift of himself and his talents and his time to any and every worthy benefit that asks. "I feel it my duty and my privilege," he stated, "to give of what talent or unique ability God has endowed me to those less fortunate."

He talked of his home, his philosophy—"There's only one aristocracy—that's not the aristocracy of birth—I don't lean on dead kin." Bees hummed; water trickled plangent; the sun caressed. "People who count aren't measured in wealth or family but in what they are and have done—their station doesn't matter—the only aristocracy is the aristocracy of brains . . . . . "

A little later, I returned to Hollywood and telephones and street-cars and typewriters and 1935. Leo went fishing.

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Norma Shearer As I Know Her

[*Continued from page 27*]

with tears in her eyes, without saying a word.

The course of Norma's life was changed while she was still a child. She tells it now in a vivacious manner.

"I believe I really caught stage fever from an uncle and aunt. Mother's brother had married an actress. They were the only members of our family who were on the stage. They were successful in an unspectacular way for a long time. She was a leading woman, and he was the manager of the company, playing occasional character rôles.

WHEN poverty came, it was her aunt and uncle who suggested that Norma try the stage.

Norma's story is lightly told. For she has humor, and, being without self-pity, she seldom shows the scars which the early years have made.

Once her mother had tried to secure a job as dishwasher in a city where she had been affluent. Norma's father had six sisters in Montreal, all married well. But pride forbade either him or his wife from turning to them. So the piano was sold to enable Norma, her mother, and sister, to reach New York.

"It was very worn where I used to kick it when I took my lessons," says Norma, smiling again.

A woman in Montreal who had once been an actress gave Norma a letter of introduction to her sister in New York. "You can stay with her without paying rent until you get work," said the woman, as the brave trio started on their journey.

THE woman in New York had a few decrepit apartments in the vicinity of Eighth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street. She also had an old dog, and an unsuccessful artist for a husband, enough at least for one woman to bear.

"It's a dickens of a place you're going to—but my sister's an angel—and she'll be a good friend," said the woman in Montreal.

And may it be written in letters of gold—the woman's name was Glory Austin.

"The room rented for seven-fifty a week, and the three of us piled into it," says Norma. "It was in a tall building. An old colored man ran the elevator. I can still hear it rattle up the shaft.

"There was a long narrow hall with a little gas jet burning at the end. We had the front room. It was right close to the elevated railway. There was one bathroom on each floor. And that wasn't so convenient."

Norma smiled again, and I wondered how such a delightful flower of a woman could endure such hardships, when she said:

"We landed in New York just before Christmas. I wasn't unhappy. I was

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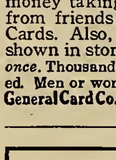

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too thrilled and enthusiastic. My sister was a very much more timid nature than myself. I wanted to go downtown and live in an attic with only a candle to light it. And, I almost did!

"When I arrived in New York I wore my hobbled skirt and a wide straw hat with a ribbon hanging down the back. I had my hair in little curls and I felt very ambitious and proud."

AND—but I must let Norma tell it. "We had a letter of introduction to Flo Ziegfeld. We were so impressed at being in his presence that we didn't even say a word. The three of us stood like nincompoops."

Her eyes, for a moment, had clouds of pathos. Soon a ray of humor dispelled them.

"Mr. Ziegfeld was very kind. He said, 'Have you seen the Follies?' And I answered, 'No.' So he gave us three tickets and we went that night. He said: 'Come back to see me tomorrow.' The next day when we went back to see Mr. Ziegfeld, his secretary told us that he was very busy and advised us not to try to see him.

"I saw him about six months later. He then told me *he didn't know what he could fit me into. I wasn't a dancer—I couldn't be a pony—I wasn't tall enough for a show girl—but that he would try to fit me into something!"*

After a long struggle in New York, she wrote a letter to a young man in Hollywood, who was becoming well known in films. His name was Irving Thalberg. No answer came.

But an offer came to her from Louis B. Mayer. He guaranteed her four weeks work and two return tickets to New York. When she reached California with her mother, she was chagrined to find no one at the station to meet her. She called on Irving Thalberg, next day. When he came into the room, he looked so young, she thought him the office boy, and was astonished when she learned who he was.

"Mr. Thalberg, I wrote you a letter."

"Yes," he said, "it was amusing."

They went their different ways in the film city. Norma did not return to New York, but remained in Hollywood. In three years her salary was seven hundred and fifty dollars a week. She then attracted wide attention in *He Who Gets Slapped.*

Even then, there was only the fringe of a businesslike friendship between herself and Irving Thalberg.

Norma Shearer married Irving Thalberg four years later. Their marriage has remained one of the happiest in Hollywood.

When the brilliant Norma worked as an extra in *Way Down East,* the famous director, David Wark Griffith, advised her to quit the films and return home. Norma paid no attention, and thus became a great actress, as her work in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* more than amply proves.

A direct, a forceful, a charming, and an upright person, she will go even further in the films than she has already.

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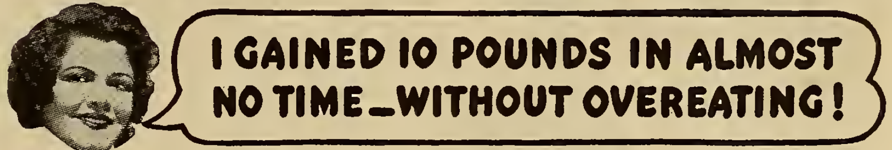
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The Songbirds Are Flying West

[*Continued from page* 29]

of greater potential value to the screen player than anything else the gods could have blessed him with.

When you see Lily Pons, prima coloratura of the Metropolitan, you're going to open your eyes in wonder, for she defies all the traditions of the large-bosomed singer. How can a voice of such depth and richness and volume issue from a body of such fairylike proportions? The riddle is for someone else to solve. The voice and the temperament will be yours to revel in. With the serene poise of a duchess—or a courted prima donna—she combines a Gallic vivacity that sparkles in her huge dark eyes and makes her slightest gesture more expressive than floods of words from the average person.

SEATED quietly in the patio of her Hollywood home, all animation centered in the flow of mood across her vivid face, she talked in her charmingly accented English about *Love Song*—the picture she is making for RKO. "For sree years," she explained, "zey ask me to do a feelm, but I am not free. I 'ave too many concert. Last year I say: 'I do not go to Argentine next summer, and I make my feelm.'

"Hard?" One shoulder pointed heavenward. "Sometimes, sometimes not. In ze feelm, if it is not too good, you start again. If necessaire zat I start feefty times, all *r-r-right,* I start feefty times. I will tell you what is to me ze funniest part." Demure lashes dropped over an impish gleam. "I make a test wis Mr. Francis Lederer. I meet heem for ze first time. Ten minutes later, we are making love togezzer. But *love!*" Her eyes rolled, and a child's gurgle escaped her. "I laugh so much I cannot start my work!

"And I will tell you what is ze tereeble part—tereeble for ze nerves—to see yourself for ze first time on ze screen—to see yourself, not from inside, as always, but from outside. You close your eyes, you are afraid to look, you open your eyes, and pouf!"—an exaggerated sigh of tension relaxed—"it is not too bad. Only I have ze feeling it is not me, but my sister.

"And I will tell you what is ze most charming part—Mr. Jerome Kern's music. I am crazy about zis music. I read ze music for my hot dance, and I am mad about it. My hot dance—yes." She opened innocent eyes. "Is it forbidden for opera singer to do hot dance? In New York at ze opera party, I sing: 'Minnie ze Moocher.' Mr. Berman, 'e said to me: 'Lily, if you like, you sing Minnie ze Moocher in ze picshure. I said: 'No.' " her lips pursed judicially. 'No, Minnie ze Moocher is a little too much.' But I 'ave fun," she concluded, evidently having lots of fun with her audience at the same time, "I am sure I 'ave fun wis my hot dance."

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HAVE you ever heard a song called *That's Why Darkies Were Born?* Don't all shout at once. Well, now you're going to see Everett Marshall, the man who started himself and the song on the high-road to popular favor; who went straight from the Metropolitan into *George White's Scandals;* whose stirring voice, wedded to a stirring tune, sent his name running up and down Broadway like a licking flame the morning after he opened; who leaped from revue to radio triumphs and, when he came out to Warner's not long ago and did his first voice recording for *I Live for Love,* turned that ordinarily blasé studio into a hot-bed of excitement, with pop-eyed employees running back and forth, calling wildly to each other: "Have you heard Everett Marshall sing? *Lord,* have you heard that guy *sing!*"

He's American born and bred, yet there's something about his dark good looks, his half smile, his easy grace that suggests the Latin. Maybe he got into the wrong country, as the hero of *Berkeley Square* got into the wrong century. For when—thanks to the interest of the Raskob family—he found himself studying in Italy, he took to the place and the people and the language like a man who had come home.

RADIANT is a word generally applied to blondes. Yet I know of no blonde whom it more aptly describes than it does the brunette Gladys Swarthout, Paramount's prize capture in the recent raid on singing celebrities. Miss Swarthout's dusky beauty suggests the glow at the heart of a rich jewel. Lustrous hair frames a clear olive-skinned face. Dark eyes reflect her changing emotions like two pools catching sunlight and shadow in their depths. Softly curved red lips part over perfect teeth in a sudden, breath-taking smile. The whole effect is of light—warm and mellow as her own beautiful mezzo voice. A more ideal *Rose of the Rancho,* her first screen part, it would be difficult to imagine.

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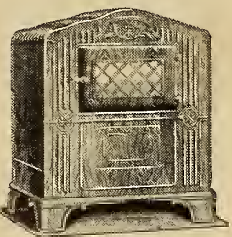

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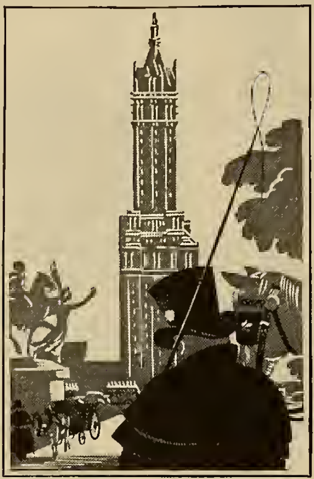

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Hollywood Can't Change Fred Astaire

[*Continued from page* 34]

but only among friends. He never wisecracks! He still detests "showing off" and he never "hoofs" around his home, or anywhere in public,—reserving that for the stage where he is rehearsing.

AND here are some more things in which Fred has not changed an iota since entering pictures.

Being a true sophisticate, he appreciates—most of all—simple things, and abominates plain dirt. He once told this writer that to him, sophistication meant wide appreciation, not a liking for smut.

"I want to live a normal, balanced life," he explained. "I'd hate to think I was lopsided. That's why I like to take a round of all the sports. I love tennis, and I enjoy swimming, fishing, golf, and driving. Hunting is a hobby with me, and I'm decidedly partial to flying. I try everything and am not particularly good at anything!"

Fred feels that he is as American as baseball and can't understand why people always want to regard him as an importation from England. His pet peeve is to hear himself mentioned as chumming with royalty.

His real hobby is racing. He has owned a very successful stable and intends to get another when the right time comes. But he wants it known that he is not now in the market for race horses. He is rather good at picking winners at the races, but refuses to give tips for fear they will go sour and curdle friendships.

Fred maintained a stable at Newmarket, England, and raced his horses between 1926 and 1931. He won seven worth-while races. The first two years he raced, his horse, "Nick, the Greek," won two important races. "Social Evening" won two races the first two months Astaire had him. Fred also won races with "High Hat" and "Mavis."

Fred and his sister, Adele, were playing regularly in England at that time. They would open a show in New York, play a season, and then take it to England for a season. When Fred found he was coming home for a prolonged stay, he sold his stables.

While he insists on a watchman being placed to keep visitors off the stage while he is rehearsing, Ginger Rogers tells on him with the information that he simply has to have someone watch everything he does, and is forever calling somebody away from his work to see a step he has just perfected. Even the executives up in their offices receive urgent calls from Astaire to "look at this new one."

And Hollywood hasn't changed Fred's old preferences, either. He still loves noodle soup and opera hats—especially noodle soup!

And in *Top Hat*, Fred is tops!

Little Big Trouper —Sybil Jason

[*Continued from page* 42]

Savoy Hotel band in London. Some of his friends in the profession thought that the little niece of whom he spoke might have professional possibilities. As a result, Sybil Jason, at the age of three, and under the chaperonage of her older sister, Anita, left Africa to make her professional debut at the Palace Theatre in London. Sybil wowed London and wowed the London representative of Warner Brothers! Soon she left another continent behind her,—this time to come to Hollywood.

Sybil was explicit about her Hollywood impressions when we talked.

"I like it here better than in London," she told me, "Because it's always raining rain in London, and it's always shining sunshine in Hollywood. But people talk funny out here. They don't say 'frahnses' you know."

"Don't they?" I inquired in bewilderment. "Just what are 'frahnses?' "

"Frahnses . . . you know," Sybil explained. "Like *Kay* Frahnses. They say 'Frances' instead. And then they have such funny names for things to eat. Like the time they took me out to Ocean Park. They asked me if I'd like to eat a hot dog, and I said I didn't. And then they said I *ought* to have a hot dog, because they were very good. But I said 'No, I'd rather have something else, please.' And then Uncle wanted to know why I wouldn't eat one and I said I couldn't because . . . because I thought they had to kill puppies to make hot dogs." Sybil stopped to laugh at her own blunder, and to pat the head of Mike, her pet Scottie. "And do you know?" she continued. "They weren't made out of puppies at all. Hot dogs are just wiener sausages!"

The other highlight of Sybil's American experience is her first ride on a roller coaster. Her uncle and sister didn't share her enthusiasm.

"It's terrifying," Anita reminisced.

"It's like *this,* Anita," Sybil interrupted. "Before you know you're up . . . you're down. And before you know you're down . . . you're up!"

Then, apparently thinking that enough time had been devoted to the play side of life, Sybil started to talk about work.

"People do things so much *faster* in Hollywood," she puzzled. "I didn't think I'd ever get used to it at first. But I liked my part in the *Little Big Shot.* You see, I was a little girl, and my father went away, and left me, all alone, except for two men that didn't like me very much." Her eyes were quite mournful as she described being left 'all alone' but brightened when she added, "But after a while they did like me!"

Most children become self-conscious, even resentful, at the intrusion of grown-ups into their world of thought and ideas. But Sybil has never known that worst degradation of childhood, to be told that she is too young to understand, and not to bother with questions.

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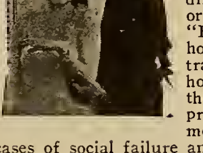

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C-Men Capture Bandit Baxter

[*Continued from page* 33]

Carlos de Valdez, Jason Robards, Tom Moore, Frank Campeau, and a number of lesser known players. Nelson's is headquarters for Bill Wellman and his production staff. Kennedy's Meadows is the location home of the hundred or more cowboys—recruited here in the mountains—and of the three hundred fifty saddle horses being used in the picture.

THIS mountain valley, usually so quiet now resounds with the hustle and bustle of Hollywood at work. Even before the arrival of the production crew and cast, the studio's technicians were here and toiled like beavers to erect the needed sets. More than a score have been built. Men were sent through all the mountain country to hire wranglers and horses. Truck-loads of food were stored in the commissary. The heavy electrical equipment was trucked in. A trip of this kind requires as much careful planning and advance work as a military campaign, especially when camp is to be established a hundred and twenty miles from the nearest railroad.

Since the company on location must be in constant touch with the studio, more than twenty miles of telephone line had to be used to connect Dardenelle with the terminal of the forestry's service. It is a constant source of amusement to hear the production manager telephoning his questions to the studio. Direct connection is impossible, so he gives his query to the operator at Cow Creek, who relays it to the operator at Strawberry Lake, who passes it on to Sonora's operator, who relays it again to the studio. By reversing the complicated process, the studio executives manage to reply.

Incidentally, Warner Baxter, who calls his home every day, declines such a public service and drives sixty miles to Sonora where he can get switchboard service and a direct line to Hollywood.

ALL of the scenes shot here are being filmed with sound . . . sometimes with unwanted sounds that leave Wellman in a rage! Yesterday afternoon, Wellman was shooting—or trying to shoot—on the banks of the Stanislaus about seven miles above camp. The scene called for some very important dialogue between Warner Baxter and J. Carrol Naish, who plays *Three Finger Jack*, a famous desperado. The first two "takes," both perfect, were spoiled by a horse neigh. And then the wind increased, sighing and wailing through the pines. After a few more attempts, it was decided to hold the scene for another day. Which all goes to prove, as Bruce Cabot philosophically remarked, that Robert Burns was right when he coined his classic line about "the best-laid plans of mice and men."

How Readers Rate Them!

[*Continued from page* 51]

tally, Herr Schumann should say, *"der* kleiner Hund" not *"das."* Hollywood does slip up on small niceties, which is a pity.—Nancy K. Pushee, 815 South Ave., Wilkinsburg, (Pittsburgh P. O. 21), Pa.

Letters still reach us, praising Naughty Marietta *and its stars. This writer saw it thirty times. We believe that must be a record!*

MUSIC HAS CHARM
($1 Prize Letter)

THANKS to some changes in Hollywood film producing, more emphasis is being placed upon the use of better music in pictures. Good examples of these are in *Naughty Marietta* and *Love Me Forever.* People *do* enjoy the semi-classical music such as Victor Herbert's "Ah Sweet Mystery of Life," because it has depth of feeling and really is beautiful. Then, too, in *Love Me Forever,* the old Italian song "Funiculi, Funicula" gives a feeling of life and happiness. The approval that these pictures are receiving indicates that good music lives forever—it has a foundation which the ages can't take away. Surely in an unsettled era like this, people yearn for something with a lasting foundation—and that foundation they can find in the pleasing music used in the pictures of recent years.—Miss Ruth Woughter, 1972 S.W. 11th Ave., Portland, Ore.

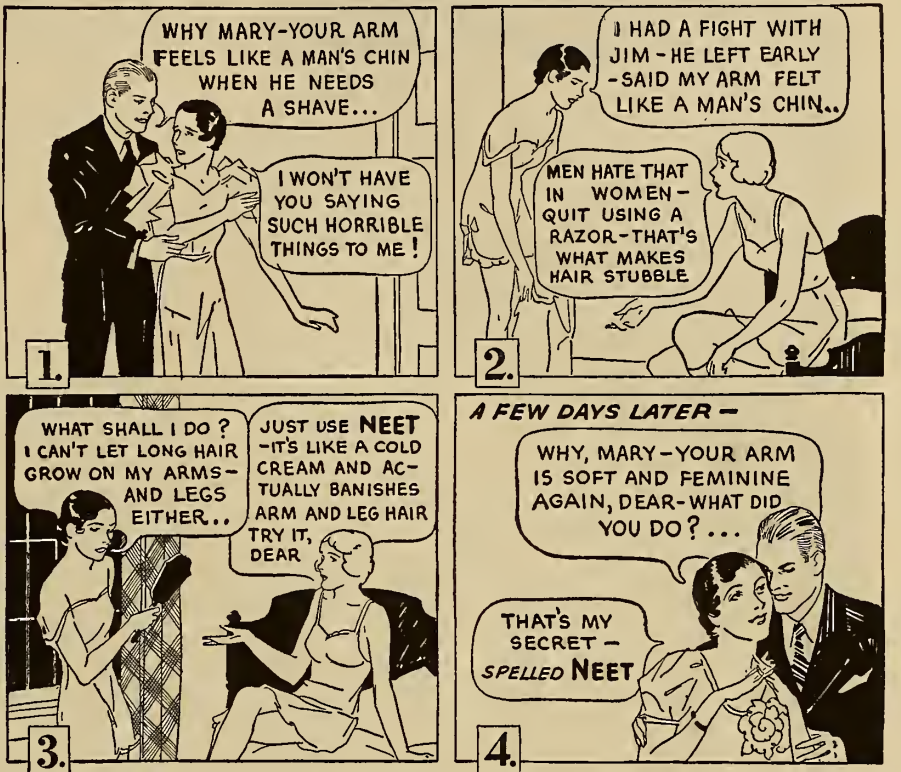
Considering the number of letters we receive in praise of music and of light opera, the producers are right in making more pictures with those featured. What do you think?

WILL ROGERS PASSES
($1 Prize Letter)

WE HAVEN'T had time to miss Will Rogers yet, not really. So far, we are shocked, and deeply regretful. But as time goes on, and it begins to come home to us that we'll not see that homely face with the engaging grin and the twinkling eye, nor ever again hear that heart-warming, purely American drawl of his, we'll begin, then, to realize just how irreparable our loss really is. That keen humor, barbed sometimes, pointed always, but never other than good-natured and sugar-coated, has passed beyond our ken. That friendly, genial personality, that became one of our prized institutions, belongs to memory. It's a little as though something had gone out of the sunlight. A kindly man, everyone's friend, no man's enemy, loving and loved by his fellow Americans—that was Will Rogers. We wish him happy landings in the smooth green fields that lie beyond the borderland of life.—James A. Wallace, 2253 Broderick St., San Francisco, Calif.

When Will Rogers crashed, America saw the end of a great and unique character. His passing is an event that will be long remembered.

WHY MARY REALLY GOT RID OF ARM AND LEG HAIR by Wells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WHY MARY-YOUR ARM FEELS LIKE A MAN'S CHIN WHEN HE NEEDS A SHAVE...
I WON'T HAVE YOU SAYING SUCH HORRIBLE THINGS TO ME!
2.
I HAD A FIGHT WITH JIM-HE LEFT EARLY -SAID MY ARM FELT LIKE A MAN'S CHIN..
MEN HATE THAT IN WOMEN-QUIT USING A RAZOR-THAT'S WHAT MAKES HAIR STUBBLE
3.
WHAT SHALL I DO? I CAN'T LET LONG HAIR GROW ON MY ARMS-AND LEGS EITHER..
JUST USE NEET -IT'S LIKE A COLD CREAM AND ACTUALLY BANISHES ARM AND LEG HAIR TRY IT, DEAR
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Between Ourselves

WE RECEIVED the first flash from a newspaper friend: "Will Rogers and Wiley Post crashed somewhere in Alaska early last night. Both were killed."

After years of reporting, writing, and editing, I don't stun easily. I am accustomed to unwelcome surprises, unpleasant shocks. But as this message came over the phone, I found myself unable to say a word for a long moment. And my first word was one of disbelief. This was incredible, impossible; this couldn't have happened—to Will Rogers.

I called Fox Films. Huskily, the publicity chief confirmed the report.

For the second time in five minutes, I laid down the telephone with a sensation of numbness. This time, with a dark finality.

A few moments later, an associate entered my office. "Anything wrong?" he asked. "You look as if you had lost your best friend."

I repeated what I had heard—what had been confirmed. His face dropped in stunned amazement . . . unconsciously, he registered the same expression that one would see on his face if he had received the same news about a close friend. Neither of us had ever known Will Rogers personally. Neither of us had ever met him.

I cite this incident, only to make emphatic this point: Everyone who had known Will Rogers, even if only through his pictures, his radio talks, and his writings, felt that now there was a gap in life where there had been none before.

CONFIRMED Broadwayites can remember vividly when he first appeared over the footlight horizon, twirling a rope, chewing gum, delivering pungent monologues about the topics of each particular day. New York had never seen anyone like him before. Neither, one suspects had the Oklahoma ranges where he grew up as a cowboy. He was an original.

Here was a natural person—absolutely untheatrical, though he was one of the highest-paid stars of the New York theatre. Here was a homespun philosopher who always seemed to be talking to himself, rather than giving anyone else advice. (That made it doubly palatable.) Here was a man who seemed content to be just a human being, devoid of affectations. Here was an ungrammatical plainsman who could think faster, on his feet, than any statesman on earth—and could express himself more effectively, with more meaning, than most of them. Here was no slapstick comedian, no patter artist with a gifted ghost-writer; here was a man with native wit, whose witticisms constantly bubbled to the surface, always new, from some miraculous reservoir beneath that towsled shock of hair.

That's how Broadway saw him, the first time it ever laid eyes on him. That's how Broadway and the world have seen him, all through the intervening years. Fame and wealth did not do anything to Will Rogers—except to give him bigger audiences.

IN THE beginning, he was just Will Rogers, cowboy —who became a comedian when an audience laughed at a remark he made in all seriousness. At the end, he was the personification of all the qualities we like to think of as American—tolerance, good humor, good sportsmanship, intelligence, sensitiveness, foresightedness, independence. The list could be extended indefinitely. Name all the qualities that you like best —and Will Rogers had them all.

The newspapers have made considerable ballyhoo of the large fortune he left. Whatever the sum, he earned every penny of it. The world did not give him half as much as he gave the world.

A FEW nights after his death, I was in a large theatre, attending the opening of a picture that was destined to rate four stars. But no one at the premiere remembers the feature picture half so vividly as one small segment of a newsreel that preceded it. That was the newsreel showing the twisted wreckage of Wiley Post's 'plane, telling a mute tale of tragedy in a bleak Eskimo outpost—and then, showing, in a flashback, Will and Wiley climbing into that same plane at Fairbanks, Alaska, beginning their last flight. Will, in fun, clambered up the wing to the cabin door on hands and feet, stood up, waved to those on shore, patted the plane affectionately, grinned his inimitable, infectious grin.

And so magical was the man's appeal, so persuasive his personality, that nine out of ten faces in that theatre lighted up as he smiled, though throats may have felt constricted.

WHAT happened in that one theatre, with a blasé audience, must have happened in thousands of other theatres, the world over. And there, I think, is the answer to the question: "Will people go to see his last two pictures, *Steamboat 'Round the Bend* and *In Old Kentucky*—and will they enjoy them?"

Seeing him on the screen, the same as always, they can forget—for a brief while—that Will Rogers is dead. And, after all, he is not dead. His body may have vanished from the earth, but his spirit goes soaring on. The soul of the man still is with us, thanks to the magic of the movies.

The memory of the sweetness and light which Will Rogers brought to the world is something that will be cherished as a hallowed recollection by the American people for many years to come. His was a unique talent. And it was not kept hidden under a bushel. The wit and wisdom which were uniquely his and his alone were given freely to all who had ears to hear and eyes to see. A truly great man passed when Will Rogers died.

Larry Reid

KABLE BROS. CO., PRINTERS

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OCT 31 1935

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MOTION PICTURE

ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

DECEMBER, 1935

Volume L, No. 5 Twenty-Fourth Year

GINGER ROGERS' ADVICE TO GIRLS

"In nine cases out of ten, success is due to the fact that people are themselves. Then they have *real* personalities! If you are a happy-go-lucky blonde, you'll have a tough time trying to find success as a slinky Spanish menace. My advice is: Just be yourself!" That's what Ginger Rogers says. Read her absorbing story in the big January issue of MOTION PICTURE

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Tired Feeling—
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"ISN'T YOUR
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THREE MINUTES!"

I don't consider three minutes of my time a very high price to pay for banishing headaches and the tired feeling that come from constipation. Particularly when during those three minutes* you simply chew a delicious gum like FEEN-A-MINT. Of course, if you aren't willing to spend three minutes, harsh "all-at-once" cathartics will have to do. But what a difference chewing makes! With FEEN-A-MINT there are no cramps, no griping, no bad after-effects! Try the three-minute way yourself. Only 15c and 25c for a large supply.

ATTENTION, MOTHERS—FEEN-A-MINT is ideal for everybody, and how children love it!

*Longer if you care to

TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

Brief Reviews of the Current Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD; AA—FAIR; A—MEDIOCRE

A Midsummer Night's Dream—AAAA—In this screen portrayal of Shakespeare's great fantasy, all the wit and humor of the original play are included. The photography is beautifully done also. And the all-star cast is able and distinguished. The hit star of the production is Mickey Rooney, cast as the mischievous *Puck.—Warner Brothers.*

Way Down East—AAAA—This film could have been a dull, uninteresting picture. But it isn't. It is a screen classic due to inspired performances of the players. The director and scenarists also deserve much credit. Dealing with the life, the laughter, and sorrow of a little New England village, it is a joy to see! Rochelle Hudson and Henry Fonda play the leading rôles.—*20th Century-Fox.*

The Gay Deception—AAAA—Frances Dee and Francis Lederer are teamed in this delightful comedy. And they make a great hit. Lederer is a European prince who is masquerading as a hotel servant, while Frances Dee is a small-town steno who has just won a large lottery prize and is staying at the hotel in which Lederer works. See it by all means!—*20th Century-Fox.*

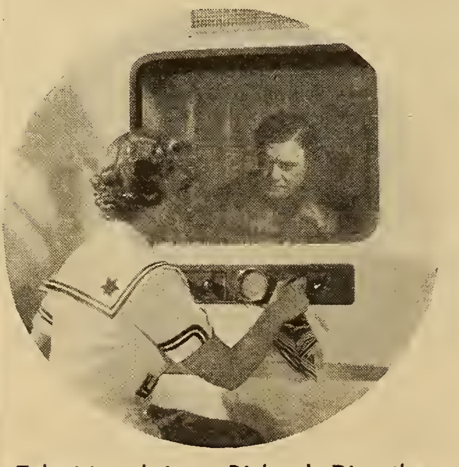
The Crusades—AAAA—Here is real spectacle entertainment. This is a picture conceived on a heroic scale. Telling the story of the Crusade in which Richard, the Lion-hearted, took part, magnificent scenes and backgrounds are revealed. The siege of Acre, as depicted in this film, is an outstanding screen achievement. Henry Wilcoxon and Loretta Young head a distinguished cast.—*Paramount.*

Broadway Melody of 1936—AAAA—Eleanor Powell achieves screen stardom in this hit musical. She dances, sings, and acts. Critics everywhere hail her as the "feminine Fred Astaire." And the title is well-deserved. Besides Eleanor, however, there are many others to entertain you. Among them are Jeck Benny, Sid Silvers, Una Merkel, Robert Taylor, and June Knight.—*M-G-M.*

She Married Her Boss—AAAA—Claudette Colbert is an extremely efficient secretary in this picture. So efficient that she is practically indispensable to her boss. Largely because this is so, her boss (Melvyn Douglas) marries her. Then the gay, genuinely amusing comedy begins. You'll have to see this laugh-laden film to appreciate it! Michael Bartlett, as a playboy, gives a pleasing portrayal.—*Columbia.*

Top Hat—AAAA—This is the most deliriously humorous film-musical yet created by that fascinating team—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Very briefly, *Top Hat* is tops! Never before on the screen have the magical dancing feet of Fred Astaire been filmed to such perfection. And Ginger Rogers is every bit his equal. Hit tunes and hit dances are featured here. And there's a laugh—or at least a smile—in every line of the clever dialogue.—*RKO.*

Anna Karenina—AAAA—The Tolstoy novel from which this epic was made is brought faithfully to the screen. An incidental, secondary plot is omitted almost entirely but it bears very slightly on the career of *Anna* and so is not strikingly important. Greta Garbo's interpretation of the title rôle is nothing less than a histrionic masterpiece. And Fredric March is superb.—*M-G-M.*



Television brings Richard Dix, the tunnel engineer, to Madge Evans in the new film, *Transatlantic Tunnel*

Transatlantic Tunnel—AAA½—This is the most ambitious production attempted by a British studio. Visioning the building of a huge tunnel from America to England, it expresses a present dream, but a possible future reality. Heading the able and renowned cast are Richard Dix, Madge Evans, and Helen Vinson.—*G-B.*

Special Agent—AAA—Cast as a newspaper reporter and T-Man, George Brent gives an able characterization as does Bette Davis, playing the part of a gangster's secretary. Ricardo Cortez appears as the gangster leader, Carston. Dealing with the now familiar theme, the hunting and capturing of criminals by the agents of the Federal Government, this picture will please all those who enjoy the type to which this film belongs.—*Warner Brothers*

There's gaiety and song in *Here's to Romance.* Anita Louise and Nino Martini, singing star, smile here

Here's to Romance—AAA—Nino Martini makes his bow in this picture as one of the greatest dramatic singers ever to appear in a film. Although this picture will not appeal to all audiences, it is excellent entertainment for the discriminating theatre-goer. Genevieve Tobin, Reginald Denny and Anita Louise give Martini able support.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Big Broadcast of 1936—AAA—Using both stars of the screen and of the radio, this musical features farce comedy. What there is of a plot revolves about Jack Oakie, Lyda Roberti, Henry Wadsworth, and Wendy Barrie. If Bing Crosby had been the leading player instead of merely the singer of a single song, this picture would have been improved. However, as a radio show, this film is tops of its kind.—*Paramount.*

Storm Over the Andes—AAA—In this exciting air drama, Jack Holt falls in love with his superior officer's attractive wife. There is self-sacrifice and suffering in this film, and it will hold your attention. Mona Barrie, Grant Withers, and Antonio Moreno are in the cast.—*Universal.*

Red Salute—AAA—Barbara Stanwyck is a general's daughter in this picture and Robert Young is a private. Believing, at first, that she is in love with a young and brilliant agitator, Barbara arouses the ire of her father who sends her off to Mexico. There she meets Robert Young. There is wit and comedy here. And the dynamic personality of Barbara Stanwyck!—*United Artists.*

The Goose and the Gander—AAA— Kay Francis is an ex-wife who wants to take revenge on the woman who stole her husband. And George Brent, quite innocently, becomes involved in the trap which Kay set to involve her ex-husband's present wife. There's a laugh for everybody in this picture. And Kay Francis and George Brent give excellent performances.—*Warner Brothers.*

The Public Menace—AA½—This is the story of a reporter who meets a boat and misses a big story while marrying the ship's manicurist (Jean Arthur).—*Columbia.*

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Music by FELIX MENDELSSOHN

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Dick Powell
Anita Louise
Olivia de Havilland
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If you want information about a movie star, ask this department. Your answer will appear as soon as space permits its inclusion. Or, if you prefer an immediate personal reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your letter to The Cinema Sage, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Jean Parker—Her eyes are hazel, and her hair, brown. She is five feet three inches tall and weighs 109 pounds. Her real name is Mae Green. She was born at Deer Lodge, Mont., Aug. 11, 1915. (M.E.V., Atlanta, Ga.)

Leo Carrillo—No, he is not Italian. He was born on Los Angeles Street in Los Angeles, Calif., and is of Spanish ancestry. His great-grandfather was the First Provisional Governor of California, by direct appointment of the King of Spain. His father was Mayor of Santa Monica, Calif. Before going on the stage, he was staff cartoonist on the Los Angeles *Examiner*. He was educated at Loyola University. (N.K., Charleston, S.C.)

Loretta Young—Her new film is *The Crusades* with Henry Wilcoxon, and just before that, *Shanghai* with Charles Boyer. She was born at Salt Lake City, Utah, Jan. 6, 1912. The first movie in which she appeared was *Naughty but Nice* in 1927. (S.L.J., Salem, Ore.)

Fay Wray—Her first dramatic rôle was the feminine lead in Eric Von Stroheim's *The Wedding March*. This picture was completed in February, 1927. Her recent film is *The Clairvoyant* with Claude Rains. She is five feet three inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has blue eyes and auburn hair. She married John Monk Saunders, the author, seven years ago—and is still married to him. (L.D.G., Atlanta, Ga.)

Irene Dunne—You will see her next in *Magnificent Obsession*. She was born in Louisville, Ky., Dec. 20, 1907. Her height is five feet four and a half inches, and her weight, 118 pounds. Her husband is a New York City dentist, Francis Griffin. (C.R., Butte, Mont.)

Ricardo Cortez—He was born in New York City, July 7, 1899. He enjoys horseback riding, automobile driving and any kind of music. He dislikes people who pick their teeth and who talk too loudly. He insists that he is no villain in private life, and refers to his wife for verification of that fact. (J.M., Springfield, Ill.)

Mary Astor—Having been born at Quincy, Ill., May 3, 1906, she is now twenty-nine years old. Her hair is auburn and she tips the scales at 118 pounds. She attended various schools. Both her father and mother were schoolteachers. (G.L., Freeport, N.Y.)

Gene Raymond—New York City is the birthplace of this actor. He was born Aug. 8, 1905. His height is five feet ten inches and his weight is 157 pounds. At this writing, he is still unmarried. Like others, he wears make-up in films. *Hooray for Love* is his recent picture. Baseball and tennis are favorite sports of his. Raymond Guion is his real name. You can address him at Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. (M.J.R., Chicago, Ill.)

Dick Powell—He was born at Mount View, Arkansas. His weight is 172 pounds and his height is six feet. He has red hair and blue eyes. After having seen him on the screen, you would have no trouble in recognizing him on the street. He looks just the same on and off the screen. (T.E.A., Susanville, Calif.)

Fred MacMurray—Having been born Aug. 30, 1908, he is now twenty-seven years of age. Six feet three inches is his height and 185 pounds is his weight. His hair is brown. Fred MacMurray is his real name. (N.S., New York, N.Y.)

Janet Gaynor—Her weight is an even hundred pounds and her height an even five feet. Her complexion is creamy and her age twenty-eight. (B.D., Jacksonville, Fla.)

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IS LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE"

SAYS MISS ELISABETH REMSEN

Miss Remsen shown on one of her thoroughbreds which she rides daily, rain or shine, in Central Park or the quiet paths of Long Island's famous south shore where she summers.

Miss Elisabeth Remsen

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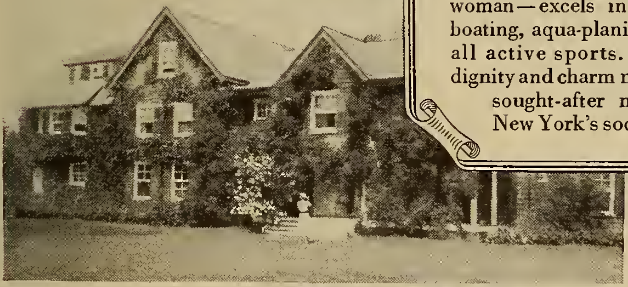
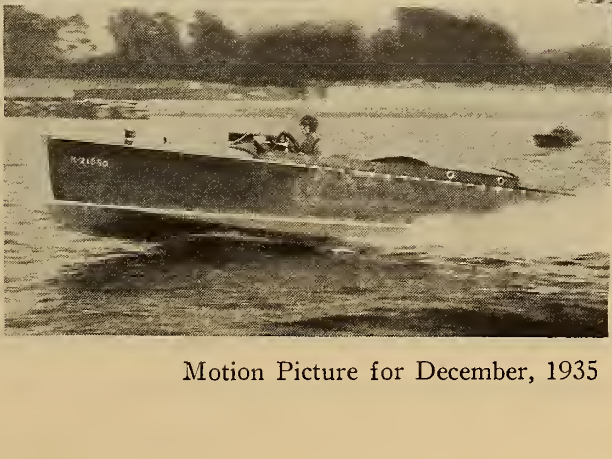
As they cleanse so gently, they also polish . . . softer than enamel, they cannot harm it and so can be used year in and year out without danger.

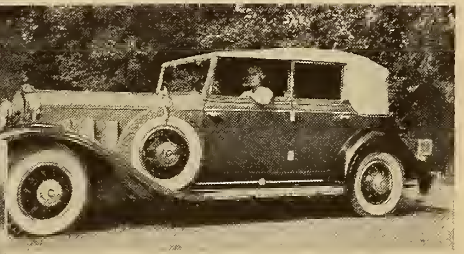
Start now to give your teeth better care. Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste and let it show you what it can do. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



Remsen House . . . Built by Miss Remsen's forebears—full of rare pieces reflecting the traditions and heritage of an old family.



One of Miss Remsen's particular delights—her speedboat. She drives it very capably on the Atlantic as well as Shinnecock Bay.



Miss Remsen's car—a familiar sight along the roads around the fashionable Hamptons . . .

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— a new beauty in your hair

•You never knew it was there. For years, perhaps, you put up with dull drab hair . . . until . . .

"Try Admiracion Shampoo Treatment," a friend told you. What a revelation! All your life, beauty had lain hidden in your hair. And this modern soapless olive oil treatment brought it to light after just one use.

Admiracion does things that the finest soaps can't do. More than a shampoo, it is a complete beauty treatment—a "deep-down" cleanser, unique scalp-and-hair tonic, and beautifier, all in one. A magic-working oil that *mixes with water* to soften the dust and dead skin cells, undermine the dandruff and wash all impurities away in one rinse.

Unmask the hidden beauty of *your* hair this quick and easy way. Olive Oil base for dry hair, Pine Tar blend for oily.

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Soapless Shampoo Treatment

OLIVE OIL PINE TAR

Admiracion Laboratories, Inc., Harrison, N. J.

The TALKIE TOWN *Tattler*

BY HARRY LANG

Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings-on in Hollywood

IF ANYONE ever imagined the autograph craze was dying out, he's wrong! This month provided several rich examples of autographitis. Outstanding was what happened to Mary Pickford when she appeared at a big downtown Los Angeles department store to autograph her new book, *The Demi-Widow.* Ten thousand women mobbed the place, scores were knocked down, a dozen policemen had to be called to protect Mary. And this was Mary—*not* Greta! And, at the Vendome the other day, so many hundreds of people blocked the sidewalks to see Joan Crawford that she had to sneak out the back way between the pans and kettles and skillets and roasts.

Dick Powell's "Safe"

CROONING DICK has an idea that a man should marry *before* twenty or *after* thirty! *Before* twenty, he avers, the very so-called "finality of youth" is an asset because its own obstinacy carries the husband and wife through those so-dangerous storms in the twenties. And *after* thirty, he says, a man's better acquainted with himself, and has lost a lot of that 20-year-old arrogance. And besides, he adds, "after thirty, a man's so grateful!"

P.S.—Dick'll be thirty in November, 1937, girls!

Cupid's Notebook:

NOW that Joan Blondell has her divorce, everybody in Hollywood's wondering who's going to be Ex-Hubby George Barnes' sixth wife!—(or didn't you know she'd been his fifth?)—and Alice Faye say's it's SO

[*Continued on page* 13]

Among the many screen notables who attended the recent Ford Motor Company convention banquet, held at the Biltmore Bowl, were Lyle Talbot and Paula Stone. They enjoyed themselves, as did all the Ford officials and dealers!

Your Dreams Of Romance Set To Music!

Dreams of gay, mad, exciting love! Dreams of glamorous beauty . . brought to life by the charm of the screen's loveliest singing star . . . and poured forth in an inspiring rhapsody of Jerome Kern's music by the glorious voice that thrilled the world!

LILY PONS

in

"I DREAM TOO MUCH"

an RKO-Radio Picture with

HENRY FONDA

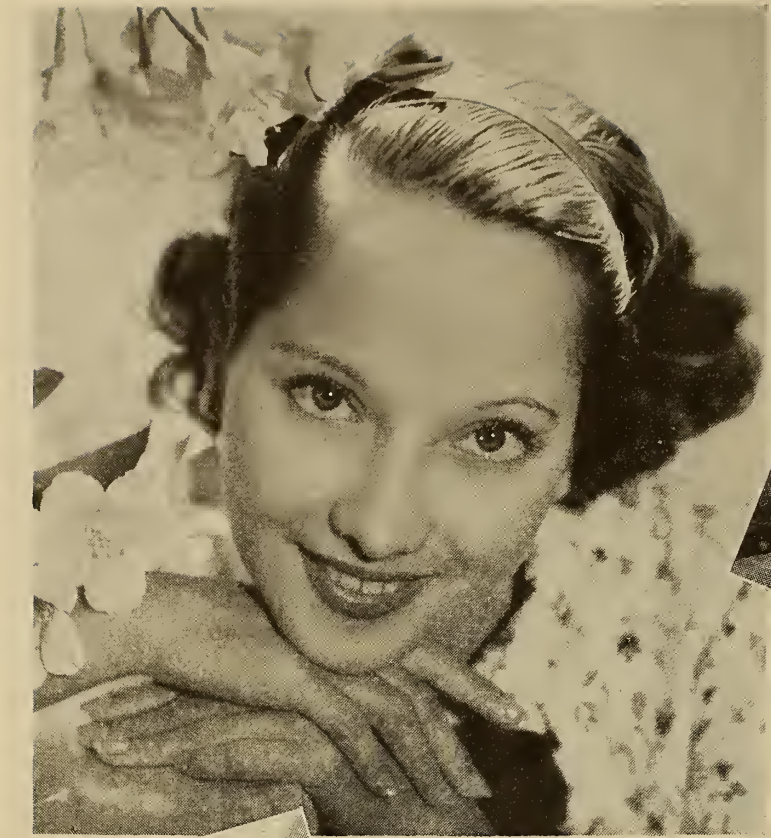
Osgood PERKINS · Eric BLORE

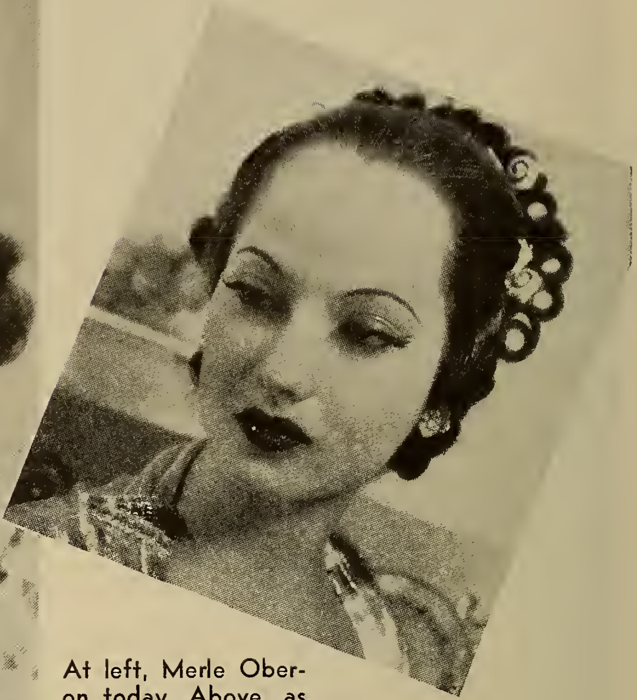
Directed by John Cromwell

A Pandro S. Berman Production

Music by JEROME KERN

composer of "ROBERTA"





At left, Merle Oberon today. Above, as an Oriental. Below, at left, she is at her dressing table

Transformation of a Star!

BY DENISE CAINE

IF THE picture of Merle Oberon with her tiara of curls and the one of Merle with that innocent little bow in her hair can't convince you that expert make-up will transform a girl, then nothing ever will! When Merle started in pictures, she was given exotic parts and, in keeping with these parts, wore wigs—towering fantasies, replete with interwoven jewels and tortuous-looking curls. She played Oriental rôles mostly.

The natural slant of her eyes was too much of a temptation, so they were pulled upward still more at the corners (you can't see the adhesive tape, because it's concealed by the wig!) and made up to look voluptuously sinister. The nice lines of Merle's mouth were lost in the artificially full lips that were painted on thickly, and her eyebrows were plucked drastically and then redrawn with too, too sure a stroke. All that can be said for the clothes that they made her wear is that their daring slinkiness harmonized well with her make-up and hair-style! They only concealed the real Merle.

THUS, Merle, the Siren, was a girl you'd surely expect to end up with a dagger in her white throat. But now the story takes a queer, unexpected turn and next we have Merle Oberon, the Pretty Girl. There may be some who think it is all a mistake. Maybe you, for instance, think Merle was unique before and undistinguished now. But I'm afraid you're in the minority. At any rate, *I* don't agree with you. Nor do I, by any means, advocate that girls go around wearing ghillies and no lipstick all the time; but I do prefer sweetness, naturalness and perfect grooming to exoticism.

Looking [*Continued on page* 54]

BEAUTY ADVICE

Your beauty problems may seem most puzzling to you, but quite simple to MISS CAINE, *our beauty expert. Why don't you write to her today? You may ask her for advice on any phase of beauty that might be troubling you. This service is free, of course. All that is necessary is a stamped, self-addressed envelope for* MISS CAINE'S *personal reply to your letter. Simply write to* DENISE CAINE, MOTION PICTURE, *1501 Broadway, New York City.*

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 10]

absolutely over now between her and Rudy Vallee, and that goes for Dick Powell and Johnny McGuire too. And what strange pow-uh is it that makes our luscious cinemammies go in such a big way for these visiting tennis stars?—with Helen Vinson just married to Fred Perry, Ida Lupino admits she's aflame about Edward Burns, less'n five weeks after Eddie's been brought out here from the East by RKO!! If any chiseling male imagines he can attract Londonifty Binnie Barnes, he hasn't deckoned with Samuel Joseph, who, if you care, is her husband. He's in England, but thrice a week he and Binnie spend *so* much on transatlantic telephoning. And besides, Binnie think's he's grand and tells everybody so—Sylvia Sidney is the new Mrs. (Book Publisher) Bennett Cerf of New York. Maybe it's only a game, but Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot are still (or again!) going around so much, together, they're beginning to look like each other—Margaret Sullavan has Hollywood all mixed up, what with being on the verge of divorce-courting and then offing, as this is written, on a "second honeymoon" by boat with Hubby Director William Wyler, and so—by next writing—they'll probably have either a divorce or quintuplets!—And so, now, let's give Mr. Dan Cupid a rest for a while.

What's a Few Grand?

THE way these film stars have been turning down corpulent money is a caution! Take Mae West for instance (take her if you *could*, that is!) who just recently said *"No!"* to an offer from London guaranteeing her $35,000 for two stage weeks there, and another European bid of $80,000 for a month more! And then there's Helen Hayes, who for $85,000 would *not* co-star with Ann Harding in *The Old Maid.* Maybe she thought they wanted her for the title rôle, but she said it was because she's decided never to play in films again. Diana Wynyard, of *Cavalcade* fame, made a similar gesture, giving up the screen "because it cramps my acting abilities." My, can this be?

How to Get a Dog

CLARK GABLE lost a dog. It had an identification tag on its collar. Quite soon, Clark received a letter from a Beverly Hills boy, named Johnny Marks. "Dear Mr. Gable," wrote Johnny, "I found your dog and I'd like to keep him." He offered the best of care. Whether Clark decided such gall deserved reward, the fact remains that he sent a message, telling Johnny to keep the dog,

[*Continued on page* 64]

Reduce . . .
your WAIST THREE INCHES
AND HIPS IN TEN DAYS
with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
or it won't cost you one cent!
. . . . Read how Miss Jean Healy reduced her hips 9 INCHES!
"Why Jean! What a gorgeous figure, how did you get so thin?"
"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder".
"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial . . .
"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER".
"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy".
"The massage-like action did it . . the fat seemed to have melted away".
"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds".
"Jean, that'swonderful, I'll send for my girdle today!"

You Can TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE For 10 DAYS at our expense!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY and SAFELY

■ The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL AND FRESH

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

■ The Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere knead away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce, in order to regain your youthful slimness. Beware of reducing agents that take the weight off the *entire* body . . . for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

SEND FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce *you*. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at our expense!

Don't wait any longer . . . act today!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
41 East 42nd St., Dept. 712, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name ....
Address ....
City .... *State* ....
■ *Use Coupon or send Name and Address on Post Card.*

BRIGHT

EYE DEAS

by Jane Heath

THE NAKED EYE!

To your naked eye, it probably looks as if the country were full of women more beautiful than you, about to steal your best beau! Probably that's the trouble—your naked eye! Try slipping your lashes into Kurlash. Lo! your lashes are curled up in a fascinating sweep like a movie star's, looking twice as long, dark and glamorous. Your eyes sparkle (that's more light entering!), are deeper and more colorful! No heat —no cosmetics! $1, at stores near you.

Sweet Subtlety

Dear Mrs. J. M.—far from being "obvious" eye make-up is extremely subtle. Apply a little Shadette—$1—in blue, violet, green or brown to your eyelids, close to the lashes and blend it outward. It defies detection but how your eyes deepen and sparkle!

Tint Technique

Lashes also need never look "made up." Try this Lashtint Compact. The little sponge stays damp for hours—and supplies just the right moisture to insure even applications of the fine mascara. Result: silky, natural looking lashes! $1, in black, blue or brown.

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department E-12. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

When making cocktails, Cesar Romero uses Wear-Ever Aluminum squeezer

HOLLYWOOD Home Hints

● Warren William has long been noted among those of the motion picture colony who take to the sea at the finish of each picture. Warren started on one of his cruises as soon as retakes on *The Case of the Lucky Legs* were finished. This time he planned an extended tour of South Mexican waters and personally supervised the provisioning of the expedition. Warren found that canned goods were the only thing for trips. He was already well acquainted with their usefulness in the home. Incidentally, screen stars show a decided preference for College Inn canned goods as they tempt the palate of the most fastidious.

● Ann Sothern's cook let us in on this hint. It really overcomes one of the most trying problems of the hostess—doing away, as it does, with unpleasant cooking odors. Ann's cook says that all you have to do, is to place a small dish of vinegar directly under the stove while cooking. Amazingly simple though it may sound, it even dispels the odor of cooking cabbage.

● Sally Eilers claims that she has taken more delectable dishes out of her Nesco Automatic Electric Roaster than out any other that she has ever used. It will roast, bake, cook, or fry—accommodating a ten-pound ham or a fifteen-pound fowl. It has a removable porcelain enamel cooking well inset, and a signal light thermostatic control which has over twenty-one gradations of heat. This new type of oven is rapidly becoming popular with the film folk as its attractiveness enhances both the kitchen and dining room.

● Has it ever occurred to you that every housewife can now afford venetian blinds in her home? At a cost of only fifteen cents per window, you can furnish your house with Clopay venetian blinds, and for only forty-nine cents each you can buy the washable Fabray blind. The manufacturers of these window shades guarantee them against cracking, fraying and pinholing. Many Hollywood homes are equipped with these blinds.

● Everyone knows how really "tough" it is to keep silverware looking just right at all times. Wouldn't it seem that a polisher used on yachts (where brass works are always exposed to the sun and salt air) would be the one to use in even the most difficult cases? So it would seem, and Burnishine (a product put out by the J. C. Paul Company of Chicago) really does the work. If there is any doubt about this, ask any one who has ever been down by the sea where Lee Tracy parks his yacht. There, almost every Sunday morning, you will see Lee.

● Cesar Romero, Hollywood's new heart interest, takes credit for being one of the town's best hosts. Why is he a good host? Because he never keeps anyone waiting for a drink while he fumbles about with an old-fashioned lemon squeezer. With the new type Wear-Ever Aluminum squeezer, it is most simple to turn drinks out in a jiffy and serve everyone, no matter how large the crowd.

HOLLYWOOD Takes the Stand

with WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

who tells you things you never knew till now

Q. How much do the young stock players at the various studios earn per week?

A. From $75 to $100, which are pretty slim wages when you consider how they have to dress, and the entertaining some of them go in for.

Q. Do *all* of the stars use make-up on the screen?

A. Everyone I know, with the exception of the two Coopers, Gary and Jackie.

Q. What do you know about Luise Rainer?

A. Not very much. She bids fair to become the new mystery woman of Hollywood. She is very shy and dislikes interviews intensely. She was born in Austria and made an enviable name for herself on the continental stage before being grabbed off for American movies; lives now in a rambling house in Santa Monica canyon, alone except for Johnny, a Scotty, that never leaves her side. She plays classical music on the piano continuously when she isn't working, and likes to drive her small roadster with the top down. She's in the neighborhood of twenty-two summers old.

Q. Are the very elaborate gowns and costumes seen on the screen really sewn with care, or are they just thrown together for each picture?

A. You'd be surprised. Take, for example, the magnificent gowns worn by Greta Garbo (who doesn't care for clothes, anyway) in *Anna Karenina*. They were all hand-made of the most expensive material, exquisitely sewn by expert seamstresses who spent weeks over the perfect, invisible stitches. Not only that, but the voluminous petticoats, worn under the gowns, received the same meticulous attention. They were all hand-made, each frill and ruffle sewn by hand, the seams a miracle of needle craftsmanship. These clothes are hanging now in the M-G-M wardrobe, lovely testaments to a dressmaker's art, the petticoats as exquisitely made as the gowns which hid them from view.

Q. Who else besides Jeanette MacDonald rides side-saddle?

A. Nobody we know of, but we do know that Evelyn Venable is an expert at it if she *has* to ride that way.

Q. Do the sets look at all real to the players in them?

A. Usually, unless it is a very elaborate, enormous set utilizing what are called glass shots. These are used, just for example, in huge temple shots. The set is built perhaps half its real height with the walls and columns ending in midair, and then, directly in front of the camera, a large glass is placed on which is painted the top half of the temple set, the glass painting continuing in perfect perspective the columns, walls, and background of the temple, the set itself and the painting synchronizing exactly. On the other hand, the set built on a sound stage at Warners' studio for *Black Fury*, was realistic to the smallest detail. One almost got coal dust in his throat. The sets for *David Copperfield* created quite a stir even in Hollywood for their amazing naturalness. Room interiors, to the actors inside the room, are perfectly real, unless they should peer around the edge of a wall and discover the set braces and fake back of the room. The furniture, walls, wallpaper, dishes, bric-a-brac, carpets, lights, etc., are just what you have in your own home.

Q. Do animals who work in the movies have stand-ins?

A. Yes, occasionally. There is an interesting story in connection with this. You all know Buck, the Saint Bernard in *Call of the Wild?* Well, he was originally hired as stand-in for another dog who had been engaged to play this part in the picture. But the minute Buck walked on the set, everyone was so crazy about him that the other dog was excused from his rôle and Buck put in. Buck's owner said that the dog could not possibly be trained in such a short time for such a difficult part, but the dog, to the man's great surprise, learned his rôle perfectly in three weeks. Which is a canine wonder.

A Big Smile-

and a little Chocolate Tablet

Once this lady fairly loathed the idea of taking a laxative. Postponed it as long as she could. Hated the taste; hated the effect; hated the aftermath. Then she found out about Ex-Lax.

It tastes just like delicious chocolate. Mild and gentle in action... approximating Nature. She found it thorough, too, without over-action. There was no need for her to keep on increasing the dose to get results. On every count she found Ex-Lax the ideal laxative. It is the best in America... according to America's opinion of it. Because more people take Ex-Lax than any other laxative. 46 million boxes were bought last year alone. 10c and 25c boxes; at every drug store.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS!...Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds—get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*—with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolated laxative.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!
EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
MP125 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name__________
Address__________

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

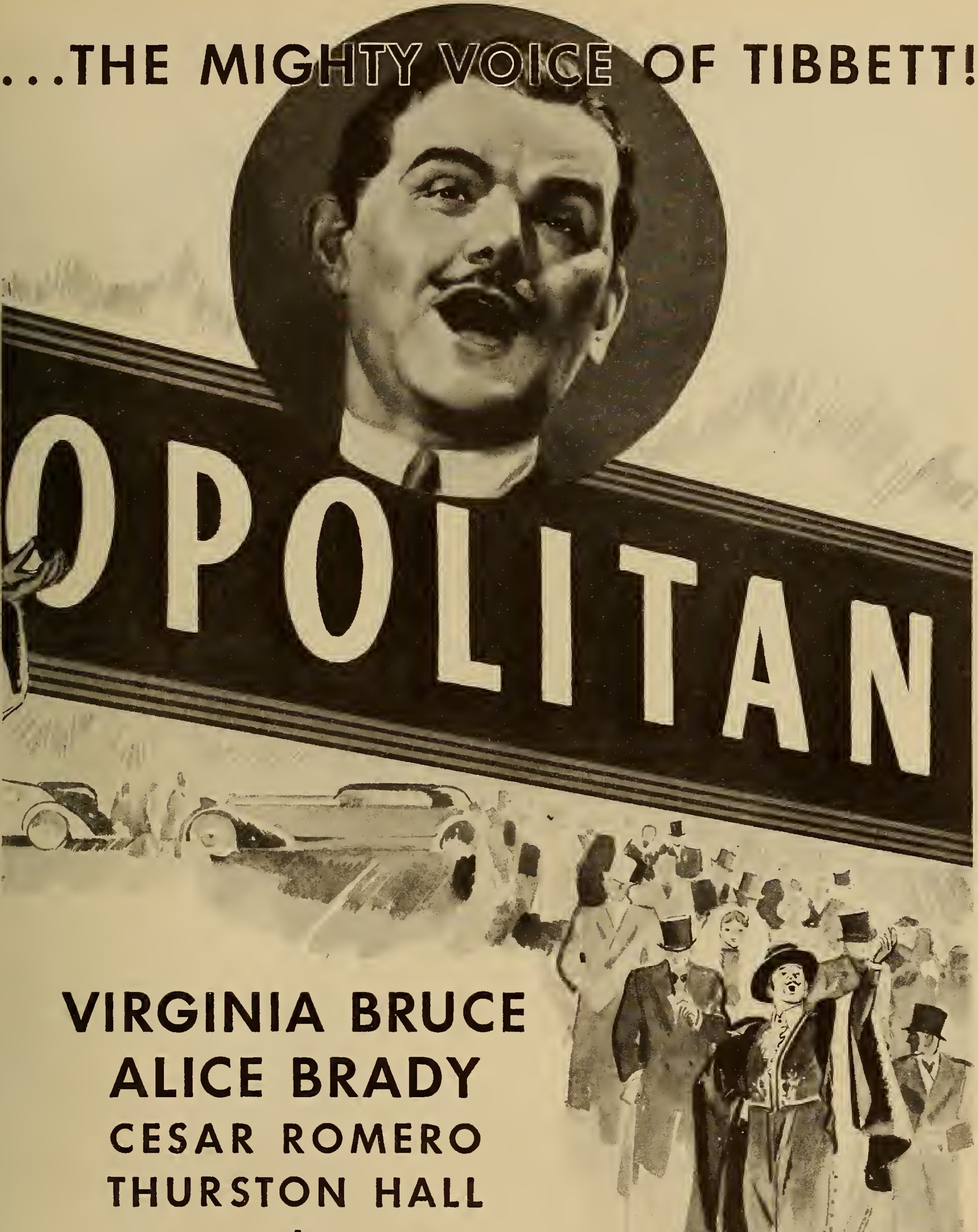
Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

THE *greatest* THRILL IN SOUND

Fresh from new triumphs in radio and opera . . . he thrills you as never before in his most dramatic picture . . . revealing the glamour and glory . . . the comedy and caprice . . . the rivalries and loves . . . the hidden, intimate drama pulsing behind the curtain of the world's most spectacular opera house!

A BURST OF SONG . . . AND YOU ARE IN PARADISE AS THE GREAT TIBBETT SINGS:

PAGLIACCI
THE ROAD TO MANDALAY
THE TOREADOR SONG FROM CARMEN
THE BARBER OF SEVILLE
FAUST


...THE MIGHTY VOICE OF TIBBETT!
OPOLITAN

VIRGINIA BRUCE

ALICE BRADY

CESAR ROMERO

THURSTON HALL

A

DARRYL F. ZANUCK

20th CENTURY PRODUCTION

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck

Directed by Richard Boleslawski

20th CENTURY FOX

How Readers Rate Them!

Nelson Eddy likes his fan mail! *Rose Marie* is his coming picture

Prizes for Letters!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over two hundred words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

FILMS WIN OUT HERE!

($15 Prize Letter)

Like many others, when I discovered some years ago that my attendance at legitimate theatres would not only have to be curtailed, but actually eliminated, I fell back reluctantly upon the movies; a poor substitute, it seemed to me, for an art that had kept pace with civilization since its earliest inception. So it happens that, through an economic misfortune, I had the rare good luck to watch the growth of a new medium of expression from something that was often cheap and shoddy, into the shining perfection of that recent production called *The Informer*. Charles Laughton in *Henry the Eighth;* Elisabeth Bergner in *Catherine;* Bette Davis and Leslie Howard in *Of Human Bondage;* Fredric March in *Les Miserables*—were all splendid productions, beautifully interpreted. But they were surpassed by *The Informer* with its touching simplicity and rarely lovely photography. The work of Victor McLaglen in the title rôle was a revelation!—Grace Wellington, 1035 Ringgold, Crafton Heights, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Do you think the stage has anything that the screen hasn't? Should the stage merely be a training school for future screen players? What do you think?

GENIUS TRIUMPHS!

($10 Prize Letter)

I have just been to see Elisabeth Bergner in *Escape Me Never* and this keeps repeating itself endlessly in my mind:—How the spark of genius can overcome the handicap of a rather plain face and thin little body, to make one forgetful of the dowdy clothes and cause some of our most prominent actresses to seem ordinary and tawdry by comparison! It is something at which I will continue to marvel. How few really possess this divine spark. Take away their glamour, fashion designers, elocution teachers and directors, and what have you left—Miss Smith who might live next door, Mr. Jones who works in the adjoining office. Duse and Bernhardt had this power of feeling to the utmost the emotions of others, and it would be an interesting experiment to analyze the stars for the purpose of discovering this flame—and how many would be found wanting! Perhaps as an ardent movie fan, this is treason; if it is, so be it!—Peggy M. Bradford, 6236 Harper Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Is beauty necessary for film success? What is your opinion?

IN PRAISE OF GARBO

($5 Prize Letter)

I don't enjoy many pictures, because of defective hearing. But the other night I saw *Anna Karenina*, and found it absorbing entertainment, although I couldn't hear one spoken word. How lovely Garbo is! Many people say she is not, strictly speaking, beautiful. What of it? She radiates such a shining illusion of beauty that enchantment rides across the screen with her. Those incredibly lovely eyes, and that fluid grace, make her as beautiful as any legendary lady of history. As for her acting, to me she is the most wonderful actress in the world because of her mobile, expressive face, and fine pantomime. It doesn't greatly matter that I can't hear her talk, for she speaks the tender language of the heart, and her acting is so beautifully sincere, her every thought is projected to the audience, rendering the spoken word superfluous. If only more players could cultivate this great acting gift, we hard-of-hearing fans would attend more movies.—Margaret Keily, 44 Clara St., San Francisco, Calif.

Is Garbo alone in possessing this gift? Or are there others?

REVIEW NIGHT WANTED

($1 Prize Letter)

Everyone is, of course, familar with the weekly "preview night" of the first-run motion picture houses, when a preview of the forthcoming attraction is shown in conjunction with the regular show. I, for one, in addition to the weekly "preview night" would also like to see the theatres inaugurate a weekly "review night" at which time—in addition to the regular show—one could see a "review" of a truly great picture that one had not seen for a year or more, or had missed entirely. After all, we read the really good books more than once and enjoy them. Why then, should we not get the same enjoyment out of seeing the good pictures again? It is true that some theatres have revived certain pictures at times, but it seems to me that these have been half-hearted attempts at best. I sincerely believe that if the picture houses were to adopt a "review night" policy, the theatre-going public would greatly appreciate it.—C. G. Morris, 927 Putnam Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Do you agree with this writer? Or disagree? Why?

STORIES IN FILMS

($1 Prize Letter)

Producers are often criticized because a story selected as the basis for a motion picture is merely a point of departure, only the name being retained. And, before the film is shown, that has been discarded and a new one substituted. Such an accusation cannot be advanced against the producers of *Diamond Jim*. But, having read the story of James Buchanan Brady whose life history is supposed to be told in the

[*Continued on page* 52]

Claire Trevor

Signed for films while playing the lead in a Broadway hit, Claire Trevor is headed for Hollywood fame. Her new picture for 20th Century-Fox is *Beauty's Daughter*. She's a brown-eyed blonde. And a winner!

Two New Stars

On a rope ladder and in pirate attire, Olivia de Havilland is right at home. She has to be! She co-stars with Errol Flynn in Warner Brothers' *Captain Blood.* Flynn (at right) plays the title rôle. And a real he-man is Errol! A few years ago, he reached the semi-finals at the Olympic Games as a heavyweight boxer. He's an Irishman. A real fighter!

GLADYS SWARTHOUT

A symmetry of form and figure that puts the fabled Venus de Milo to shame . . . just one in the rare combination of graces and talents that will make Miss Swarthout the delight of jaded screen audiences . . . when they see her in her first fascinating screen role in Paramount's "Rose of the Rancho," in which she is co-starred with John Boles.

(Advertisement)

Make Way

Learn about love from the stars. New romantic team shows you how!

Everett Marshall, new singing sensation of the screen, is teamed with Dolores Del Rio in Warners' *I Live for Love*. Above, you see him in an intimate pose with the exotic Mexican star

After crossing an ocean and a continent, Brian Aherne reached Hollywood and the screen. With Joan Crawford in *I Live My Life,* he shows how the British make love. Photo, above, tells tale

In M-G-M's hit filmusical, *Broadway Melody of* 1936, Robert Taylor and Eleanor Powell are two in love. In circle, at right, they are seen in affectionate pose

for Love

The Thirty-Nine Steps, recent Gaumont-British picture brings together Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. As seen in circle, below, they're happy pair

With every picture, Fred MacMurray, youthful star, scores a new success. His latest rôle is the male lead, opposite lovely Carole Lombard, in Paramount's *Hands Across the Table*

Soldier of fortune and concert singer, John Carroll finds songs and success in RKO's new film operetta, *Hi, Gaucho*. He is kissing Steffi Duna's hand in the Continental manner here

DOORS GARBO *Has Opened*

Do you think Garbo is cold, indifferent? Read how she helped others. You'll change your mind!

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

THE GARBO myth . . . the Myth of the Swedish Sphinx, cold, aloof and mysterious . . . has, until now, remained (like the perfect alibi) concise, compact, and with no leaking loop-holes. But I have found one. I have found that we can subtract the word "cold," at least, from the usual description of Garbo. Aloof and mysterious she remains. But cold? After you have read of the many times that Garbo has given a helping hand to young actors and actresses, you too will agree it's a misnomer. Not suitable at all!

Behind a closed door herself, (and few people even in Hollywood know where that door is!) Garbo has, nevertheless, opened the doors to the world of the films to many. These people have all benefitted by Garbo's helping hand . . . Nils Asther, Gavin Gordon, Lew Ayres, Karen Morley, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Mary Carlisle, Cora Sue Collins, Melvyn Douglas and Cecilia Parker. These people were practically beginners in the business, (some of them uninitiated, even) when they received the golden opportunity of appearing in a Garbo picture. Some of them might never have been in her pictures, except for her request. Others might never have lasted through her pictures, if it had not been for her gentle, understanding kindliness.

YEARS ago, in the silent days, M-G-M was looking for a leading man to play opposite Garbo in *The Kiss*. He would have to be a young man, charming and refreshing. They tested a youth, who, at that time, was playing in an orchestra at the Montmartre. He looked the part all right. But could he act? His test was not bad. M-G-M decided to give him a chance in the picture. If everything should go well the first few days—all right. If not, they could always find somebody else.

Karen Morley, above, won out

Lew Ayres, above, aided by Garbo

Cecilia Parker is grateful

Mary Carlisle, above, smiles

Greta Garbo has been called aloof, mysterious, cold. But is she? Above, you see her as she appeared in the title rôle of *Anna Karenina,* her recent great success

Garbo chose Cora Sue Collins

The first scene that was taken was a love scene with Garbo and the young man paired. He was to enter a darkened room from a balcony. Rushing through the French doors, he was to take Garbo in his arms, and smother her with rapturous kisses. He was given his position. The camera started grinding. He entered the room, approached within two feet of the waiting Garbo. There seemed to be glue on the soles of his shoes. His lips trembled with fear. He had no poise, no assurance.

There was a pitiful silence as the director ordered the cameraman to cease turning. Then Greta Garbo took the boy gently by the hand, led him over to the director and said, "Won't you introduce this young man to me? I am sure it will be easier if we meet properly and smile."

"Miss Garbo, may I present Mr. Lew Ayres," said the director. Lew smiled engagingly.

And the reassuring smile that Garbo gave Lew at that moment did make everything easier. Her gentleness, her sympathy and understanding gave him just the confidence and ease that he needed. Lew Ayres would never have been able to carry out the many requirements of this first featured rôle if it hadn't been for the infinite patience and the subtle coaxing of the great Garbo.

IT'S true that few people have ever seen this side of her, but once it has been seen, it is never forgotten. It is only to the new film people that she really shows her gentle, encouraging hand. And it is because of her own native shyness, that she senses the same feeling in others, and sympathizes with it. She knows how an outsider can suffer. She remembers her own awkward arrival in a strange country. She feels sympathy for young actors and actresses. This was the sort of kindly relation that existed between her and Nils Asther when they appeared together, years ago, in *Wild Orchids,* and later in *The Single Standard.* Nils was moody and melancholy, much like Garbo herself. He had the same Swedish background. There was a bond of real understanding between them, a bond which many people mistook for romance. But it was one that reached even deeper than that. They were like brother and sister. Garbo could, and did, help him with his problems. The reassurance and understanding that he received from her, in the making of those two pictures helped him achieve a success which he has never since duplicated.

ON THE set of *Grand Hotel,* several years ago, something happened which set even the studio officials agog. They would not believe it had happened until they heard the story from Mary Carlisle herself. Mary Carlisle, then an unknown, was assigned to play a small part in the picture, that of the giddy young [*Continued on page* 68]

Jeanette MacDonald

Starting as a chorus girl in New York, Jeanette MacDonald proceeded from bits to leads in Broadway musicals. Then the screen beckoned. Before starring with Nelson Eddy in *Naughty Marietta,* she completed a European concert tour. In Belgium, she was decorated by the King. Devoted to sports, she loves tennis, golf, swimming and also horseback riding. Her new picture with the popular Nelson Eddy is *Rose Marie*. According to present plans, you'll be seeing the film in January

Jim Tully Reveals *Real* Fredric March

Fredric March started work in a bank. Amazingly, a typist's chance remark changed his whole career. Read Jim Tully's stirring story

THE odds are always against a banker's son if he goes down and out. And Fredric March is a banker's son, and he went—but that, as Kipling would say—is miles ahead of the story.

Fredric March's right name is Frederic McIntyre Bickel. He is the son of Papa Bickel, president of the First National Bank at Racine, Wisconsin. In honor of his famous son, Papa Bickel will cash any movie fan's check—if it's certified! Young Bickel learned a million things he would never use to prepare him for his future. He took a post graduate course in finance at the University of Wisconsin. The only thing he remembered about it later was that doughnuts, when you're hungry, look exactly alike!

Young Fredric endured all the hardships of a banker's son, forced to live in Racine. He went to school and there he became a class president. His father's pride expanded. He cashed an editor's check—after proper identification.

AT THE age of twenty-two, Frederic Bickel left the university to take up a junior post at the National City Bank in New York. This bank provided three scholarships as bait for the bright boys of different colleges. What was more natural than that a banker's son, who in his heart did not like business, should cop one of those scholarships. So Frederic Bickel, knowing everything there was to be known about money, except how to earn it, took a desk and a stenographer at this very rich bank. The bank furnished the stenographer. I know nothing of romance between the girl with the typist's touch and Mr. March. She is of importance here for only a passing moment in the chariot of Mr. March's fate. She had seen a romantic drama the night before. The flower-like hero still haunted her.

Just at the moment when the Racine banker's son was dictating a letter suggesting to his superiors that, if bulls in the Argentine could be made to grow wings and fly to the stock-yards in Chicago, it would save millions of dollars in freight, his stenographer said, "Mr. Bickel, you'd make a delightful actor." Then another thought flitted across her mind. "Do you remember John Bunny?" She waited for an answer.

Mr. Bickel, still busy with the hope of getting wings on bulls, did not consider the question worth answering. But the seed was sown. A few minutes later, the young lady, reeking with romance, was very practical, as she looked about the bank with its scores of employees. She spoke decisively.

"None of these people's got any more future'n Napoleon." Her glance included her boss.

"Some of them might become bank presidents," elucidated Mr. Bickel, after the brutal words quit echoing in the sacred building.

"SO WHAT?" replied the romantic young girl.

Mr. Bickel was too flabbergasted for words. Then the girl rasped, "I'd rather be a hitch-hiker, even if I never got a ride—I'd at least have something to look forward to."

"Why this," said Mr. Bickel, looking about the sacred edifice, "is the nation's biggest counting house."

"Well you can count me out of it—and you can tell the fiftieth vice president I said so next year when you get to talk to him—I'm going on the stage, I am!"

Mr. Bickel, not knowing what to say, promptly said the wrong thing. "Would you like a letter of recommendation?" he asked, quite innocently.

"Say, what the—What would I do with it—they'd think it was a page I tore from the Bible—I'll tell 'em I'm Lizzie McGluck—nobody'll care so long as I can do my stuff."

Mr. Bickel was to remember her words long after he had forgotten the name of the fifth vice president of the National City Bank. I have the

[*Continued on page 74*]

'ere Come the BRITISH

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

MORE fun and more "h's" dropped. Hollywood's gone British, this season. Last year it was slightly Bavarian, the one before, Spanish. Romantically, esthetically, sartorially, gastronomically—(momma, what big words you know!)—the film colony has embraced tea, toast, tiffin, and the grand, but gaily informal, manner. You know—settings by Cecil Beaton and dialogue by Maugham.

English bakeries thrive, a lingerie shop calls itself Mayfair, so does the colony's super-supper club. Cafe owners notice a quickening of trade at tea-time—four-thirty, and the moment Jack Benny starts wearing a monocle, I'm oiling my sawed-off shotgun. It must end somewhere, and I can't stand the thought of Benny saying "yah *dope!*" to Wife Mary (on the radio, of course) with a monocle shoved into his left eye.

The British influence has already left its imprint on Hollywood's vocabulary. The vanguard of the English invaders—pioneer-settlers, Ronald Colman, Clive Brook, Ralph Forbes and Victor McLaglen have seen to it that the town does not gape when they ask for the "lift" (elevator) and when they refer to their lowly calling as the "cinema." But the newcomers in Hollywood from England are the ones that are running riot with our talk. It's "tablet" for soap, "slimming" for reducing and "reel of cotton" for a plain old spool of thread!

TECHNICIANS on *The Dark Angel* set complained that the "old fellows," "cheerios," and "reah-llys" were cluttering up the microphone. You couldn't step over to Samuel Goldwyn's set without hearing English Herbert Marshall addressing Scotch David Niven as "old fellow." And stacked all around the place were copies of The Tattler, Puck, Sphere, and other English journals.

Brian Aherne

Binnie Barnes

Ronald Colman

Merle Oberon

Charles Chaplin

Ida Lupino

Sybil Jason

Herbert Marshall

Elissa Landi

Heather Angel

Clive Brook

Elizabeth Allan

Charles Laughton

Freddie Bartholomew

There is a jolly old cheerio in the talk of Hollywood this year. John Bull's going over big now!

Marshall subscribes to them all. Adding to the confusion was the gramophone (phonograph), between shots, gurgling Gracie Fields and Douglas Ferber records. Only I'll bet they called 'em "discs."

To add to the linguistic confusion of the scene, there were Merle Oberon, Claude King, John Halliday and other Britishers. Fredric March and Director Sidney Franklin were the only Yankees on the set and you can imagine their plight. Fortunately for the United States, March is altogether American, and remained so. He still speaks of suspenders, not "braces," and can look a motor bus in the face without addressing it as "omnibus."

Other Hollywoodites are not so fortunate. I met an actor the other day. We're always doing that in Hollywood. "Cheerio," he said, "and pip-pip. I'm jolly well on my way to the chemist's to pick up a pastille. Will you join me for a dish of tea, later?"

"Why, Manuel!" I gulped, "What's happened to your pretty guitar, your *serape,* your 'thees' and your Spanish accent?" I was astonished.

"Oh, that was last year, my pet!" he answered, with a gay laugh. "I'm Michael this year. And I've landed parts in three all-British films. Cheerio and toodle-oo! See you later." A cheerful Britisher indeed!

ACTRESS MARGARET LINDSAY is the classic example of the American-born girl who faked a British accent, landed a part in the all-English film *Cavalcade,* and lived to confess her duplicity. English-born Ida Lupino is the latest heroine of a linguistic legend. M-G-M called her to test for a part in *The Bishop Misbehaves* because they thought she had a nice creamy English accent. But she had lost it. Celtic Maureen O'Sullivan got the part.

It's a little hard to determine when the British flood developed from a tiny trickle into a mighty river. You know that old motto about the British and their colonizing instincts . . . where there's an Englishman, there is a tiny spot of Olde Englande. There's a pause for tea on the film sets these days, crumpets are sold in "shoppes" (the Elizabethan touch), waiters respectfully report that the Anglo-Saxons know their cognacs, Jeanette MacDonald owns two English sheep dogs, Nelson Eddy has one (Jeanette gave it to him).

Ronald Colman, all cosy, lives in a hillside home, the beautiful Diana Wynyard divides her time between London and Hollywood, Binnie Barnes (true to the colonizing spirit) has

[*Continued on page* 70]

FREE SCREEN May Bring *You*

By JACK SMALLEY

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE brings you a solution to the problem that confronts thousands of men and women. It is the answer to the eternal question:

"How can I get into the movies? What should I do?"

It is a solution so easy, so practical, that there is only one reason why no other motion picture publication has ever attempted it—*the procedure is expensive!* Now that final difficulty has been solved satisfactorily.

Here is the way you—if you have talent—can get into movies: *By a screen test!* That's an obvious answer. But can you afford to go to Hollywood, spend weeks or months knocking at studio doors, trying to get a screen test to prove your ability?

That's why so many young men and women, who have all that it takes to make a success in pictures, are doomed to lose a golden opportunity in their lives. That's why we have reached the one and only solution—*we are bringing a Hollywood Screen Test to you!*

And what's more, it won't cost you a cent!

RULES

1. Any man or woman, sixteen or over (minors must have consent of guardian), who is a resident of the United States, may enter this contest. It is not necessary to purchase any article to enter.
2. Contest opens September 1, 1935, and closes January 1, 1936.
3. Winners of the Search for Talent Contest will be judged by photographs and by motion picture screen tests made at your local Universal theatres at times to be announced in newspapers and in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
4. Judges of the contest will be executives of Universal Pictures. Their decisions will be final.
5. Judges may select as many contestants as they deem fit, contestants to be given all-expense free trips to Hollywood and return, for sound tests at the studio. *No less* than *six* contestants will be awarded trips to Hollywood with an opportunity to win movie contracts.
6. Each photograph must be attached to an entry blank or facsimile.
7. Contestants agree to abide by decisions of the judges, and any entrant must by his or her signature to an entry blank, agree to permit the publication of photographs in connection with advertising and publicity concerned with this Search for Talent Contest.
8. In case of a tie, duplicate awards will be made.
9. Employees of Universal Pictures Corporation, Hump Hair Pin Manufacturing Company, Motion Picture Publications, and Fawcett Publications, and their families, are not eligible to compete in this contest.

Sally Eilers wished Bob Pearson and H. E. Howard luck on tour. She appears in the all-star cast of Universal's *Remember Last Night*

ITINERARY

Watch your local newspapers! Watch your local screens, showing Universal pictures! The big Search for Talent truck is on its way to you! Here is the list of the cities at which the huge truck was scheduled to stop when it started its great cross country trip, early in September:

Kansas City, Des Moines, Minneapolis, Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, New York City, Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, Raleigh, Atlanta, Birmingham, New Orleans, and Dallas.

Starting on its journey from Los Angeles, the truck will return there. The schedule shown above is *tentative!* So watch your own newspapers and your own screens for further information! Don't miss this golden opportunity for film fame! Remember, *you, too, can be a movie star!*

Standing before the huge sound truck, now touring the country, are Mickey Whalen, cameraman, Bob Pearson, advance manager, I. R. Green, gen'l manager, Clark Williams, Jack Smalley, John King, and H. E. Howard, director of tour

TESTS Stardom!

You'll see Jean Rogers (at left, above) and Delphine Drew in *Tailspin Tommy in the Great Air Mystery,* Universal serial. They're newcomers in Hollywood!

Priscilla Lawson, new Universal player, is seen in *His Night Out*

RIGHT now, the huge scout car, pictured here, is on its way across the continent, on a Search for Talent that will take it all over the United States. It will stop in all the large cities, where a camera crew will make actual screen tests of all likely aspirants to movie fame. There's no limit to the number of tests to be made. There are no strings tied to this service.

Universal Pictures, oldest and largest of the great Hollywood studios, is sponsoring this intensive search of the country for new talent.

"We are looking for new screen faces!" exclaims Carl Laemmle, who well knows the value of new talent. In 1915, when he founded Universal, there were no more than a handful of stars; it was up to Mr. Laemmle to create them. The roster of great screen personalities turned out by Universal Pictures reads like a "Who's Who" of the industry.

Today the opportunities for new screen personalities are greater than ever before. New stars are in demand.

Yet it is not only dangerous, but absurd, to urge people to come to Hollywood in search of film fame, when no test of their ability has been applied, when no arrangements have been made by talent scouts to give them a test in a studio, when the field already is glutted with people who do not have screen talent yet cling to hopes of crashing movies. It's real talent that's wanted.

That, in brief, is why we are sending the huge Search for Talent truck out to comb the country for new faces The next question, of how this was to be accomplished, should be answered here. We have said such a plan is expensive. It would be impossible for this magazine to accomplish it single handed.

THAT is why we enlisted the help of the great manufacturing company which makes Hold Bob bob pins, and this company has thrown all its vast resources into the plan.

In more than a hundred thousand stores, everywhere that this universally popular bob pin is sold, you'll see displays broadcasting the good word that the Search for Talent is on its way to you, and giving full particulars on how to make up for your screen tests, together with many details which could not be covered in a magazine story because of limited space.

Only Hold Bobs could so thoroughly broadcast to the country, through this vast network, the news that will attract all men and women eager for a picture career, insuring Universal Pictures of a complete coverage of the country. Not one stone will be left unturned in seeking the hidden talent of America.

Next, your Universal theaters will do their share to spread the word that is going to mean a golden fortune and fame to many young men and women now obscure. Trailers will be shown in theaters describing the tour. We've just seen this trailer, personally produced by John LeRoy Johnston, head of Universal publicity and advertising. [*Continued on page* 64]

You too can be a movie star!

Fill this blank out and enter this national contest NOW!

Name ....

Address ....State ....

City ....

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Height ....Weight ....Coloring ....Age..........

Attach your photo and send to:

IRVING RICHARD GREEN, Managing Director

SEARCH FOR TALENT CONTEST

1918 PRAIRIE AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

LAWRENCE TIBBETT *Croons* in the

By HARRY

Tibbett is world famous. But he's a boy at heart. Everybody likes him. Read his real story here! He croons a song in his new film. It's a riot!

LARRY TIBBETT is much more than just a voice—Larry Tibbett is one regular fellow. He may be one of the world's greatest opera singers; he may be a movie star; he may be world famous—but Larry Tibbett is still just a country kid from Bakersfield, California, where he was born, and he's never "grow'd up."

And, over at 20th Century-Fox studios, where he's starring in *Metropolitan,* everybody likes him, because he's so regular. They all call him by his first name or by a nickname. Director Boleslavsky calls him "Lawrence," the grips call him "Tib," and Virginia Bruce calls him "Darling"!

But that's not scandal. That's just the way people talk to each other. And believe me, Larry Tibbett is so in love with Mrs. Larry Tibbett that Cleopatra, Madame Pompadour, H. Rider Haggard's "She" and all of the world's prettiest women could all call him sweetheart and still Larry'd insist on going home to his wife.

But I was going to tell you about his voice, wasn't I?

I was down at the Santa Monica lot of Twentieth Century-Fox while they were recording some of the numbers he sings in *Metropolitan.* When he started to sing the Toreador Song, they had to stop work on the *Barbary Coast* set, a quarter-mile away, because his voice carried right into their microphones!

KNOW how he got that voice?—"ridin' over the California ranges near Bakersfield, when I was a kid," he says, grinning, "and singin' to the cows." Then later, he used to drive along lonely stretches of road, letting his voice battle the rush of the wind.

Funny, when he was a kid, in high school, he tried to join the school glee club. He couldn't make it. His voice wasn't strong enough! That made him mad. "I'll show 'em," he said. The doctor had said he was getting t-b. "T-B, my eye!" grunted Larry, and went into a rigid system of physical training. To this day, he keeps it up. He's got a fully equipped gymnasium in his house, wherever he's living, and every day he spends an hour doing things on trapezes, parallel bars, swinging rings, and so on. And swim! You ought to *hear* him swim! Yes, I mean really. You know, he's living near Hollywood on what's called Alpine Road—one of those roads that chew up the high Hollywood hills—in the old Tito Schipa house. And every morning, at 6:30, Larry goes swimming in Tito's swimming pool. He owns two big dogs; they go swimming with him. Well, Larry's one of those guys that sings in the bath tub—and it makes no

[*Continued on page* 66]

and LILY PONS *Dances* new films

GANLEY

GRACE MOORE, look to your cinema laurels! For a tiny French-Italian girl, no bigger than a half-pint of mustard, but quite as hot, is out after them. And *how!*

She's fighting for them now—fighting with a fierce force that's literally burning her little body up. Fighting with so much energy and intensity that it scares her doctors and trainers. Fighting for your fame and position with such determination and utterness of purpose that when the actual lust of work isn't on her, she's flat on her back in bed, trying to gain back the strength and the pounds she's throwing recklessly into the battle! And her name is Lily Pons.

Yes, you know her, Grace. Lily Pons, who in the world of opera and concert and radio, is just as famous as yourself. But in the world of the motion picture, she's a stranger, where you're quite secure as one of the tops. But Grace, Lily's out after your spot in the hearts and admiration of the millions of cinema fans. And over at Radio Studios, where she's working her heart out in *Love Song,* her first movie, they're standing open-mouthed in amazement at the picture of determination that is Lily Pons.

TINY, she is. Merely five feet tall, and doesn't look it. Barely a hundred pounds. Not many years ago, doctors gave her up as a bad risk, she was such a spindling, weak thing. And now, Grace, she's out to topple you from the heights in one of the toughest, hardest, most strength-demanding professions in the world—that of opera-concert-radio-movie singing star! And what it's doing to Lily, herself, is a harrowing thing to see, for the moment. For, frankly, the fight is harder and tougher, even, than Lily bargained for when she signed with Radio to do her first film play.

And in the first week or ten days of production, it has torn pounds off that already tiny body of hers. It's sapped and sucked at her vitality and energy to such an extent that it has her flat on her back—literally, I mean. In bed! That's where she eats her dinner, every day—in bed, after ten to twelve hours work at the studio. That's where she spends all day Sunday—in bed, after a week's work at the studio. That's where she thinks maybe she'll spend a whole week—in bed, when she gets done making *Love Song.*

But gruelling as the ordeal is, Lily Pons is no quitter. She is loving the fight. And when you see her huge eyes, aflame with an indescribable fire, [*Continued on page* 80]

Distinguished radio and opera star though she is, Lily Pons is new to the screen. But she won't be long! You'll love her and her "hot dance" in *Love Song*

BARBARA STANWYCK —The Star They All Want!

The studios won't let Barbara Stanwyck quit. Why? You will find the amazing answer here!

By WILLIAM F. FRENCH

THERE'S a star in films whom they simply won't let quit—no matter how hard she tries. Only one, in all Hollywood, and that happens to be the girl who said no player is more important to pictures than a drop of water is to the sea. The one who claimed any star could be replaced on a day's notice, and admitted she had a hunch she might wind up scrubbing floors for a living. And the one who, in spite of her notion of her own inconsequence, three times turned her back on pictures and went into isolation in her own home.

Also, the one whom the most important studios have called back each time, to fill parts to which they felt no other star could do justice.

After a year of retirement she has been called back again—this time by three different studios. By RKO, who needed her for the amazing title rôle in *Annie Oakley*, by Paramount, who needed her to star in a yet untitled picture, and by Reliance, who had to have her for *Red Salute*, their recent picture.

OF COURSE, it is Barbara Stanwyck these studios are waiting their turns to use. Barbara Stanwyck, the one star they won't let quit!

Stanwyck, whose periodical retirements and subsequent call back to arms, would begin to "smell of publicity" except for the fact that no studio is concerned with publicizing her, and that—every time she isolates herself—she does so with the full knowledge that she may never again face a movie camera.

Yet she does retire—and the studios do bring her back, every time. Why? Why does she go out of circulation and why do they put her back in again? Surely, with a whole world of stars waiting for parts, it's a perilous game for a player, and a peculiar attitude for the studios.

The answer is—Barbara Stanwyck. Or rather, two Barbara Stanwycks: one the individual and the other the star. Barbara Stanwyck No. 1, the woman, is probably the most exceptional personality in pictures, and also probably the hardest to handle. Barbara Stanwyck No. 2, the star, is equally exceptional, but in an entirely different way. Barbara No. 1 is a thorn in the producers' sides, while Barbara No. 2 is the joy of their hearts.

AND, just in case they don't know it, it is for exactly the same reason that they want both Barbaras—depth of feeling: emotion, sensitiveness, fire, sincerity, loyalty, bitterness, generosity and *unlimited courage!*

Courage to risk everything she has in the world by walking away from the camera, and courage to carry on through the grind of picture making while suffering excruciating pain from a spine injury, and to stay in front of a camera in a plaster cast when the doctors ordered her to remain in bed.

Sensitiveness, bitter memories and loyalty have made her hard to handle—and pure ability and courage have made her the unchallenged emotional top star of the screen.

Resentment against the powers [*Continued on page* 78]

From Chills to *Thrills* with Shakespeare

HUGH HERBERT

The thought of playing Shakespeare had Hugh Herbert and Joe E. Brown down. But they consider him a great guy now

By Virginia T. Lane

JOE E. BROWN

IT WAS New Year's Eve. And instead of horns and whistles and gaiety, there were sighs and groans and despair. You'd have thought it was the convention of the Alaskan whale-mourners rather than a group of Hollywood's greatest laugh-getters.

They were in the dressing room of Joe E. Brown, out at the Warner Brothers studio, and Joe, himself, was in a funk, inches thick. For once, that mouth of his had droopy edges. "*Shakespeare!* Well boys, I may as well admit it's got me down. I'm scared—a little."

"A little!" protested Hugh Herbert with sagging chin. "Say, I'm so scared I could do for the rattling bones effect in any sound production. None of us has ever played Shakespeare. It's a goofy idea. Why, they wanted me to play *Peter Quince* at first but when I saw all those lines—all those 'thees and thous'—I had to send for a hot-water bottle. So now I'm down to play *Snout, the Tinker.* If you ask me, it sounds like a Jimmy Durante part."

James Cagney grunted. "Oh yes, the idea of putting *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in pictures is okay. In fact, I'm hepped up about it, because it's probably the best comedy stuff ever written. But Reinhardt."

They all nodded. *Max Reinhardt.* They hadn't met him but the name stood for everything high-brow in the theatre. That, combined with Shakespeare—Joe groaned. "If he thinks we're going to click heels and 'Ya, Herr Professor' him he's got another guess coming!"

The telephone rang. Would they come down to have a conference with Dr. Reinhardt immediately? Single file, they stalked out in grim determination. One hour later. Bells were ringing. There was uproarious laughter in the "conference" room. Mr. James Cagney was clicking his heels together smartly for the quiet, gentle little German while Mr. Joe E. Brown shouted, "Ya, Herr Professor, dat's a goot idea!" [*Continued on page* 56]

Concluding—

The Mystery of Glenda Farrell's Missing Necklace

By Ruth Biery

SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS ONE, TWO AND THREE:—Glenda Farrell's necklace disappears when lights go out at party she is giving. Joan Blondell turns on lights. Bradley Page discovers chain to pendant hanging from window sill. It has been cut by sharp instrument. Detective Bill Ryan takes over investigation at request of his friend, Pat O'Brien, who has brought Ryan to party. Only Frances Dee, Joel McCrea and O'Brien know Ryan is hunting dangerous Russian spy who looks like Bill Powell. All know Bradley Page is always being mistaken for Bill Powell.

Ryan says motive is always most important part of investigation. Circumstantial evidence points to Joan Blondell, Ann Dvorak, Bradley Page, and Pat O'Brien. The motives? Joan Blondell has admitted she wished Glenda would lose the charm as it is getting too strong a hold upon her. Ann Dvorak and Bradley Page have admitted to strong desire to secure proven good-luck piece at once. Pat O'Brien has been seeming to help Joan Blondell. He is the kind who would get himself into serious trouble for any good friend—even to helping that friend in causing a necklace to disappear. Detective Ryan leaves room to ponder situation alone. Joan Blondell immediately tells other guests she believes detective himself guilty. He knows stones. Glenda's must be more valuable than she realizes.

Bradley Page insists he is leaving party while detective is gone! Joel McCrea blocks his way. They wrangle. Detective Ryan makes surprise entrance with finger print equipment. Glenda Farrell refuses to have guests fingerprinted. Ralph Bellamy insists. Finally, suspects are fingerprinted. Who is guilty? Ryan is just comparing the fingerprints to those on the electric light switches:

This fourth chapter is the dénouement. The many answers which poured into Motion Picture Magazine have been read. See if yours came close to this, the real solution:

PRIZE WINNERS!

After checking carefully the many solutions which poured in upon MOTION PICTURE'S Necklace Game Editor, the letters written by the following were picked as the lucky winners. Here they are:

FIRST PRIZE • Miss Helen Tanner, 415 Kenton Street, Louisville, Ky., wins the exact copy of Glenda Farrell's good luck necklace!

SECOND PRIZE • Miss Ruby De Vries, 1134 Alpine Avenue, N. W., Grand Rapids, Mich., is awarded the modernistic cigaret lighter, engraved to her, and donated by Ralph Bellamy!

THIRD PRIZE • Mrs. R. E. Maher, R. R. No. 1, Scottsdale, Ariz., is presented with a pair of modernistic bookends, made of crystal, and given by Bradley Page!

FOURTH PRIZE • Gwendolyn Kleinpell, 841 West Gage Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal., is declared winner of the friendship bracelet, with gold-leaf book between charms, engraved to her, and presented by Joan Blondell!

FIFTH PRIZE • Doris Gordon Frazer, Wainwright Hall, Kew Gardens, N. Y., wins the gold-filled woman's cigaret case, engraved to her, and given by Pat O'Brien!

SIXTH PRIZE • Anna B. Daily, 615 East Kilbourn Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis., is awarded the lady's gold inlaid scarf pin, donated by Mary Brian!

SEVENTH PRIZE • Dorothy Hemingway, 1516 Shadford Road, Ann Arbor, Mich., receives the watch chain and key ring, with the fob engraved to her, and presented by John Mack Brown!

Now read the **real solution** *of "The Mystery of Glenda Farrell's Missing Necklace" as presented here in the fourth and final chapter of this fascinating story! See how close you came to solving the mystery!*

CHAPTER IV

(Conclusion)

"WELL, I was right!" Detective Ryan exclaimed, leaving his little photographs and joining the circle of guests in Glenda Farrell's drawing room, anxiously waiting to discover who had taken her pendant. "Stand up and confess, Pat, old pal."

Pat O'Brien rose and bowed mockingly. "Yes, I am the guilty man, boys and girls," but he looked so innocent no one cried out in horror but looked questioningly from the detective to Pat and back again. "And Joan was a real sport not to give me away on that cigar clip. In fact, she threw suspicion on herself. She must have felt I had some good reason—"

"None better!" Federal detective Ryan took up the story. "I am glad you are not going to hang Pat for doing a duty to his country before I can explain. You must punish me, if anyone. Pat told the truth when he said I am a Federal man. As the McCreas know, I am in Hollywood searching for one of the most dangerous traitors in this country. An American citizen who is a dangerous spy for a foreign country. We were informed he is acting in Hollywood and looks exactly like Bill Powell."

EVERYONE turned toward Bradley Page, some with loud exclamations. Bradley laughed. "Well, evidently my fingerprints didn't show up as the ones you wanted, Ryan?"

"No, they didn't. In a way, I'm sorry about that, too. I'm human and now I have to start all over again. But how did you guess I was after you?"

"Heavens, man, I was sure. My apartment's been gone over again and again. I've been trailed even on the sets.

When this picture was snapped, one of the most exciting parties in Hollywood had reached a happy ending. Seen, from left to right, are John Mack Brown, Bradley Page, Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Mary Brian, Pat O'Brien and Ralph Bellamy. Bill Ryan, the Federal detective, Joel McCrea and Frances Dee had just left when the camera caught this congenial group

The only thing I can't understand is—you must have found fingerprints in my apartment."

"Plenty. But the man we're trailing is clever enough to let us find hundreds, even in his own apartment, and not leave one of his own. We had to get yours directly. Had to see you leave them yourself. And strangely enough, we were unable to do that. I was sent out here to take over the case. I took Pat into my confidence and asked him to arrange that. He didn't take me into *his* confidence, just told me to bring my equipment tonight. I wasn't even sure Pat *had* taken Miss Farrell's necklace until Page found the chain on the window. That chain said, 'This is not too serious!' If you had not been so excited and worried about being friends, and had the necklace not been Miss Farrell's pet superstition—(and you're right, Miss Farrell, certain possessions do seem to bring luck. We become pretty certain of that in my profession)—you would have read the answer to that chain on the window. I knew at once Pat was telling me to get Bradley Page's fingerprints. I tried to carry the thing through in the spirit in which Pat had meant it. He wanted me to prove I was a good detective and give his friends a thrill. I did my best."

"I FEEL pretty dumb," Ralph Bellamy laughed. "I've been playing detective rôles all my life, and here I missed the most obvious clue I've heard of. But tell me, Ryan, do you think you would have solved this if you hadn't known when Pat left his calling card for you?"

"I would be a pretty poor Federal man if I didn't think I could." The detective laughed. "There were several pretty obvious clues, you know."

"What were they? Tell us about them?" The guests leaned eagerly forward.

"I'll be glad to. You'll be turning this into a new Hollywood game and playing it for fun at some of your parties! I understand unusual games are at a premium.

"The biggest clue I've already mentioned. That chain told the necklace had been taken, because it was cut.

"Second—Miss Blondell's testimony about feeling Pat had dropped the cigar clipper. This was not proof, but circumstantial evidence. Detectives have to work from circumstantial evidence and provide proof!

"Third—everyone seemed to take it for granted that Pat was protecting Joan Blondell, because she happened to be handling the clipper in the earlier part of the evening. But it was just as likely that Miss Blondell took it to help Pat. In fact, more likely, since no one could miss recognizing the clipper as his.

"AND now, we come to the matter of motive. As I told you once before this evening, when hunting for the secret of any mystery, we look for motive first.

"You all know each other better than I do, of course. But Miss Blondell does not look to me like the kind of meddlesome girl who would take a necklace from a friend, even though she did honestly feel it would be better for the friend to lose it. She is frank—the type who would say, 'Glenda, you've got to rid yourself of that darned thing. Give it to me,' and take it from her openly.

"As for Miss Brian or Mr. Page, who might take it because they might *want* it—if this were not a motion picture group, I would say that were entirely possible. But not one of you would risk any embarrassment to your hostess or the possibility of unpleasant publicity for *anything!* Of course, it was *possible*. Anything is *possible* in human nature. And you are unusually superstitious. I would have looked for another motive to see if I didn't *feel* it were better.

"When it came to Pat." He smiled at his friend in a way that made everyone in the room smile with him. "Looking at it from your viewpoint, he had with him a Federal detective. You did not all know this at once but you did as soon as the necklace was taken. The very fact that Pat brought a detective to a party where something disappeared should have made you suspicious. Then, when I questioned Bradley Page so closely; when I asked him if he had been to Russia; when I asked about his resemblance to Bill Powell and [*Continued on page* 58]

Life is Adventure for GLADYS SWARTHOUT

"Every step of the way has been adventure!" says Gladys Swarthout. You too can find romance as she does. Begin her story here!

BY DOROTHY CALHOUN

THE favorite haunts of the movie stars echo nightly now to soprano and baritone laughter, and coloratura calls from table to table where the lads and lassies from the concert and opera stage dine in close harmony. The "Met" has come to the movies!

Tourists beg autographs from Nelson Eddy and Martini, Lily Pons and Gladys Swarthout. The singing stars whose voices pour out into the California night from hilltop hacienda and canyon château are heard each evening. High C's fill the air!

Look at the slim, darkly lovely Gladys Swarthout, for example. Through the window of her dressing room as I came for an interview, great gusts of song issued from the recording building just opposite, so that she was often drowned out by her own golden voice!

Her features are cameo clear under the towering comb which she wears for her *Rose of the Rancho* rôle. She is —you think—as romantic and otherworld as Melisande or dusky Rosalind. But if you are wise, you do not say it as we did in our innocence. For, then, those dark eyes blaze and the eighty yards of antique silver lace in her betrothal dress send out sparks!

"WHY—*why* must romance mean somewhere else and long ago?" she demands. "Why can't it be here and now? I am tired of hearing people speak as if color and beauty and adventure had disappeared from life because we ride in automobiles instead of sedan chairs, or because we live in America and know Americans instead of associating with [*Continued on page* 60]

By Evaline Lieber

Cast in a heroic rôle in the new G-B film, *Transatlantic Tunnel*, Richard Dix (above) personifies grim determination. At left, you see him at home

RICHARD DIX Links Hollywood and London

I WAS a bit frightened. The first day in a foreign country always seems appalling. Even though it be England. The traffic running down the wrong side of the streets; the cars going at terrific rates of speed since there are few speed laws; English bobbies (policemen) looking so stern in their huge heights and speaking a kind of English no American can understand at first hearing. It's English but not *American!*

And this studio, called Gaumont-British, built like an American skyscraper! In Hollywood we wander from stage to stage over vast acres; in London we rise from stage to stage in an elevator.

I stepped from the elevator to a set. Strange noises. Prop boys and assistant directors and electricians, calling to each other in that language that I knew I should understand but couldn't—*not on the first day!* Even the great lights and black cameras looked foreign. And then—a man strode from that set. He was goggled and muffled in an aviator's costume so I had not recognized him. But now I did. I would know him anywhere!

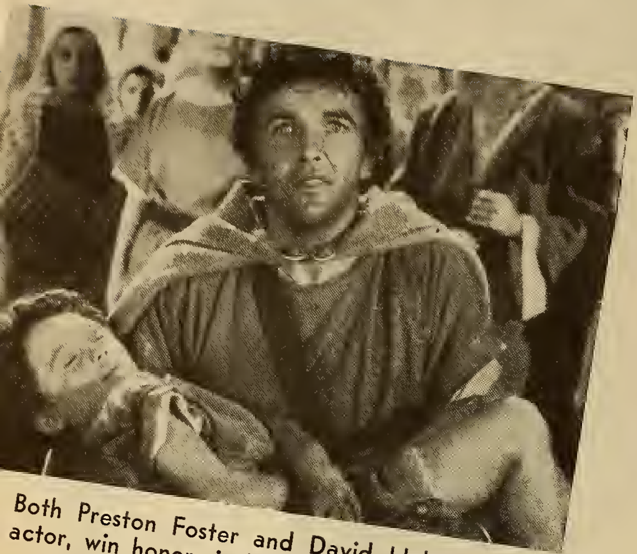
"I'm certainly glad to see you!" I said. My hands were in his. His eyes were twinkling. And, suddenly, I was no longer lonely but happy. Richard Dix stood there, big and friendly, just as he had been ten years ago when I first met him. Time hasn't touched him.

SEEING Richard like that, did something to me. It carried Hollywood in one second across three thousand miles of land and three thousand miles of water. Not the Hollywood of glamour and thrills and marriages and divorces. Not the Hollywood that makes us gasp and wonder and gossip. But the Hollywood which began in a little barn on Vine Street with one camera, one light, an actor or two and a man learning to be a director. A Hollywood which has gone forward—steadily, unswervingly, unhaltingly forward. And

[*Continued on page 62*]

The Picture

Tops among this month's Joan Crawford, Wallace Oberon, Miriam Hopkins,



Both Preston Foster and David Holt, the child actor, win honors in *The Last Days of Pompeii*

Joan Crawford is comedienne in *I Live My Life*. Brian Aherne, as a scientist, plays opposite her

Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper talk things over. They're in new film, *O'Shaughnessy's Boy*

The Last Days of Pompeii—AAAA—Imperial Rome in all of its pomp, splendor and cruelty has been re-created with amazing fidelity in this truly remarkable picture. It is spectacular—yet its producers have made spectacle secondary to plot. The slave mart in ancient Pompeii . . . the circus and its bloody games . . . the imperial palaces of the nobles . . . the eruption of Vesuvius and the destruction of the city; all of these provide breath-taking background, yet interest centers in the human story itself. Above all, it is the story of a man.

Preston Foster is magnificent as the gladiator who wins fame in the arena and sells his soul in the pursuit of gold. This one picture should make him an important star. David Holt, as the boy whom he adopts, gives one of the finest child performances ever seen on the screen. John Wood, Basil Rathbone, Louis Calhern, Alan Hale, Gloria Shea, and Dorothy Wilson, high-light the supporting cast.

The scenes showing the destruction of Pompeii are terrifyingly real. Put this picture down first on this month's list of "must see" films! It is great spectacle entertainment. (RKO)

I Live My Life—AAA½—Proving herself as fine a comedienne as she is a tragedienne, Joan Crawford will win a host of new fans in this delightful comedy-drama.

She plays the part of an ultra-rich and ultra-spoiled young lady who falls in love with a poor archaeologist. He proves to be just as proud as she is determined—and, from that moment on, the fun is fast, hilarious, and irresistible. So is Joan, who should have been cast in just such rôles long, long ago. She handles her part to perfection and extracts the last little chuckle from every scene and every line of dialogue. And the dialogue, by the way, ranks with the screen's best.

Brian Aherne, as her stubborn archaeologist, is excellent—so excellent that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are already bidding in his services for the future. Frank Morgan, Aline MacMahon, Eric Blore (that insane butler's in again), Fred Keating, Arthur Treacher, Frank Conroy, and Etienne Girardot are outstanding in the supporting cast. If you're a Joan Crawford fan, don't miss this picture—if you're not, see it, and you will be a Crawford fan. It's grand entertainment. It's one of Crawford's best films. (M-G-M)

O'Shaughnessy's Boy—AAA—The circus is in town! Or rather, it will be when this new sawdust drama, co-starring Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper, arrives in your theatre. Many circus pictures have been filmed, but this is the first one which has captured the Big Top atmosphere to perfection.

The story—powerful and well-told—hinges on the love of Windy O'Shaughnessy, a famous animal trainer, for the son who was taken from him in babyhood by his wife and sister-in-law. The boy, taught to hate his father, is finally found years later, and in the battle to recapture his love, O'Shaughnessy also recaptures his courage and his career. It is a touching sequence.

Wallace Beery, as Windy, has a rôle which is ideal for him and he makes the most of it, rising to dramatic heights in his scenes in the arena and with his son. Jackie Cooper, in the title rôle, is excellent. Sarah Haden, cast as the aunt, is outstanding in a well-balanced supporting cast. All the players are able.

List this one as preferred entertainment—but leave the younger children at home. (M-G-M)

(Other current and recent

Parade

By Eric L. Ergenbright

stars are: Preston Foster, Beery, Fredric March, Merle and the Powell-Keeler team

The Dark Angel—AAAA—The screen at its best! Filmed originally with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in the leading rôles, *The Dark Angel* now returns to the screen as one of the finest offerings of 1935—a heart-drama of tremendous power, deftly and understandingly directed and portrayed with feeling and finesse by a remarkably fine cast.

The plot, too well-remembered to tell in detail, hinges upon the attempted self-sacrifice of a young British officer, blinded in action, who tries to lose his identity rather than face the pity of the girl he loves.

Merle Oberon is established by this one picture as a star of the first magnitude. Her emotional scenes are unusually convincing. Fredric March, as her blinded lover, gives one of his best performances. Herbert Marshall, co-starred as his cousin and rival, is near-perfect in an extremely difficult rôle. Merle is great!

Thanks to the craftsmanship of author, scenarists, director and cast, this picture ranks as a screen classic. (United Artists)

New emotional high is achieved by Merle Oberon in *The Dark Angel*. Fredric March is co-star

Barbary Coast—AAA+—Depending upon excellent acting, excellent direction, and dramatic power rather than upon novelty of plot, this melodramatic offering is sure to please every adult audience. It has life, vigor.

It is enacted against the colorful background of San Francisco in the early days of the great gold rush, and tells the story of *Swan,* a gold-greedy Eastern girl of breeding, who is consumed by a lust for wealth. She comes to San Francisco to marry a millionaire miner, and, finding him dead, deliberately wins the attention of his murderer, a crooked gambling hall proprietor who is king of the Barbary Coast. Regeneration comes to her with the condemnation and love of a young prospector whom she ruins when he plays her crooked roulette wheel. Finally, escape is provided when the Vigilantes hang Shumale, owner of the Bella Donna.

Miriam Hopkins as *Swan,* gives by far her best performance to date. Edward G. Robinson, as the vice-lord of the Coast, is magnificent. And Joel McCrea, in the rôle of the young proprietor, is amazingly capable. Outstanding bits are contributed by Donald Meek, Brian Donlevy, Frank Craven, and Walter Brennan. (United Artists)

"Her best performance to date," is what the critics say about Miriam Hopkins in *Barbary Coas*

Shipmates Forever—AAA—Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler visit Annapolis—and the net result is some very elegant entertainment. Especially if you like Dick and Ruby.

Dick plays the crooner son of a tradition-bound sea-dog who retires from active service to become head of the Naval Academy. Goaded by his father's scorn, he takes the Annapolis examination and enrolls, intending to refuse his commission upon graduation. Despised as a snob, he heroically saves the life of his roommate, and suddenly acquires an appreciation of the Academy's traditions. There is nothing novel in the plot, but it does offer a host of good laughs and a few tense, dramatic situations. More important, by far, it provides Dick and Ruby with ideal opportunities to sing and dance. And *how* they handle those opportunities!

Acting honors must be awarded to Lewis Stone, who plays the gruff admiral, and to John Arledge, cast as Dick's roommate. Ross Alexander is also outstanding.

All in all, this is the least assuming, but undoubtedly the most thoroughly enjoyable, of the Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler pictures since *Forty-Second Street.* (Warner Brothers)

There's much singing and dancing in *Shipmates Forever*, starring Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler

films are reviewed on page 6)

When Fans Meet Stars!

What a grand, exciting party it was, when Motion Picture's movieland tourists frolicked with stars at Universal and at Raquel Torres' home. Above, they're at Raquel's pool!

By Jack Smalley

THAT party at the Beverly Hills home of Raquel Torres (Mrs. Stephen Ames) for our two hundred Movieland Tour guests and stars will have to go down in history as the grandest affair ever enjoyed by a group of movie fans. It was the high spot of the season.

Everyone who wasn't on studio call that day turned up for the party, for a taste of Steve Ames' "blue lady" punch, and to meet our tourists. Never such a funfest of gathering autographs, chatting with stars, and general merrymaking!

Raquel was, as usual, the charming hostess that has made the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ames the rendezvous of Hollywood society. From the moment of arrival, with stars waiting to greet the party, to the climax when Steve Ames and Vince Barnett, world-famous ribber, chucked each other into the pool, it was one thrill after another.

But first, we should tell how it all came about. Waiting at the depot for our special train to pull out on August 4th from Chicago were our eager travelers. Reaching the Twin Cities, they stopped off at Breezy Point Lodge, near Pequot as guests of Capt. W. H. Fawcett, at the publisher's million-dollar resort. Then on across the country to Seattle, down to San Francisco, and at last to Hollywood. Here our Western office had everything arranged; they climbed into cars for their first view of a studio.

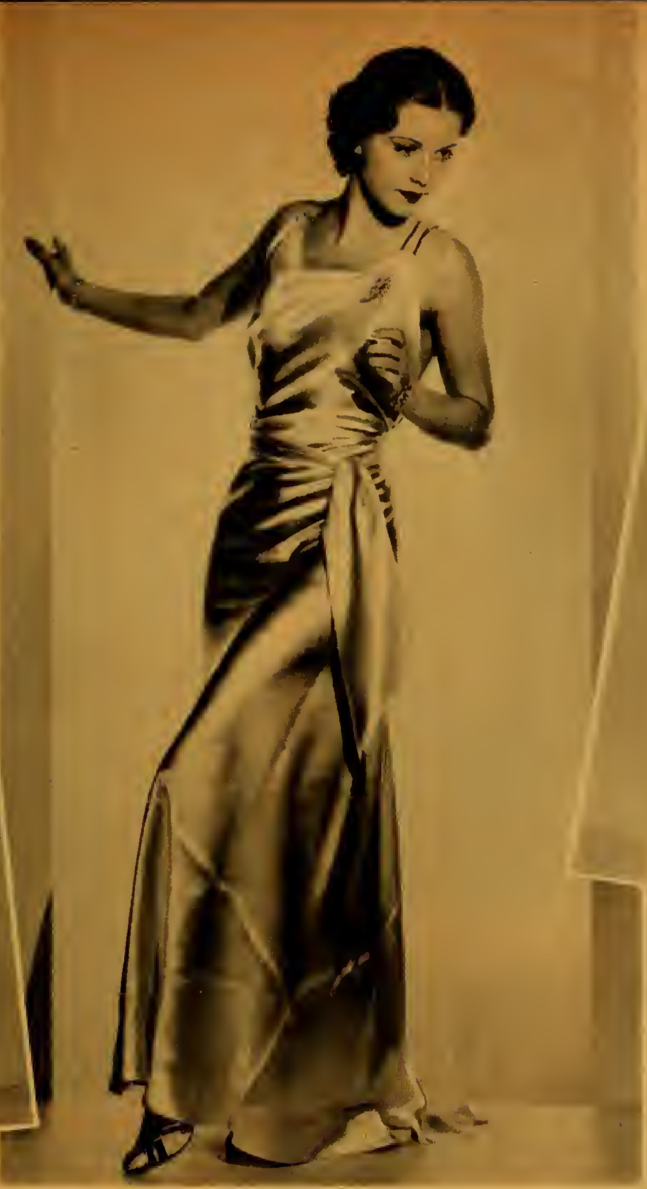
For the first time since John Stahl started shooting *Magnificent Obsession,* starring Irene Dunne, he permitted visitors on his set and everyone was introduced to the cast—Bob Taylor, Cora Sue Collins, and many others. Bert Lytell greeted them on behalf of Universal.

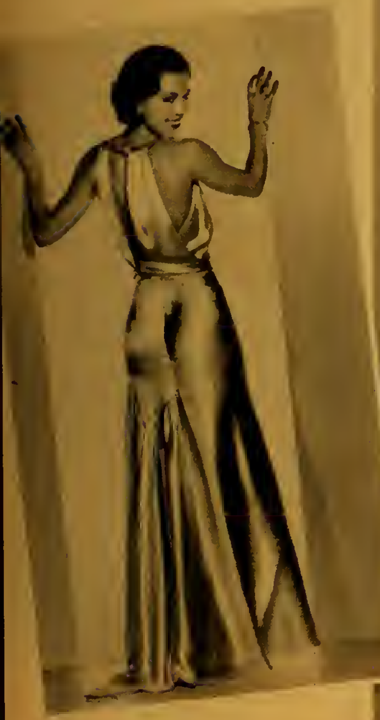
Then to the *Three Kids and a Queen* set, where the cast came out to be introduced and sign autographs—Henry Armetta,

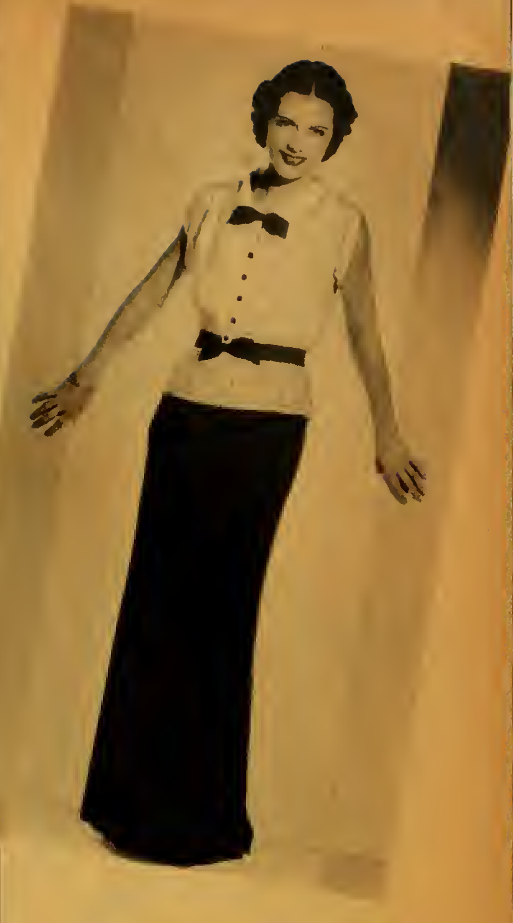
[*Continued on page* 65]

Ivan Lebedeff, at Raquel's right, and Binnie Barnes, at her left, joined in entertaining movieland tourists. Seen here, Ivan and Raquel are signing photos

It has grace, rhythm—this white satin gown, worn by Eleanor Powell. Note the split back, gathered at neckline, as pose below displays







Cream-colored lace is used to create the lace jacket, shown above. And Eleanor Powell wears it beautifully over wool crêpe

New Styles Have *Rhythm*

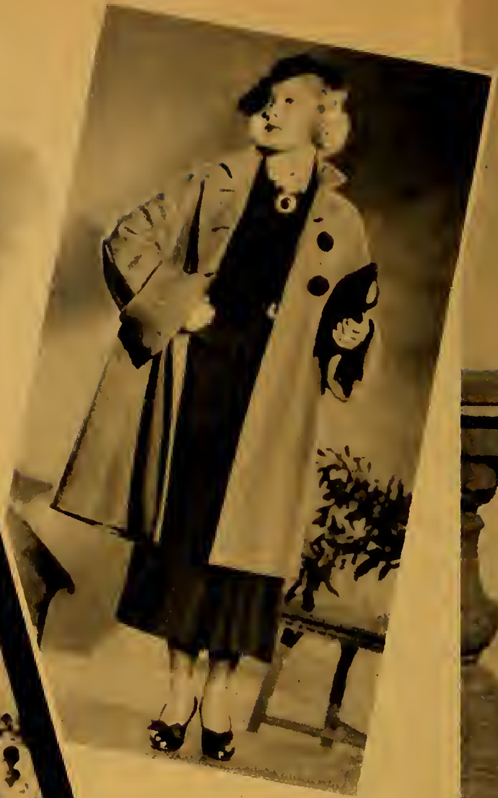
says DOROTHY MANNERS

THEY'VE got rhythm, they step rhythm, and now they're *dressing* rhythm, these sensational new dancing stars of the screen, like Eleanor Powell, June Knight, Ginger Rogers and the beautiful Yolanda; and we're willing to wager that their astounding overnight popularity will do more toward influencing the coming fashion trend from Hollywood than any other development. The first thing you know, we'll all have rhythm in our clothes even though we have to leave the matchless stepping to Eleanor Powell!

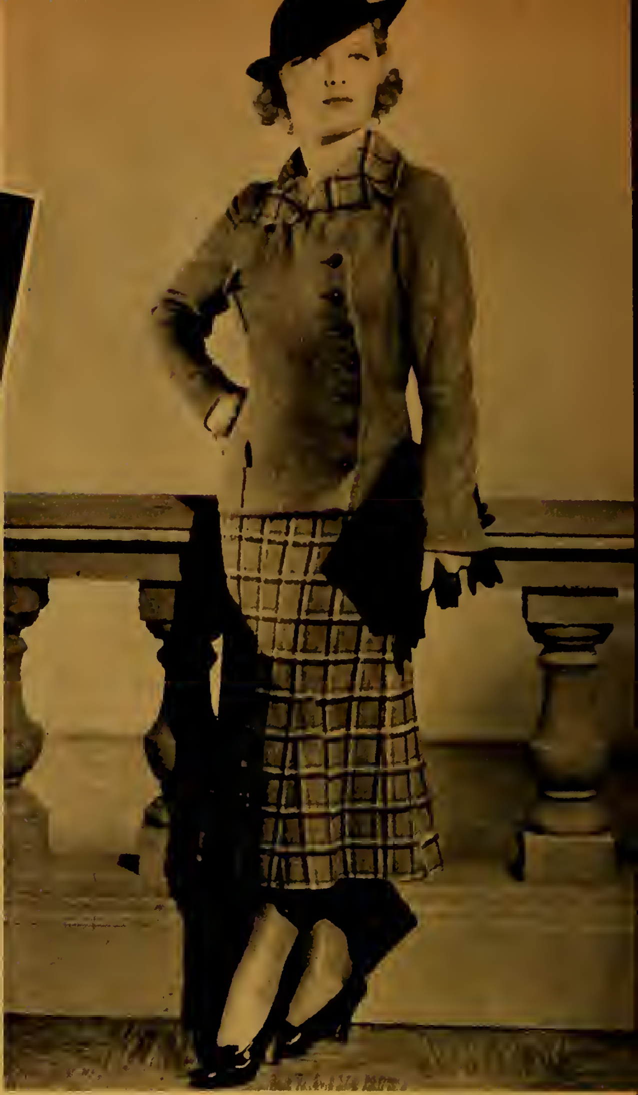
The afternoon they previewed M-G-M's *Broadway Melody of 1936* at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, a very famous costumer and gown creator from a rival studio, sat behind me. The peerless Powell had no more than completed her first sensational dance number than this gentleman remarked for one and all to hear . . . "just watch Hollywood clothes go into their dance from now on!"

THE dancer who is in the van of the fashion parade for the first time since the palmy days of Irene Castle, brings three prime requisites to the fashion world. First, grace in costuming; second, the picturesque; and last, but by no means least, ease and freedom of movement! Skirts will be wider at the hem. Drapes will flow poetically. Shoulder treatments will tend toward the complete décolletté or the graceful scarf effect. Flowers will be worn in unexpected places, in the hair, at

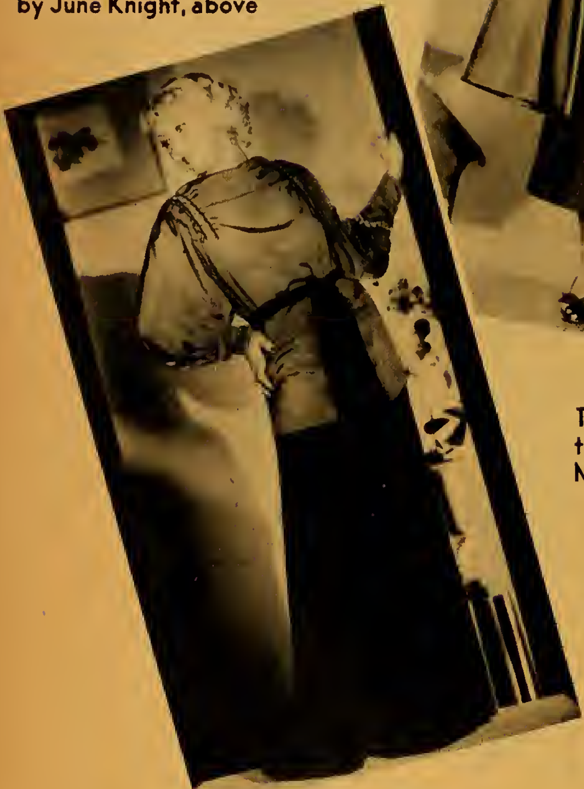
Brown felt is chosen by June Knight, above



Three-quarter length tweed coat (above) is Mary Carlisle's style



Mary Carlisle picks a smart sports ensemble. The plaid skirt combines black, blue and red



June Knight (left) selects brown trousers to suit green blouse

the waist, in garlands about the neck, on the skirt and will even take the decorative place of costume jewelry. Coiffures will be affected, becoming more sleek and shorter. And shoes will be fashion poems in color and design, stepping out in front of all other accessories!

Misses Powell, Knight, Rogers *et al,* the fashion world salutes you and the lovely modes you bring into the picture. And now let us turn to M-G-M, home studio of Eleanor Powell, and see how they have already adapted the inevitable trend to their newest models.

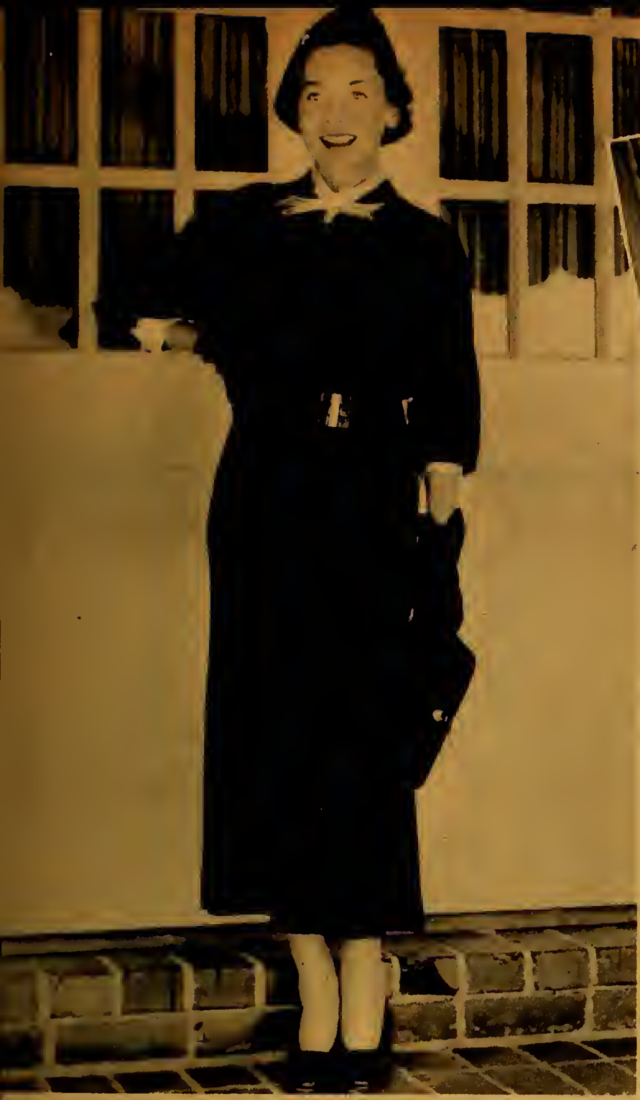
CLOTHES most certainly go into their dance when they are worn by Eleanor Powell. (No wonder Louis B. Mayer said he wouldn't take a million dollars for her contract . . . she's that good!) Consider the white satin formal she wears that is pictured for you here, a masterpiece indicating what Eleanor is going to do to your wardrobe, and mine, right away. We're giving you two views of this frock because it's that important.

The gown, fashioned out of cream white satin, has simple elegance. There is a world of fullness in the skirts (as witness the set-in gathers in the back). Yet from the front the gown gives the effect of clinging slimness. The sash of the same material ties gracefully on Eleanor's hip, and the simple rhinestone bands at the neck hold the draped bodice firmly. It is melody in white satin, this lovely, wearable dancing frock . . . and the slender Eleanor makes it live with rhythm!

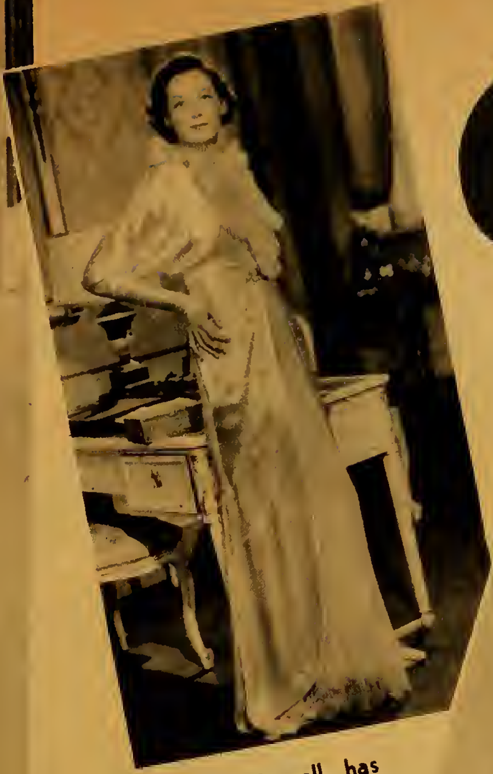
Less sensational, but equally charming, is the lace jacket over wool-crêpe dinner frock which Eleanor has chosen for her private wardrobe. Here again, the dancer's simplicity is emphasized in the grosgrain-bow-and-belted white-lace jacket, the short sleeves, the loosened neck and the deceiving fullness in the skirt. This frock goes well to cocktail teas, or restaurant dining and it dances divinely!

Dancing June Knight delves into the more picturesque theme in her Russian pajamas for the hostess' winter afternoon. The exceptionally full trousers are of brown crêpe and the same material belts the vivid green blouse. The sleeves are gracefully full and smocked at the wrist and shoulders. The decorative stitching in the smocking is gold.

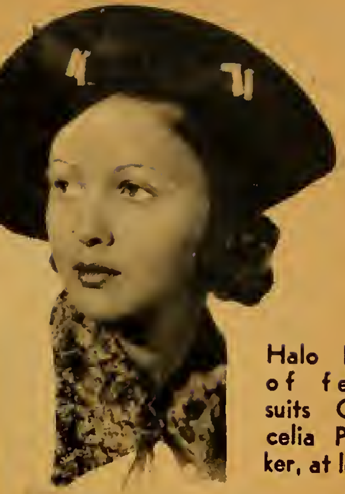
ELIZABETH ALLAN isn't a dancer, but she wears this magnificent chinchilla cape pictured here, with picturesque elegance. The upturned collar of this graceful garment frames the face of the wearer with a dashing flare which is almost theatrical. Combined with the gray crêpe formal dress that Miss Allan



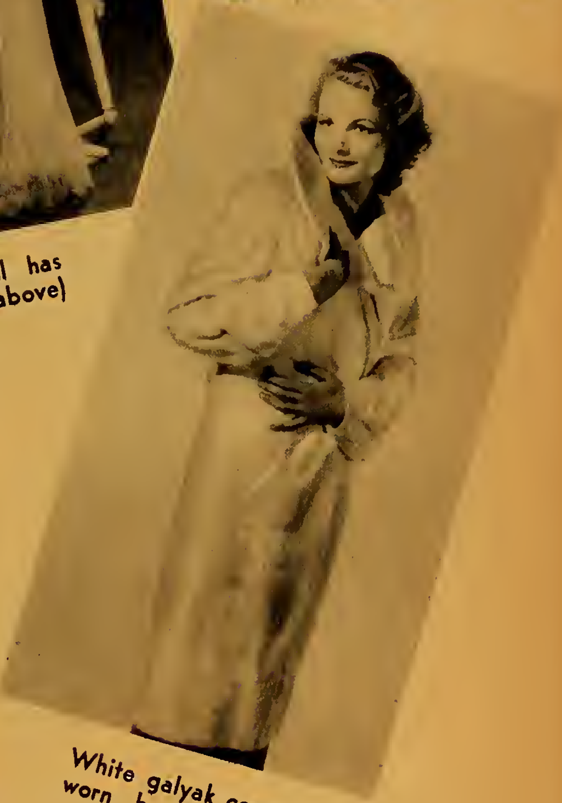
It's simplicity itself, the wool-crêpe dress, worn by Maureen O'Sullivan, but it's charming



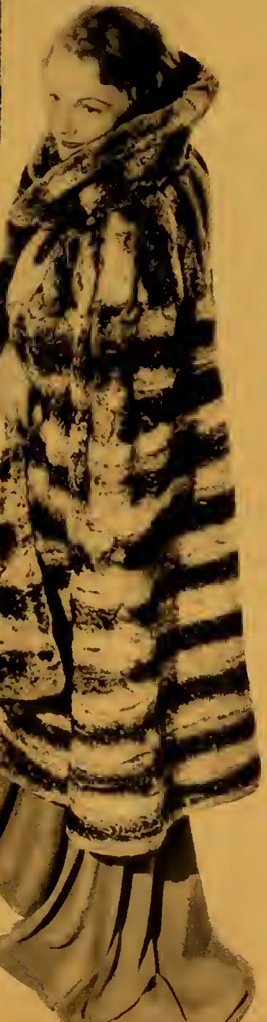
Rosalind Russell has pink négligée (above)



Halo hat of felt suits Cecelia Parker, at left



White galyak coat (above) worn by Elizabeth Allan



Cape of chinchilla is Elizabeth Allan's choice, at left

wears, this ensemble has rhythm, indeed!

Even negligées go glamorously graceful, as witness the satin and pleated-lace creation so charmingly modeled by Rosalind Russell. An unusual feature is the accordion pleated lace jabot that matches the lace inset in the skirt. The sleeves are wide above and fitted tightly below the elbows. The jeweled clasp at the waistline is the only fastening.

Bringing the dancer's graceful flowing line into sports and street wear is a more difficult feat than adapting it to the more formal modes. But that it can be done is tellingly evidenced in the several charming modes worn by other M-G-M players.

Little Mary Carlisle wears two spectators' sports suits that emphasize many features of the popular mode. First, there is the noticeably shorter skirt, featuring all sports ensembles. Secondly, pleated shoulder fullness takes the place of last season's popular "action backs" for comfort; and colors will be combined with as much contrast as possible.

Gray, combined with plaid, creates Mary's little school-girl fall suit. The plaid skirt combines shades of red, black and navy blue. Buttons are red and accessories, black. And the softly turned collar repeats the skirt motif on the separate jacket. An equally smart sports combination is the reverse of this . . . the solid color skirt with the plaid jacket . . . and this is, perhaps, even a little newer!

For the first big football game of the season, Mary has chosen an ensemble featuring the new flowing tweed coat with its three-quarter length flare. The two large button fastenings are brown and match the wool dress Mary wears under it.

[*Continued on page* 76]

The TALK of

Who's who in Hollywood and who is doing what? Here is your chance to know all of the very latest inside answers!

MAE WEST seldom refuses the plea of an autograph hunter, for her signature. But Mae, smart girl, fully realizes the danger of that signature being copied on a check. That's why Mae signs with her left hand. She's really not left handed. She's just careful and the right hand signature is the one that she uses at the bank.

DO YOU ever wonder what has become of your favorite screen stars of other days? Remember Helene Chadwick, Vera Steadman, Ethel Lyon, Maude Fealey? Well, if you see Walter Wanger's picture, *Mary Burns, Fugitive*, a Paramount release, you will see them all. You'll have to look sharply for they are really not in important rôles.

A HOLLYWOOD trade paper announced in glaring headlines recently, that *His Majesty's Pajamas* had been sold. It was not a haberdashery item however, but merely called attention to the fact that Gene Markey, husband of Joan Bennett, had sold a story with that title and was going to London to work on the production.

BING CROSBY and his pretty wife, Dixie Lee, reversed the usual order of things in filmland recently. Always in connection with an announcement that a Hollywood couple anticipate a blessed event, you are sure to read that they are adding a wing or two to their home for the comfort of the expected arrival. Bing and Dixie had three children, all born while they were living in their modest little home at Toluca Lake. Just recently, they found themselves cramped for space so they are buying a real estate in the Beverly Hills section where those three glorious kiddies will have more room to roam.

HOLLYWOOD'S wheel of fortune takes some strange turns. A few years back—in silent picture days—a beautiful girl with a tremendous fan following was Mary McLaren. With the coming of the talkies, she faded out of the picture. Currently, she is playing a minor rôle in a picture called *Man's Best Friend*. The star of the picture is a dog, "Lightning." "It's a job," is Mary's only comment.

SAMMY FULLER, a busy little chap, is trying to sell a play he has written to Broadway. It has no chance at the studios as screen material. The title of the play is *Burn, Baby Burn*, and it is mentioned here only because Sammy used to be the office boy for Walter Winchell. Maybe Walter's copy gave him the inspiration for the title!

ACCORDING to Murray Feil, Gracie Allen is laughing at the executives of a major studio. "They're dumber than they claim me to be," said Gracie. "They advertise they are going to make a picture called *The House of Seven Gables*. Just like

HOLLYWOOD

Delightful ballet number enacted in *Broadway Melody of 1936* by these dancers (at left). They know their steps

Smart equestrienne is Olivia de Havilland, resting on the grass of a meadow after a long gallop. You'll see her in *Captain Blood*

Cary Grant's alone here. But he isn't lonesome. He's hunting and loves it! His new film is *Sylvia Scarlett.* Katharine Hepburn stars

dumb officials, they don't know that Clark Gable only has *four* in his family!"

JUST starting out on his career, as a top producer, Darryl Zanuck has already incurred the enmity of electricians, and theatre managers all over the country not to mention publicity men, copy readers and others. He has insisted that the title of Ronald Colman's new starring vehicle, *The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo,* remain as is. Imagine the space that title will take up on a theatre marquee, in a newspaper or magazine. However the boys who are in charge of marquee signs will be collecting plenty of overtime!

THE gossip hounds in Hollywood certainly had a choice morsel to gloat over for a while recently. Seems the story got around that Dick Powell was guesting a certain Shady Lady at his Tolucca home and one girl had even written Mary Brian, in London, about it. Everything is all right now. Shady Lady turned out to be a prize winning greyhound that Dick expects to enter in California dog shows this winter.

HOWARD GREEN, ace scenarist, dabbles in horse flesh on the side. He has a horse which will run at Santa Anita and other California tracks this winter. He has christened it, "In Conference," which suggests to Colonel Bob Ives that it is quite an appropriate name for the horse. It will seldom finish on time.

FRANCES LANGFORD, the southern song bird now in the big money on both screen and radio, made her début as a radio singer on a small station at Tampa, Florida. She sang a half-dozen songs and, on her way out, they paid her five dollars. Her income this year will top a hundred thousand.

MARY ROGERS, pretty daughter of the late Will Rogers, will return to the stage this fall. It would probably be what Will would have wanted her to do and she has abundant ability and everything else

[*Continued on page* 76]

Stars Come Out at Night

—*Photographs by* RHODES

Mary Pickford and Sid Grauman (at right) as snapped at the Trocadero

Camera found Renee Torres with Jack LaRue, above, at Café Roxy

At Victor Hugo Café, camera eye caught Anita Louise and Tom Brown, above

Charles Laughton with Merle Oberon, above, enjoyed this dance at Trocadero

Patricia Ellis and Bob Hoover (right) step at Grand Hotel

Jean Arthur wasn't even the ace ingenue on her lot once. Then she left Hollywood, made a hit on Broadway stage. Now she's a rising star!

JEAN ARTHUR left films—*became a Star*

By BEN MADDOX

NINE times out of ten, the inside story of a movie star's vogue *isn't* what you think it is. And Jean Arthur's success tale is no exception to this rule.

Today, the public and studios alike are agreed that Jean is star-stuff. A merry, blue-eyed blonde, she is rushed from one important rôle to another. She sports a thoroughly individual zip and zest, the personality punch it takes to be tops. She has a unique charm.

You will remember that once she was an inconspicuous, dark-haired heroine. Just another average ingénue; adequate, but by no stretch of the imagination outstanding. Finally she faded, only to return transformed. Few are the triumphant comebacks in Hollywood, the world's foremost one-way town. When you are on the rise, everyone sees your promising points. But once you start skidding, it's almost certain that you'll keep on slipping until you're completely out of demand. The appalling thing is the general indifference to your fate. Nobody cares after you've apparently muffed your big chance.

WITH Jean Arthur's re-discovery comes the news that she won the rare victory by going to New York and registering on the stage there. Ironically, she had to leave Hollywood to land the new break. However, the rest has not been told. It's true that Jean went East to rate re-recognition, but there are a lot more pertinent facts to be revealed. So let's begin.

Attired in a simple blue playsuit, she sat with me on the sun porch of her Beverly Hills home. Her confession, like everything else about Jean Arthur, was delightfully unaffected. This is the precise phrase for her beauty, her line of reasoning, and her unique charm. She had finished *Public Menace* at Columbia, and the current lead was in *If You Could Only Cook.*

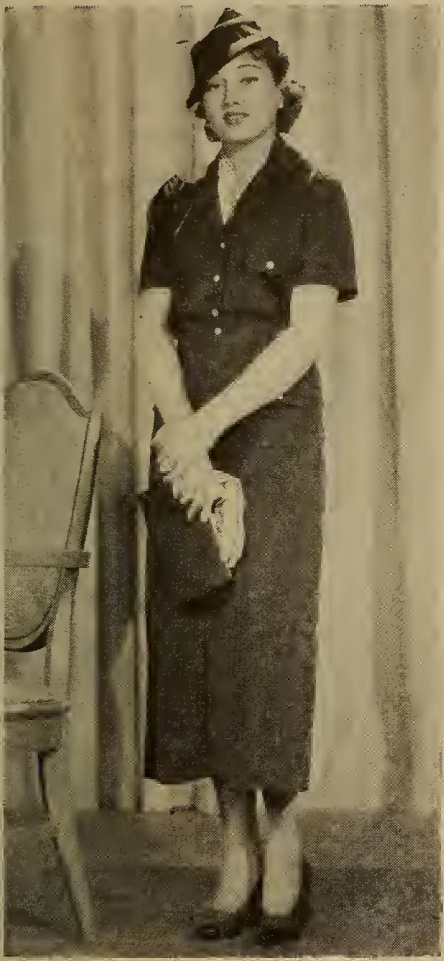
[*Continued on page 72.*]

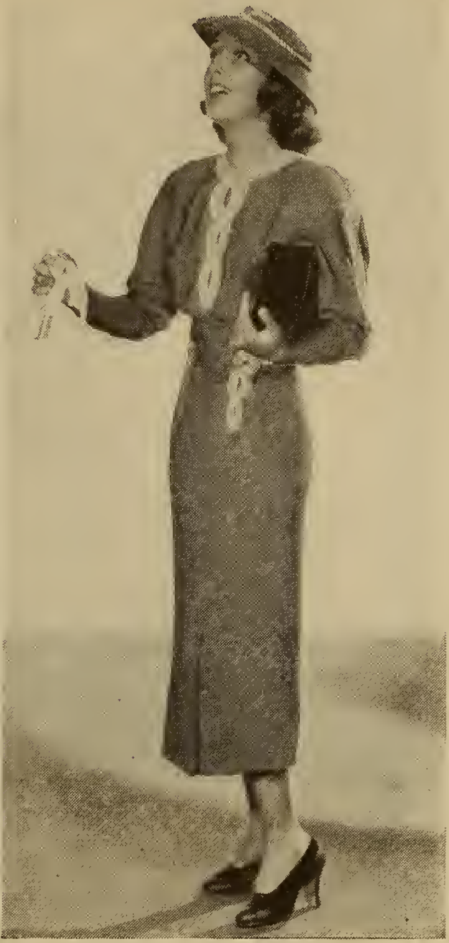
Figure and Form

Exercise has done wonders for June Knight. It can do it for you!

Every day when she's not working in a picture, June Knight drives to the beach. And why? To keep in trim, to retain that splendid figure of hers. Frail and sickly as a child, June is now in perfect physical condition. It is all due to exercise, she says. Her example is well worth following. Formerly a member of a noted dance team, June is rising high in Hollywood. She is in M-G-M's *Broadway Melody of 1936*

Pattern After the Stars!





At right: Pattern No. 822—Arline Judge Pattern. Arline is wearing a two-piece sports frock of brown wool crêpe, trimmed with patch pockets and gold buttons. Her scarf tucked inside is yellow with brown dots. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years; 36, 38, and 40-inch bust.

Let Hollywood's queens of style help you dress!

MOTION PICTURE Pattern Department,
529 South Seventh St., Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed....................cents, please send me a pattern of the:

Size ....bust..........................☐ Pattern No. 822

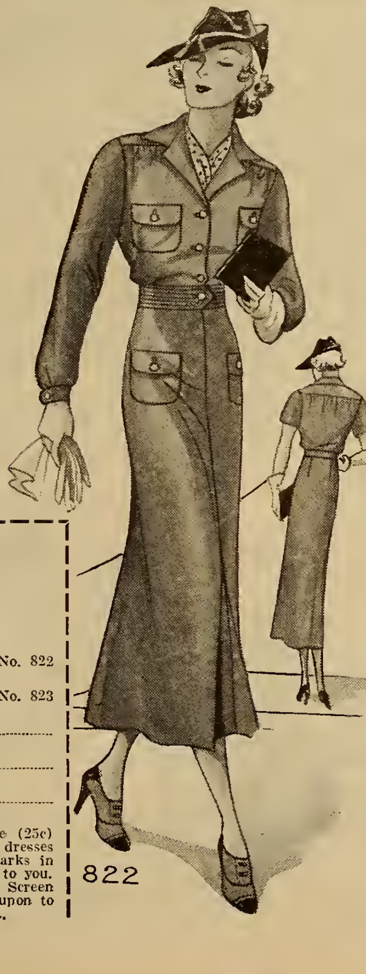
Size ....bust..........................☐ Pattern No. 823

Name ....

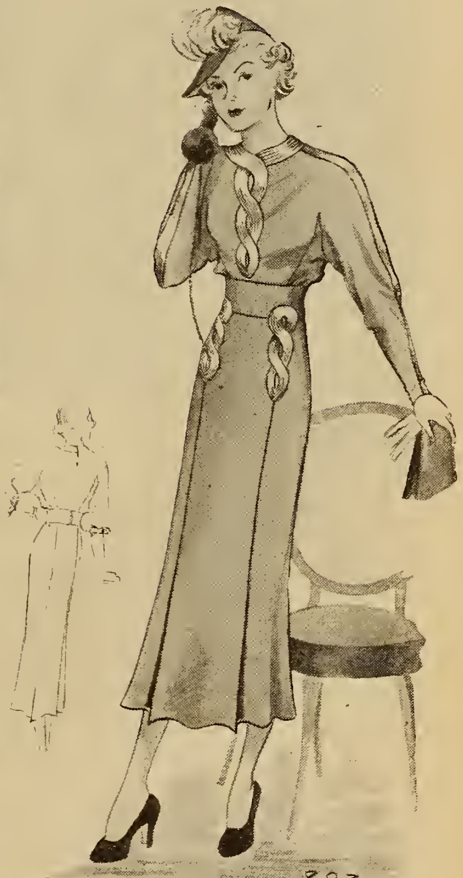
Street ....

City .... State...........................

All pattern orders are filled promptly. If you enclose twenty-five (25c) cents with this coupon, you can get a pattern of **either** of the two dresses described. For fifty (50c) cents you can get **both!** Place check marks in the squares provided above to indicate what you wish to have sent to you. You can purchase these patterns directly at any store handling Screen Star Patterns, if you wish. If you reside in Canada, mail this coupon to Motion Picture Pattern Dep't, 133 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont., Canada.



822



823

Above: Pattern No. 823—Deep cherry-red silk crêpe is the material chosen by William Lambert, 20th Century-Fox designer, to fashion a frock for attractive Ann Dvorak. The richness of color supplies a perfect background for the military braiding, inspired by a Hussar's uniform. This advance-fashion frock is accompanied by a "peach basket" hat of red felt with cord and tassel trim. The black suede pumps are trimmed with black reptile. Ann wears this costume in *Thanks a Million*, the musical personally supervised by Darryl Zanuck. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years; 36, 38, and 40-inch bust.

It all depends on the WOMAN

There are sensitive women everywhere who do not trust the superficial information that is going around about feminine hygiene. These deep-natured women want the whole truth from the scientific standpoint. They must depend on themselves to sift out the real facts. And to them the news about *Zonite* will be welcome.

● *You* do not need to use poisonous antiseptics for feminine hygiene, just because an older generation used them. In those days there were no antiseptics powerful enough for the purpose, except the poisons. But that was before the discovery of Zonite—the antiseptic-germicide of the World War.

Zonite is powerful, and Zonite is *safe.* Zonite is far more powerful than *any* dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the human body. But Zonite is *not* poisonous. *Not* caustic. Zonite has never harmed any woman. It will not desensitize tissues. It cannot cause accidental poisoning.

● The old-fashioned poisonous antiseptic has no place in the life of the modern woman. She has welcomed Zonite—and Zonite is now available in every town and city throughout the length and breadth of America. Sold in bottles; 3 sizes, 30c, 60c, $1.00.

Another form of Zonite . . Suppositories

Besides the liquid Zonite, there are also Zonite Suppositories. These are $1.00 for box of a dozen. They are dainty white cone-like forms, each sealed in its own glass vial. Some women prefer them to the liquid. Other women use both. Ask for both the Zonite Suppositories and the Liquid Zonite by name at drug and department stores. There are no substitutes.

● Send for the booklet "Facts for Women." This is a plain, clear statement on the whole subject of feminine hygiene. Much discussed in women's circles. Coupon below will bring you a copy. Read it and get frank, authoritative data on this important phase of modern life. Write today.

USE COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

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Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.
( ) Facts for Women ( ) Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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(Please print name)
ADDRESS...
CITY..........................STATE.................
(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P.Q.)

How Readers Rate Them!

[*Continued from page* 18]

picture, it occurs to me that full advantage has not been taken of many of the colorful events which would have been ten-strikes on the screen. Relatively, too much attention has been accorded his love affairs and his emotional side and not enough emphasis placed on the striking business and sporting career of this red-blooded physical giant who might be termed the All-America super salesman. There are too many "came the dawn" type of scenes. Edward Arnold was superb and the supporting cast measured up to a high standard. If additional outstanding happenings had been chosen, with which the story abounds, a more "sparkling" production would have resulted.—S. L. Anrud, 891 So. Vine St., Denver, Colo.

Could Diamond Jim *have been improved? Could other films? How?*

DOUBLE FEATURES ANNOY
($1 Prize Letter)

On the subject of double feature bills, I am just about fit to be tied. I am severely annoyed with having to sit through some third-rate piece of boredom in order to see a good picture that I've been waiting for. (To do this, it is practically necessary to take along a picnic lunch—not to mention a comfortable pillow, smelling salts, headache powders, etc.) Even if the second feature is quite good, by the time I've seen them both, my impressions are so confused I can't remember exactly what either was about. I finally leave the theatre with my eyes crossed and a severe pain in the neck. Why isn't a well-balanced program of feature, comedy (or travelogue), and newsreel infinitely to be preferred?—Rachel Kemp, 1431 N. E. 12th Ave., Portland, Ore.

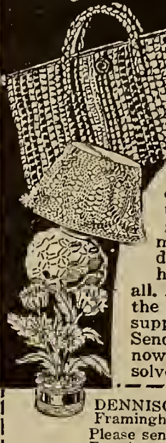
Many letters received each month condemn double feature programs. Others praise them. Who's right?

ONE DOLLAR*
Can Buy
The Ideal
Christmas Gift!
★
That's All That
a Year's Subscription to
MOTION PICTURE
MAGAZINE COSTS!

Send your dollar to R. E. Haig, Circulation Manager, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 529 So. Seventh St., Minneapolis, Minn. Mr. Haig will send a beautiful and suitable gift card to the person to whom you wish to have the gift subscription mailed.

* NOTE: In Canada, the subscription price is $1.75 and in other foreign countries it is $1.50.

$5 worth of Gifts you can make for 75¢



INSTRUCTIONS for making scores of novelties—10c

Yes, make all sorts of novel and practical gifts right at home. Thoughtful remembrances that friends will cherish; lamp shades, bags, belts, trays, vases and baskets filled with gorgeous flowers; dolls, toys, animals, carry-alls, sewing baskets, door-stops, wall plaques, candleholders—more than 75 articles in all. All you need to start at once are the simple directions and a small supply of Dennison Crepe Paper. Send 10c for the book of directions now—it will save many dollars and solve many gift problems for you!

DENNISON'S, Dept. M-246
Framingham, Mass.
Please send the 1935 Book of New Dennison Crafts. I enclose 10 cents.

Name..
Street (or R.F.D.)..................................
City..........................*State*...............

Why not let us include some of these other Dennison Books? Check those you want and enclose 10c for each.

*How to Make Crepe Paper Flowers*___
*Fun for All: Party Games and Decorations*___
*New Crepe Paper Costume Book*___ *The Cellophane Craft Book*___

USE Dennison Crepe

ARTIFICIAL

LASHES

BROUGHT TO YOU FOR THE FIRST TIME AT A REASONABLE PRICE!

The secret of the captivating beauty of movie stars! Long, dark, lustrous lashes that transform eyes into bewitching pools of irresistible fascination. Makes the eyes look larger, more brilliant, and far more expressive. Try a pair of these wonderful lashes and you will be surprised at such magic charm so easily acquired. Quickly put on by anyone, absolutely safe, can be used again and again. Mailed promptly on receipt of price. 35c pair, 3 pair $1.00.

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Rush to me FREE OF CHARGE, list of U. S. Government big paid jobs. Send FREE 32-page book telling salaries, duties, hours, etc. Tell me how I can get a position.

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Address____________________________

"I THINK YOU'RE WONDERFUL"

Romance comes to the girl who guards against COSMETIC SKIN

SWEET, smooth skin is *very* hard to resist. So don't risk losing this charm. Use all the cosmetics you wish! But be sure to *remove* them properly with the care 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars have used for years—gentle Lux Toilet Soap!

This is the way to guard against the dangerous pore choking that results in tiny blemishes, enlarged pores, blackheads, perhaps—warning signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich, ACTIVE lather goes deep into the pores—frees them completely of all hidden traces of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

To protect your skin—keep it always lovely—follow this easy rule: Before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use Lux Toilet Soap!

You want to have the kind of skin that makes men say, "I think you're wonderful!"

I use cosmetics, of course! But thanks to **Lux Toilet Soap**, I'm not a bit afraid of Cosmetic Skin

Joan Blondell

WARNER BROTHERS' STAR OF "MISS PACIFIC FLEET"

BEWARE

of wax like this in Face Cream!

For a penetrating, deep-working skin cream, change to Luxor Special Formula, the *wax-free* cream. Coupon brings 3-facial package FREE!

IF you suffer from dry or scaly skin, coarse, ugly pores, blackheads or whiteheads, or other common skin faults, chances are your present way of skin cleansing only hits the high spots.

Change to Luxor Special Formula Cream, the *wax-free* cream. It penetrates deeply, gets right into embedded dirt, because it contains no wax to keep it from working in—or clogging pores.

You can see this for yourself because of Special Formula's amazing visible action. Photos at the right show why you *know* a marvelous penetrating skin-cleansing has taken place, because *you see it happen.*

All cosmetic counters supply Luxor at $1.10 and 55c. Use it, and if you don't agree that your skin is more wonderfully clean, clear and transparent than ever before, your money will be returned.

Sales-people often don't have all the facts on how cosmetics are made. So *insist on* LUXOR SPECIAL FORMULA. Guaranteed *wax-free!*

You smooth it on

It disappears

Then reappears

with deep-pore dirt

Luxor

SPECIAL FORMULA CREAM

FREE! 3-FACIAL PACKAGE
(paste coupon on postcard, or mail)
LUXOR, LTD., Dept. H-1,
1355 W. 31st Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send free and postpaid without any obligation your 3-facial package of Luxor Special Formula Cream, the wax-free face cream. I usually purchase cosmetics at ____________
(name of store)
Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________ State ____________

Transformation of a Star!

[*Continued from page* 12]

closely at the photographs of the new Merle, you'll have to admit that she hasn't sacrificed anything by the change, except a sinister look.

IT IS her eyes which have undergone the most remarkable changes. The tape is omitted, of course. Instead of those long artificial lashes, longer and heavier at the outer corners to accent the Oriental slant of her eyes, are Merle's own very nice ones. They are mascaraed lightly, and with the same emphasis from corner to corner.

The eye shadow, which formerly extended almost to the brow and was even used *underneath* the eyes, is now applied sparingly and confined to the eyelids proper. That weird line of eyebrow pencil, slanted upward from the outer corners of the eyes, is missing too. And you can readily see that Merle's eyebrows, as well as her lashes, are now her very own—slightly arched underneath but allowed to resume their natural shape.

By the simple expedient of following the natural curves of both upper and lower lips with the lipstick and also the use of a lighter, less flamboyant shade of lipstick, her rather petulant mouth is changed to a sweet, friendly one.

IN THE three make-up pictures of Merle, you'll find her demonstrating a trio of her pet make-up ideas . . . (1) When she uses cheek rouge, she applies it very, very lightly so that most of the facial emphasis will be on her eyes and lips. (2) A fresh powder puff every day is her favorite extravagance, she says. Soiled puffs are responsible for more than one muddy, blemished complexion, she insists. (3) How anyone can apply make-up properly without a real make-up mirror, similar to hers, is one of the greatest mysteries to Merle. If your features are somewhat like Merle's, you may find these make-up suggestions helpful.

Whatever type you are—if you are having difficulties in finding a becoming hair-style, or if you are bothered about the correct method of shaping your brows or applying your lipstick, do write and tell me all about it! I am sure that I can give you several hints on how to enhance your good points and tone down your bad ones. It will help me immeasurably, of course, if you will enclose a small, clear photo or snapshot of yourself.

Did you ever hear of allergy? Very likely you've encountered it in one of its forms, but knew it only as "strawberry rash" or hay fever or some such distressing visitation! Allergy is a scientific term for super-sensitivity to certain substances. Some people have an allergy for strawberries, others for goldenrod and still others for orris root, and although these things are perfectly harmless to the rest of the world, they cause irritation for a certain few.

There is a complete line of nonallergic creams and cosmetics on the market. Each item is made from government-tested ingredients and compounded of harmless substitutes for all known cosmetic irritants. Medical authorities have hailed these toiletries with enthusiasm and you will, too, if you are subject to unexplainable skin irritations at unexpected times.

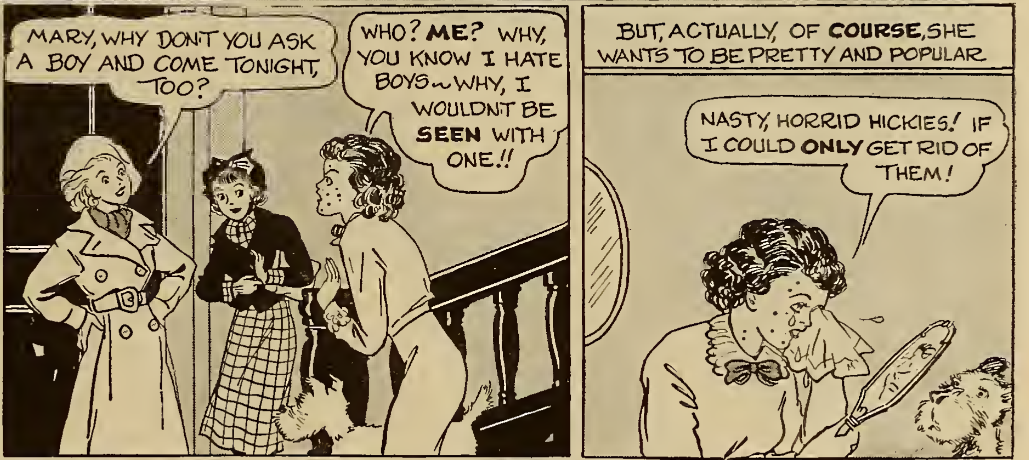
INCLUDED in the line are special preparations for all types of skin—the normal, dry, and oily. I like the skin and tissue cream particularly, for its unusual emollient qualities. There are two nice cleansing creams that took my fancy, as well as a most complete lot of cosmetics in lovely shades. These toiletries come in two sizes—fifty cents and one dollar. I'll be glad to send you the trade name.

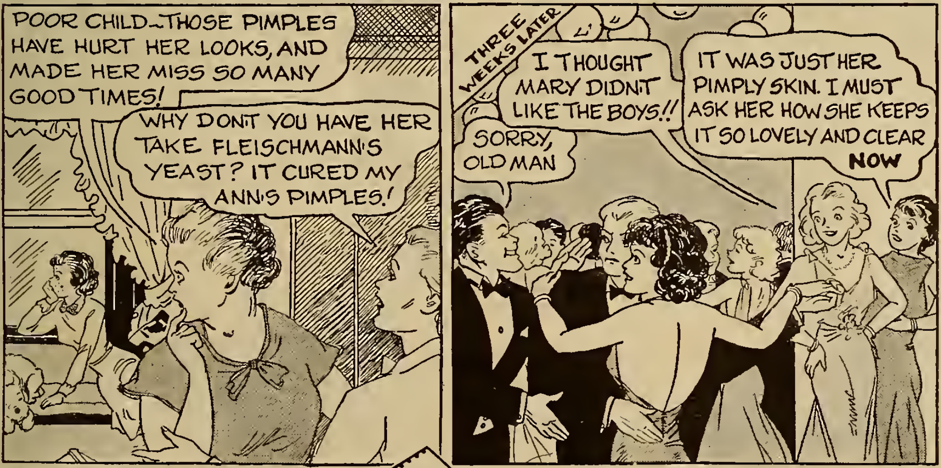
Have you started to do your Christmas shopping yet? Don't forget that gifts of suitable beauty aids are just about the most acceptable things in every woman's eyes! One of the most tempting of a very alluring array of gift packages that I've been mulling over recently is a lovely box containing three bars of a de luxe soap, a box of dusting powder (with a velour puff) and a drum of a special, perfumed water softener. All of these items are liberally scented with lavender—that refreshing and typically English essence. The gift box, in which the three fit snugly, is a most attractive sea blue color and the price of the set is only $3.95. Just drop me a line and I'll tell you all about it.

One of the most useful gifts imaginable, in a moderate price range, is a "giant" bottle of hand lotion that costs a dollar. It's quite famous for the quick and thorough way it softens chapped and roughened skin. This lotion should be used several times a day (in winter at least) by any girl who wants to keep her hands soft and white. Write to me for the name of this hand beautifier which many women use successfully as a powder base.

Rather an unusual gift, but nonetheless practical, is a set of fat, round make-up brushes for blending your powder and dry rouge smoothly. I've seen them perform beautifully in the hands of a Hollywood make-up expert and have discovered since that they behave quite as well in anyone's fingers. After patting your face powder on firmly and generously (overgenerously, in fact) you brush off the surplus lightly with the larger of the two brushes. Even your rouge can be blended more smoothly at the edges if you use the smaller brush. Very colorful with their blue, red or black handles, the brushes cost $3.75 a set. I shall be happy to send you the manufacturer's name so you can ask to see them at your toiletry counter. Just write me a little note.

But secretly she cried over her pimply skin


MARY, WHY DON'T YOU ASK A BOY AND COME TONIGHT, TOO?
WHO? ME? WHY, YOU KNOW I HATE BOYS~WHY, I WOULDN'T BE SEEN WITH ONE!!
BUT, ACTUALLY, OF COURSE, SHE WANTS TO BE PRETTY AND POPULAR
NASTY, HORRID HICKIES! IF I COULD ONLY GET RID OF THEM!


POOR CHILD~THOSE PIMPLES HAVE HURT HER LOOKS, AND MADE HER MISS SO MANY GOOD TIMES!
WHY DON'T YOU HAVE HER TAKE FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST? IT CURED MY ANN'S PIMPLES!
THREE WEEKS LATER
I THOUGHT MARY DIDN'T LIKE THE BOYS!!
SORRY, OLD MAN
IT WAS JUST HER PIMPLY SKIN. I MUST ASK HER HOW SHE KEEPS IT SO LOVELY AND CLEAR NOW

Don't let adolescent pimples cramp YOUR style

From 13 to 25 years of age, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the sensitive skin and make pimples break through.

Physicians prescribe Fleischmann's Yeast for adolescent pimples. This fresh yeast clears skin irritants out of the blood. Pimples vanish! Eat it 3 times a day, before meals, until skin clears.

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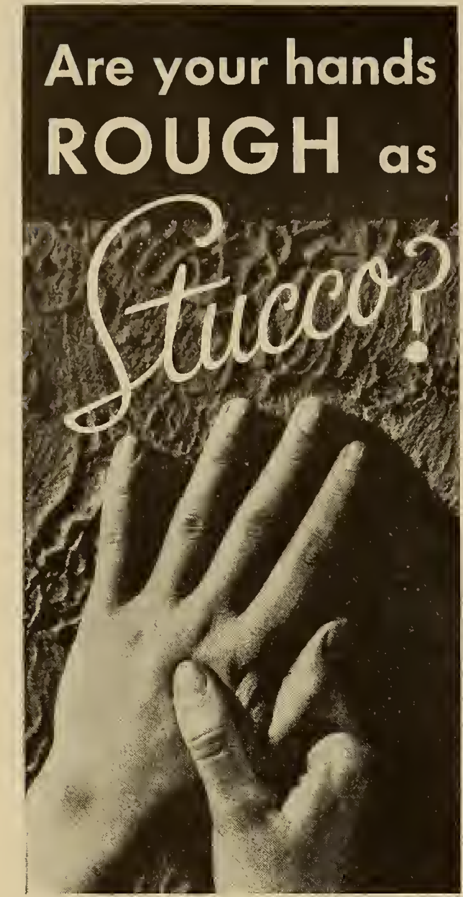
Supplies Vitamins A, B, D, G
FLEISCHMANN'S
YEAST
Eat 3 cakes daily before meals

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood



■ Do your hands *feel* coarse? Are they rough as stucco? Do they "snag" on silk?

Why not use some rich, wide-spreading, quick-drying Italian Balm (just one drop is sufficient) and see how quickly your skin becomes soft and smooth in texture!

Italian Balm is recognized as one of the *quickest-acting*, most *economical* skin beautifiers ever invented. These two qualities—effectiveness and economy—have made it the largest selling skin protector in America.

In one of the nation's largest cities a recent Parent Teacher's Association Report, covering over 5,000 homes, revealed that Italian Balm was practically a 3 to 1 favorite—used in about 3 times as many homes as any other similar preparation.

Italian Balm is made from a secret formula, by a secret process. There is nothing like it on the world market today. Your drug and department store carry Italian Balm in 3 sizes of long-lasting bottles—35c, 60c and $1.00—and in handy 25 cent tubes.

Free HANDY HOME DISPENSER

Nickel plated, 100% guaranteed Italian Balm HOME DISPENSER—attaches easily to bathroom, kitchen or laundry wall (wood or tile). Dispenses *one drop* when you press the plunger. Try your druggist first—ask for the Dispenser Package. If he can't supply you—then get one FREE by sending ONE 60c Italian Balm carton (and 10c to cover packing and postage), or TWO 60c cartons and NO MONEY—with your name and address—to CAMPANA, Batavia, Illinois.

Campana's
Italian Balm
THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER
"America's Most Economical Skin Protector"

From Chills to Thrills with Shakespeare

[*Continued from page* 35]

Reinhardt in his own subtle manner, had set the tempo for his comedians. *The Dream*, destined to become one of the loveliest spectacles in screen history, was under way.

LOOKING back on it now, Joe chuckles, remembering . . . "I never stopped talking in German dialect and 'Ya, Herr Professor'-ing' Reinhardt all through the picture! We began by being the bluest bunch of mugs you ever saw—scared to death of the *Dream* with the exception of Cagney. But when we got together with the Professor, the tension snapped. I guess it's the only production on record where no one tried to steal a scene! We just relaxed and did as good a job as we could."

Incidentally, when old Joe "mouthed" those lines of Shakespeare, he did a little history making on his own. It's the first time he has ever played anything but a star part on the screen.

It's the first time *any* actor ever *refused* billing.

It's the first time *any* guy ever refused money! While he was in his right mind, that is. And Joe was very much in his.

"Yep, I'm conscious," he assured the production manager. "But listen, I don't want the kids going to the theatre and being disappointed if they see Joe E. Brown in *Midsummer Night's Dream* on the billboards—when I'll probably be the nightmare!" And, on the strength of that belief, he *refused salary!* From other members of the cast, from Dick Powell and Jean Muir and Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Cagney, we heard that Joe and Hugh Herbert turned in the performance of their life! And New York and London audiences agree!

"PEOPLE," Joe told me, "have a mistaken idea about that Shakespeare fellow. Maybe it's because they had to take him in bitter doses at school. But he's not arty. He's about as low-brow as you'll find 'em. Let me tell you something—I did more mugging, more pure slapstick stuff in the *Dream* than I have ever done in any other picture! I played the part of *Flute, the Bellows-Mender* broader than I'd dare to do any other part. Perhaps that's why I got such a kick out of it. . . . And here's a funny thing, when I got into the rôle of *Flute*, I discovered he was the same sort of dumb cluck I played in *The Six-Day Bicycle Rider* and in *The Circus Clown*. You know—the type who is completely unaware of his shortcomings, does crazy things, but ends up with a flourish when his big moment arrives. I thought he was an invention of twentieth century writers—*but he was a hick away back in Queen Elizabeth's time!*

"And Shakespeare would do *all right* in Hollywood! He had more plots up his sleeve than the Marx brothers!"

WRITING Scenarios? Continuities? Stories?
***Then you want a* CORONA**

You know Corona—the world's first successful portable, favorite for years of many famous authors. Now see CORONA STANDARD, with the effortless Floating Shift. There's nothing like it anywhere *near* the price! You'll want one.

OWN A CORONA!
New Finance Plan Makes It Easy
...ONLY $1.00 PER WEEK!

Only latest model brand-new machines, every needed feature, fully guaranteed. Carrying case included (it makes a smart over-night bag)—also self lessons in typing. Mail coupon below for interesting details; liberal terms—costs you nothing to investigate.

---------- MAIL COUPON TODAY ----------

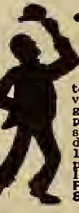
L C Smith & Corona Typewriters, Desk 12
161 Almond St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Please send Corona booklet, also tell me where I can arrange free trial.

Name____________________________________
Street___________________________________
City________________________ State__________

The Best* GRAY HAIR *REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded, or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



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5 Elephants all on teakwood stands and the Oriental Scarf described below, $1.00!

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PURE SILK ORIENTAL SCARF } *Both for* **$1.00**
SET GOOD LUCK ELEPHANTS }
Beautifully colored silk pongee scarf 36 in. sq. Also 5 elephants. ☐ Jade ☐ Rose Quartz. Regular price, $1.50.

PURE SILK PONGEE PAJAMAS . . . $2.80
Smart two piece pajamas. Jacket of all-over print Oriental floral designs. Trousers natural pongee trimmed in same print. I sell regularly for $4.00.

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Alluring Chinese crepe silk. Embroidered end bound in contrasting color. Come in all colors and sizes. Regular price $5.50.

Send currency, stamps or check at once. Money refunded immediately if not satisfied.

DOROTHY BOYD ART STUDIO
79 Minna Ave. at First, San Francisco

ENTRANCING

My SUNNY GOLDEN *Hair*
Is Admired By All My Friends

BECOME more attractive than you ever were before. Have sparkling vitality. Gain the fascinating charm all your friends will admire.

For that fresh, bright clean appearance of lustrous golden hair, so flattering to the face and head, rinse with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

BRUNETTES: Make *your* hair more alluring. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash used as a rinse imparts a delicate sheen of glowing highlights to dark hair. Or, used full strength, Marchand's lightens it to any shade of blondeness desired. (Quickly as overnight, if you prefer. Or gradually over a period of weeks or months.)

BLONDES: Impart sunny radiance to dark, faded or streaked hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Successfully, and secretly, rinsing with Marchand's evenly restores and protects natural golden hues and radiant brightness of real blonde hair.

BLONDES AND BRUNETTES: Have your arms and legs as smoothly alluring as the rest of your body. Use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to blend with *your* skin coloring, and make unnoticeable "superfluous" hair on face, arms, or legs.

Give appealing freshness to your personality by utilizing the hidden beauty and charm you possess in your hair. Start using Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. *Today*. Get a bottle of Marchand's at any drugstore.

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GOLDEN HAIR WASH

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH,
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Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. I am enclosing 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

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The 8th WOMAN

HER ADVANTAGE OVER OTHERS

Do you know a woman who is never at a disadvantage, never breaks engagements, never pleads that she is "indisposed," and whose spirits never seem to droop?

She is apt to be that eighth woman who has learned to rely on Midol.

Eight million women once suffered every month. Had difficult days when they had to save themselves, and favor themselves, or suffer pain. But a million have accepted the relief of Midol.

Are you a martyr to "regular" pain? Must you favor yourself, save yourself, on certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you playing golf. And even if it didn't make you completely comfortable you would receive a measure of relief well worth while! Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It's effective for hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day. And they do *not* contain any narcotic.

You'll find Midol in any drug store—usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or, a card addressed to Midol, 170 Varick St., New York, will bring a trial box postpaid, plainly wrapped.

ALWAYS HERSELF—Nature doesn't keep the eighth woman off the links—or from other strenuous activities. Midol means freedom from the old martyrdom to "regular" pain.

The Mystery of Glenda Farrell's Missing Necklace

[*Continued from page 37*]

he said, in his answer, he was always being mistaken for someone else—even to the point that he was followed by detectives. Yes, I think I would have guessed if I had not known.

"AND last. I did not search you but I did fingerprint you. How did I happen to have my fingerprint equipment so *handy?* Does a detective go to a social party carrying full paraphernalia for crime detection. Assuredly, there must have been a motive for my being ready!

"There were other little points, of course, but these are the main ones which would have governed my reasoning. And they would have governed yours, if you hadn't been so absorbed with sympathy for Miss Farrell and that sensation of puzzlement which comes to honest people who may be suspected of anything irregular—even for the most noble motive," he directed his twinkling eyes upon Joan Blondell. "Pat, did you return the pendant?"

"I should say he did." Glenda unclasped the palm of her hand and showed the turquoise proudly. "I don't know but what you're right, Joan. Perhaps it was getting too important to me. I suspect I'm cured of my superstition. What a lesson it was!"

And the most exciting party in Hollywood for many a day had reached a happy ending.

●

THIS LETTER WON FIRST PRIZE!

The first four prints Ryan merely glanced at, but the fifth and the one he had said was his own he lingered over.

"The game's over," he said finally. "Give Miss Farrell her pendant, Pat."

O'Brien fumbled in his pocket and slowly drew forth the pendant.

"Sorry, Glenda," he said sheepishly.

"Pat was trying to help me out," explained Ryan. "As a Federal detective I'm here after a fugitive—a man who resembles Bill Powell."

Bradley Page leaned forward. "You mean—"

Ryan nodded. He picked up the two prints he had studied with such care. "The prints I said were mine as a matter of fact are those of the man I'm after. These, Page, are yours. The two sets, I'm glad to say, fall into entirely different classifications."

CONSTIPATION LIVER AND GALL BLADDER TROUBLES

NEED PLUTO WATER

with Amazing Double Action

1. *Safely, Gently Relieves Constipation in One Hour or Less!*
2. *Stimulates Gall Bladder and Liver to Normal, "Free-Flowing" Action!*

Constipation, liver and gall bladder troubles often come together. Millions suffer them daily—yet don't know why. Often, physicians say, it is not only because you're constipated but also because biliary drainage from liver and gall bladder is not normal. Hence, ordinary laxatives that act only on bowels to temporarily relieve constipation, still leave you feeling terrible. Pluto Water, however (with amazing *double action*), helps all these troubles at same time. First, gives a sure, gentle flush in an hour or less. Second, stimulates gall bladder and liver to normal, "free-flowing" action. So relief is quick—and *thorough!* You feel amazingly better in an hour. Soon feel normal!

DO AS DOCTORS DO

That's why more than 50,000 doctors use and recommend Pluto. As Dr. J. W. MacC. of North Carolina says: "Since I had a gall bladder infection, Pluto is my best bet." So *do as doctors do* the next time you feel dull, listless from constipation, liver or gall bladder troubles. Take Pluto Water in the tasteless, non-habit-forming dose—1/5 Pluto in 4/5 glass hot water. Cleanse your system of health-destroying poisons this sure, quick way.

Two hundred million bottles of Pluto have been used—millions more each year. The safest, surest, most economical relief you can buy. Comes in 2 sizes—25c and 50c—at all drug stores. A beneficial saline mineral water from famous French Lick Springs.

PLUTO WATER

Old Faces Made Young!

Men as Well as Women Can Now Look Young.

A famous French beauty specialist recently astonished New York society by demonstrating that wrinkles, scrawny neck, "crow's feet", double chin and other marks of age are easily banished by spending only 5 minutes a day in your own home by an easy method of facial rejuvenation that any one can do.

No cosmetics, no massage, no beauty parlor aids.

The method is fully explained with photographs in a thrilling book sent free upon request in plain wrapper.

Pauline Palmer, 1029 Armour Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.

Write before supply is exhausted.

Name ....

City .... State ....

"I see that I'll have to do something about this resemblance I bear to Powell."

"But how did you do it, Pat?" Glenda asked.

"Easy," said Pat breezily. "You see, Bill had told me he wanted Bradley's fingerprints. It seemed that I could prolong this 'Gangster' game and at the same time give Bill a perfect set-up for obtaining his prints. When you tumbled to the floor, I flipped out the lights and rushed over to help you up. It was a simple matter to clip the chain and pocket the pendant."

"But the chain on the blind?" asked Mary Brian.

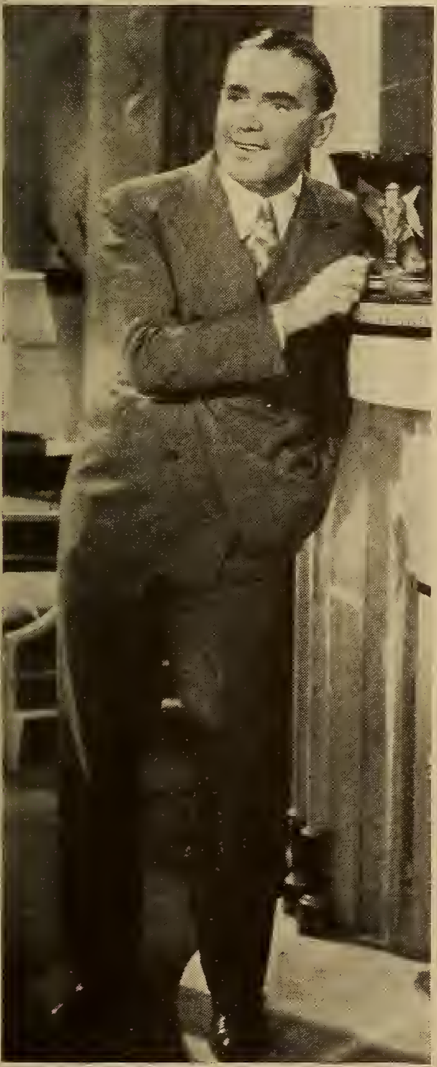
"To add confusion," grinned Pat.

"Well, this has been anything but a dull party," said Joan Blondell ruefully.

And everybody laughed.

●

The above letter won first prize! It was submitted by: Miss Helen Tanner, 415 Kenton Street, Louisville, Ky.



Pat O'Brien, above, had the necklace!

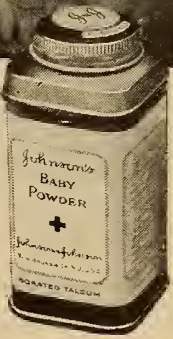
"You wouldn't hold out on my dolly, would you Mummy? C'mon, hand over that smoothy stuff while I give this child of mine a treat!"

"I think this is right but I'm not sure. Anyway dolly loves Johnson's Baby Powder no matter where I put it. It smells so good!"

"Hey, this dolly put ideas into my head. Now I need powdering—'cause I'm scratchy! Please take care of me, Mummy—I'm in trouble!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder — the kind that soothes away skin irritation just like that! For I'm soft as silk — made of the very finest Italian Talc. No gritty particles nor orris-root in me. And don't forget my team-mates — Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream!"

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



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THIS WINTER

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Life is Adventure for Gladys Swarthout

[*Continued from page* 38]

ex-royalty on the Riviera or hobnobbing with European aristocracy in some mouldy Venetian drawing room. No one could have a more romantic life than mine—and I was born in Missouri and brought up in Kansas City! I didn't do any picturesque *La Bohème* starving in a Paris garret while I studied singing! Whatever I have learned about music, I have been taught in my own country in prosaic middle-class comfort—*and yet every step of the way has been adventure!*

"People today seem to be afraid of enthusiasm—of feeling things. They think that it is modern and sophisticated to hide their emotions if they can't do away with them altogether. Love is the one exception but they limit its meaning. I have always been in love as far back as I can remember! In love with life itself, with what I was doing, with my plans, with beauty of any sort, long before I was in love with Love! When I look back on my childhood, it seems to shimmer in a strange light, like a landscape in dreams. And yet, I suppose, to most people it would seem a very ordinary American childhood with affectionate parents, parties and school, and new ribbons, singing in the choir, a comfortable home filled with substantial furniture and an older sister whom I adored then and adore now.

"To myself, I always seemed very special. I knew that one day I was going to do exciting things, know wonderful people, have lovely possessions. There were days when, without any reason, I was caught up in a golden haze of happiness, almost too great to bear. Beauty, like a red winter sunset over city roofs, or the white lilies in florists' windows in the spring, could make me ache. I imagined myself in the center of a story, and everything that happened to me was dramatized, colored by surprise, joy, anticipation. Perhaps that is why, first, I wanted to sing. Music is a natural outlet for emotion and I was an emotional child. I am glad of it, because it has given me an understanding of life which so many people seem to have missed.

"FROM the moment when I went to my first party in my first long dress, I have been a little bit in love with someone, and—though I have forgotten the very names of those first boy-beaus of mine—I remember vividly the thrill of the telephone and the glamour that clung to the bouquets they sent me. I even remember some of the things they whispered to me on our front porch, in the gardens of the country club, under the paper lanterns of a school prom, although—whether they were blonde or dark, or tall or short—I have forgotten. Girls today seem to think it is smart to be hard-boiled about sentiment. And yet, they flock to see the film heroes making love on the screen to 'borrow a

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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In his Stories at the Piano
AFTER THE THEATRE

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at Dinner, in their original interpretations of the newest dances

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and his orchestra
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thrill.' They realize, but only vaguely, that they are missing something by being afraid of romance!"

Gladys Swarthout's own two marriages have been true romances. The first, to a Chicago business man, ended with his death. Then, some years later, she met in Rome a young opera singer, Frank Chapman, whose mellow baritone had made him the only non-native member of Italy's largest permanent opera company.

"But it was no foreign love affair," flashes the girl from Kansas City, "just a bare introduction. And, the next time we met, was my opening night at the Metropolitan when I was singing a crone of sixty in rags, with wrinkles and a tangled white wig! That made no difference! Romance isn't a matter of stage settings and moonlight. It doesn't have to be dressed in glamorous costume. It's *here*," she added, touching the silver bodice of her gown.

"Why the most thrilling moment of my life came in doing something prosaic—signing a check! It was the last payment of the loan that family friends had made, years before, so that I might have my voice trained. I signed the check a few hours before I went out on the stage to face my first Metropolitan Opera audience. When I put down my pen, I knew suddenly the delirious joy of being *free!* Whatever happened that night, I was a success to myself because I had realized my goal. The flowers that came after the last curtain, the applause and the critics' notices were no more thrilling than that moment in my boarding-house room!

"I HAVE traveled in Europe, but I have still to sing there. I have never met any kings or queens. My home is a New York apartment and not a château in France. I have worked hard over my music most of my life with my own, dear sister, Roma, for my teacher. For my radio hour, I often rehearse forty hours a week. Starving is romantic, but merely economizing isn't, and I've had to economize a good deal in the past. Now that I have the means for living a glamorous life of travel and luxury, I haven't the time. Some day, Frank and I plan to retire to a villa in Florence. But, at present, we work. And it's all of it thrilling!"

Through the open window, the lovely flood of song came. Then a good-looking young man, deeply tanned, hesitated apologetically in the doorway. "Sorry to interrupt," he said, "but the photographer is waiting, Gladys."

"All right, Frank," she answered.

Surely nothing could be more commonplace. Yet, suddenly, there was Romance in the bare, ugly dressing room, making the painted, pretty stuff of grand opera seem tawdry—the romance of shared plans and dreams, of little intimate suppers on a sofa before a fire after the evening's performance, the romance of work together when two people speak the same language.

A happy marriage, beauty, a glorious voice and—*slenderness!* The dark-eyed Gladys has *everything!*

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For Fast Relief, Remember These Pictures

1. Take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN Tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

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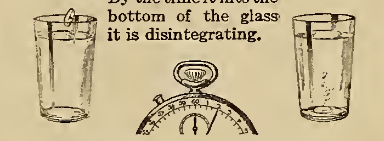
Drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet into a glass of water.

By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating.



IN 2 SECONDS BY STOP WATCH

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What happens in these glasses happens in your stomach — Genuine BAYER Aspirin tablets start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

The moment you feel a cold coming on, follow the pictured directions above:

Two Bayer Aspirin tablets with a full glass of water.

Three Bayer Aspirin tablets, crushed and dissolved in ⅓ glass of water as a gargle. Gargle with this mixture twice, holding your head well back to permit this medicated gargle to reach the irritated membranes of the throat.

Your doctor will approve this treatment as perhaps the quickest, simplest way known to fight cold and sore throat.

The Bayer Aspirin taken internally will combat a cold almost instantly, and ease the usual pains that accompany one. The gargle will ease sore throat in a few minutes. For it acts like a local anesthetic in relieving pain and rawness.

When you buy, though, see that you get real BAYER ASPIRIN tablets. For they dissolve almost instantly in the stomach and thus start working almost instantly. And they dissolve completely enough to use as a gargle. Watch out for this.

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We make this guarantee because hundreds of tests have proven that consistent use of Dilex-Redusols will reduce your weight to *what it should be!* They will not reduce you below normal! The length of time required depends upon the number of pounds you need to lose.

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Height............ Weight............ Age............
Orders from Canada and Foreign Countries Cash in Advance.

Richard Dix Links Hollywood and London

[*Continued from page 39*]

as I looked at Richard—the star of one of the biggest pictures ever made in England, *Transatlantic Tunnel*,—I imagined others standing beside him: Mary Pickford, Richard Barthelmess, Bebe Daniels, Jack Holt, Charlie Chaplin, Jack Gilbert, Monte Blue, W. S. Van Dyke, Edmund Lowe, Gloria Swanson, Wallace Beery. And a host of those who had started at the beginning and are still going on—forward!

Ten years ago, Richard Dix had been the first masculine star I had interviewed in another place, then new to me. Hollywood! He had stood on a Hollywood set, then, and held out his hand with the same boyish, encouraging twinkle. He had made me, a newcomer, feel at home. He had given me—a green, untested reporter—a magnificent story. Ten years, almost to the day. He had been a star then; he was a star now. How much water had rushed under the bridges of life since then. For him; for Hollywood; for me. And yet, here he was, giving me the same welcome as he had in Hollywood.

HE LED me across the set to a dainty, pretty woman, Mrs. Dix. She made room for me beside her. Richard went back to being the chief engineer on the construction of a tunnel beneath the Atlantic Ocean between England and the United States. He was jumping from an airplane on the American side, surrounded by hard-boiled reporters. He jumped and re-jumped all afternoon.

I turned to Mrs. Dix. She was watching Richard. She continued to watch him. The twins were fine. They were as well taken care of as though she were home. Richard had thought the ocean trip would be good for her. Richard couldn't wait to get home. She had only arrived the day before yesterday. Two weeks more and they would be sailing. Via Canada, so they could see the Canadian Rockies. She didn't think most of the parts did him justice. This picture with its international importance—she thought it might.

And right here, I'll have to make a confession. Mrs. Dix didn't know I was a reporter. We had not met before this, and Richard had said nothing about it. So when I bombarded her with questions about the twins she had no idea she might be talking for publication. Even when I asked her about Richard's refusal to talk about them she did not suspect. Mrs. Dix—a wholly sweet woman—is not suspicious.

NOT talking about the twins had become a passion with Richard. An absolute passion. Everything in his life had been used for publicity. That was natural. It was right. But here were two little boys, all his own, and they were going to remain his. Something he

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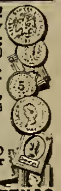

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would not share with anybody. She thought the reporters themselves might have had something to do with it. When the twins were born she was quite ill and Richard was very much excited. The cameramen, in their enthusiasm, had wanted to rush in and photograph her and the little ones and the father right away, almost at the very first moment. Richard was anxious about her and said no.

It hadn't been easy. Richard had always liked the press. He had always been kind because newspaper men were his pals. He didn't like to say "no" but the more he thought it over, the more certain he became that it was only fair not to tag the little tots with public notice. They were such marvelous babies. So perfect. So healthy. Besides, what was there to say about babies? They were raising two normal tots in a scientific manner with the best—the very best—nurses. She wouldn't have left them for a moment only there was Richard and he had to be in England.

And, between each sentence, there was some comment about the Richard before us.

The little lady on my other side was listening intently but she was also watching Richard. I asked about her. She was a "fan." She had been writing to Richard Dix for more than fourteen years; had been one of his devoted followers since he played in *The Christian,* which was one of the first pictures to be shot in England by an American company. She had helped organize the Richard Dix "fan" club in England. A letter a week—sometimes more, sometimes less but always an average—to tell him she admired his work. An intelligent, capable woman. No romance. No impetuous gushing. Just a woman who sincerely admired a man who had given her real entertainment. English women and men are like that.

I TALKED to Richard several times on the various sets of *Transatlantic Tunnel.* He is intensely interested in the progress made by English motion pictures. He recalled many of the funny, funny things which happened fourteen years ago while he was working on *The Christian.*

The last scene of *Transatlantic Tunnel* was so thrilling that there were tears in his eyes as well as in the eyes of those of us who watched it. Richard Dix, tunneling from the American side met the man digging from the English. They clasped hands—half way under the Atlantic Ocean. And in the next room was a set, depicting our American House of Representatives; and in the next, one of the English Parliament. Walter Huston represented the President; George Arliss, the Premier. A brief word from each, a buzz—and the underground passage between the world's two greatest English speaking nations was opened!

And again, Richard Dix and those others who had begun with him and gone on in pictures looked pretty big—bigger than their marriages; their dramatic experiences; even bigger than twins, no matter how adorable!

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Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Smart New Coiffures."

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Free Screen Tests May Bring You Stardom!

[*Continued from page* 31]

It describes the Search for Talent fully, not only with words but with scenes around Universal studios, glimpses of their stars and views of the big scout truck leaving Universal City for its tour. Ask your local exhibitor in the cities covered by the tour when this trailer will be shown.

Newspapers, bringing daily reports of the progress of the tour, will tell you the day when the screen tests will be made.

Entry blanks appear in this magazine, and are also carried on all the card containers of Hold Bob bob pins. Fill in or copy these blanks, attach your photo, and mail to headquarters of the Search for Talent Contest, 1918 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

NOW, let's get right down to cases and see just what chance you'd have in pictures. That can best be answered with actual instances.

Out at Universal, right now, there are a dozen young people who have started auspicious screen careers.

A year ago, for example, an attractive young redhead called Pinky Tomlin, who had written a song, hit Hollywood with nothing but an old Ford and a hundred dollars. Half his money went to pay for a public audition of his song. It was an instant hit.

Today Pinky Tomlin is celebrating real success in pictures. He drives a high-powered car and his income is commensurate with his talent; he has a long-term contract with Universal pictures and is busy every minute. You'll see him in *King Solomon of Broadway,* with Edmund Lowe and another newcomer to films, Dorothy Page.

A year ago unknown—today the toast of Hollywood! Pinky Tomlin hasn't been changed by fame and good fortune; he's the same grinning, lanky young fellow, glad to help a friend and do a favor for those who need it.

And right there on the same lot is a little girl who, not many months ago, was a model in a fur store. A newsreel company wanted to show some new fall fashions in furs, and Priscilla Lawson was asked to model the furs.

The newsreel was shown along with a Universal picture, and a studio executive saw this pretty brunette. That was her screen test—she needed no further introduction to Hollywood! Just that newsreel, showing her taking a few steps before the camera. Priscilla was brought out at once, and given a rôle in Edward Everett Horton's new picture, *His Night Out.* Yet if she hadn't had that little screen test, she would never have received an offer from the movies.

Another girl who was discovered in somewhat the same way, is blonde Jean Rogers, who was going to school in Boston when Paramount announced a contest to locate new screen faces. A friend sent in her photo, and Jean was notified to come to Hollywood! The award took her completely by surprise, but she packed up and came to the studio. Universal executives saw her, made an offer, and took her to their studio for the leading rôle in *Stormy,* recently completed. Jean made such a hit that she was given a part in *Tailspin Tommy,* starring Clark Williams, and now these two will appear in pictures as a romantic team. A year ago, Clark and Jean were unknowns; today, they are firmly established in pictures, with splendid work already chalked up to their credit.

JUST a few months ago, a dark-eyed beauty looked up from her law books at the University of Southern California to find a contract being waved before her. She is Delphine Drew, and Universal talent scouts had found her in a search through the college for new talent. Miss Drew had been graduated from Milwaukee high school at fifteen; youngest girl ever to get her diploma in that city. Then she studied dancing and the drama for two years in Cincinnati, and decided to take up law in California. But like all beautiful young girls, the choice between movies and any other career is not hard to make—who can refuse film fame?

You'll find the same story at other studios. And in all the big list of pictures being made by Universal—right now these are on the current list: *Sutter's Gold, Magnificent Obsession, Remember Last Night?, East of Java, Yellowstone, Three Kids and a Queen, Her Excellency the Governor, Great Impersonation, His Night Out, Bluebeard, Ivory-handled Gun, Invisible Ray, Strangers at the Feast, The Sun Never Sets*—in all these big productions, starring some of the biggest names in films, will also appear a host of newcomers, all receiving their great chance at fame.

Will you be one, in a year from now, who will have seized this glorious opportunity? Will you, too, mingle with the rest of the stars, have a beautiful home and a handsome income, enjoy the fame and fortune that goes to those with screen talent?

All that you need to do, to give yourself this chance, is to send your photo and your entry to the Search for Talent headquarters in Chicago. Or, if you have a friend whom you think is talented, send his or her picture. Perhaps, as in the case of Jean Rogers, that photo will bring your friend into movie fame!

The Search for Talent is on. Don't let it pass you by! . Get your full particulars from Hold Bob bob pins, wherever they are sold. Ask at the store handling Hold Bobs for instructions and entry blanks. And watch your Universal screen, your local newspapers, and MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for news of this great search!

Motion Picture hopes that it will be the means of bringing you fame.

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 13]

a valuable Llewellyn setter (maybe Clark was just tired of trying to spell that). So what next? So next came another note from Johnny: "Dear Clark: Now that you gave me the dog, why not give me his pedigree too?" Clark hopes he doesn't ask for kennels, next!

Shirley Is Tops!

IT'S no longer Garbo who reigns over the whole world's box offices as the leading star. Latest figures, just in, show Shirley Temple leads all receipts over the theatre tills. Gable is tops among the men. But he'd better look out for Freddie Bartholomew, if this young idea keeps coming!

Shirley Has Hobby

TALKING of Shirley, you may like to know that she takes rank with King George, President Roosevelt, and other world-famed figures in her personal hobby. It's philately—which is just an eight-dollar word for stamp-collecting. Darryl Zanuck, head man of the Twentieth Century Fox studios, is personally helping her add to her collection, which is already the envy of many older philatelists. Right now, Shirley specializes in rare old United States unused stamps, and the new British Jubilee issue.

When Fans Meet Stars

[*Continued from page* 42]

Frankie Darro, and Herman Bing. Touring through the vast outdoor sets scattered over Universal, the party came upon the *Tailspin Tommy* set, starring Clark Williams. Clark, Jean Rogers, Bryant Washburn and Noah Beery, Jr., signed autographs and posed for snapshots with the fans.

Next came luncheon at Universal, where our fans sat down to dine with Monroe Owsley, Edward Arnold, Valerie Hobson, June Martel, John King and many others. Andy Devine wowed 'em with his squeaky laugh. Charles Bickford and Charlotte Henry were besieged for autographs.

ALL was ready for the party at the home of Miss Torres, and,—after Raquel personally welcomed each visitor,—some couldn't wait to dive into the cooling waters of the pool. Others were too busy snapping pictures by the score, or filling their books with autographs.

Refreshments were served by Sardi's, and Steve's own special cocktails began to disappear from the huge punch bowls. Every few moments, as more stars arrived, thrilled fans were being introduced to their favorite celebrities.

Handsome Ivan Lebedeff, who came with Wera Engels, enjoyed being mobbed—to judge from his grand smile. Jack La Rue sent shudders of delight through the feminine contingent. Tom Brown came with Paula Stone, beautiful daughter of famous Fred Stone. Usually he is with Anita Louise, but she was working. The renowned Shakespearean actor, Fritz Leiber, with his wife, enthralled those to whom his name is forever enshrined as the bright star of the theatre. He is now engaged in pictures. Blanche Yurka, another stage celebrity brought out here by Metro to take an important rôle in *Tale of Two Cities,* arrived. Then Binnie Barnes, star of Universal's *Diamond Jim* joined the party, and Alice White arrived.

AT LAST, time came to return to the Roosevelt Hotel for dinner. A fair tourist from Pittsburgh started three cheers for Raquel, which were given joyously. And the Editor of MOTION PICTURE joins them in thanking Raquel for her charming hospitality. She delayed an urgent call to go to England where she is to star in a picture, in order to entertain our guests. Indeed, all furniture had been moved out of the house for storage at their beach home, as Raquel will be away many months on her new contract abroad. But the guests didn't mind, for the big amusement room was opened and it was lovely on the lawn by the swimming pool.

At night, the tourists scattered for various gathering places of the stars—to the Brown Derby at Vine and Hollywood Boulevard, to the other Brown Derby at Beverly Hills where *all* the stars eat on the maid's day off (and where a round dozen are to be seen every night) or to the Biltmore Bowl, or the Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador—or to the Trocadero out on Sunset. Next day, some went to Catalina Island, others took in the Fair at San Diego, or continued their explorations of Hollywood

Then it was all aboard for Chicago again, returning via Salt Lake City, Colorado Springs, and on to the starting point. All of them had a grand time, and when MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE announces plans for its second annual tour next spring, they vow they'll be there again,—*with bells on!*

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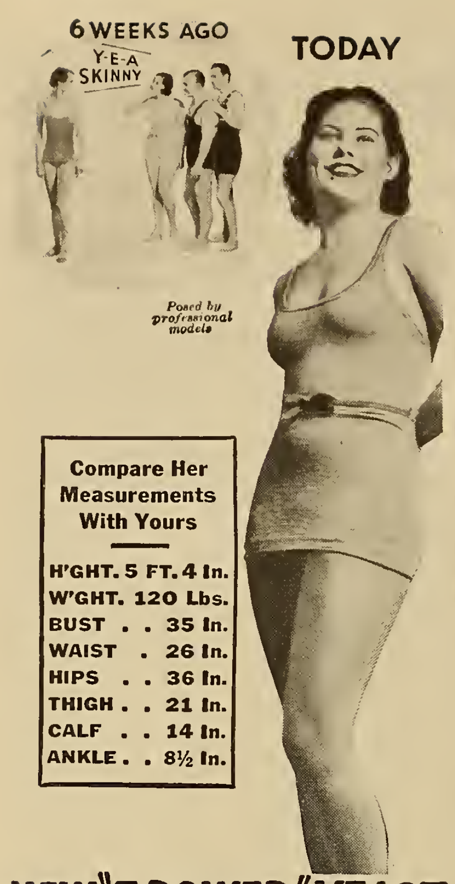

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Doctors now know that the real reason why great numbers of people find it hard to gain weight is that they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now scientists have discovered that the richest known source of health-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it *7 times more powerful*. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron in pleasant little tablets called Ironized Yeast tablets.

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Lawrence Tibbett Croons

[*Continued from page 32*]

difference whether it's a four-foot one or Tito Schipa's swimming pool.

Out comes that colossal voice of Tib's, at 6:30 in the morning, booming "Vesta La Giubba" across the Hollywood hills. And then the dogs, having nothing else to do, join in! You know—they sit on the edge of the pool, consider Larry's vocalizing for a moment or two, then point their noses toward the heavens, open their muzzles, and emit those ululant cadences which dogs call singing. The trio effect is wonderful. And Larry's neighbors have formed the Mutual Defense Association of Tibbett Livers-Nearers. They take turns calling him up and asking him to shut up. They tell him they'd just as soon pay three or five dollars to hear him in concert at 10 p.m., but for goodness sakes, keep his million-dollar voice quiet at 6:30 a.m. So he is abashed, and promises he will, and remains silent until the next morning, when he forgets about it and he and the pooches start singing again. One of his neighbors tells me he's going to shoot Larry Tibbett tomorrow morning.

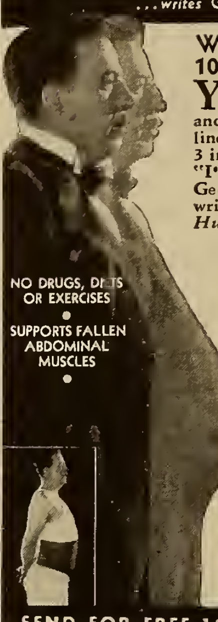
"AND my voice is costing my New York landlord several thousand dollars," grins Larry. He lives in one of those ultra-modern swank, soundproofed New York apartments. The owners guarantee to tenants that no sound can penetrate from one to another. That was before Tibbett moved in. Larry's voice fooled 'em—it sneaked through ventilators, crashed through walls, penetrated floors. The neighbors said the same things as his Hollywood neighbors do. Now that Larry's away in California, his New York landlords have torn out the ventilating system, the walls, ceilings, and floors and are re-sound-proofing them. Larry thinks it's a swell joke on the landlord.

You know, he's not miserly with that voice at all. He's given away a million dollars worth of it for every thousand he's sold. He sings at any or no provocation. When I was a reporter in Los Angeles, I wrote the story of how he was thrown out of a Wilshire cafe because he insisted on singing during dinner. And he resented the cafe man's unaesthetic reaction to his singing. So he, and the friend with him, found a garden hose near by and squirted water into the man's cafe to square things with him. That was fun. I told you he's never grown up, didn't I?

And you ought to hear him sing "Mandalay" with an English accent, when he's clowning at a party! He's perfect at parties—always clowning. Incidentally, he croons a number in *Metropolitan*, believe it or not! Just to show he can do it. It's gorgeous burlesque, the way he does it—Vallee or Crosby or Dick Powell wouldn't recognize themselves, but his take-off is an uproarious kidding of the three of 'em rolled into one. Wait till you see it!

But here, all this time, I've been tell-

"*I have* REDUCED MY WAIST 8 INCHES WITH THE WEIL BELT!"
. . . writes George Bailey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ing you about his voice. And I did say there was a lot more to Larry Tibbett than that, didn't I? There is—ask the people who know him!

THE day I was there, watching them shoot some scenes, I arrived before he did. Everything was quiet, dull. All of a sudden, a commotion at the stage door, and with an assistant director on one arm and an electrician on the other, Larry strode in—like the Three Musketeers! He had on a pink bathrobe and pajamas! "Yo . . . *h o o o o!*" he caroled; "Let's go!!" Instantly, the set became alive. Virginia Bruce jumped up and clapped her hands. Director Boleslavsky began bossing the grips. The prop men fussed about. The cameramen squinted through their lenses and measured distances. Larry's advent was like a shot of adrenalin—it started things going. From that moment on, everything was action.

"He's in a hurry to get through," someone explained to me. "You see, his wife flew to San Francisco last night, and Larry wants to fly up tonight and join her. He thinks if he can speed things through today, he can make one of the night planes . . ."

But 20th Century-Fox wasn't taking any chances. Tibbett didn't know it, but they'd already cancelled his plane reservation for him, and had a shooting schedule that would carry him well toward midnight. They weren't going to let Larry Tibbett and his voice go flying around at night in the middle of production. When Tib finally found out he couldn't catch the plane, he wired a fortune in flowers to his wife. That was the second bunch he'd wired her. The night before, when she flew north, he was at the airport to see her off. The hum of the departing plane was still in the air when Larry stepped to the airport telegraph office and wired her a great bunch of flowers to meet her on arrival at San Francisco.

"He never goes anywhere without her. He's nuts about her," is the inelegant but expressive way his intimates describe the romance between Mrs. Tibbett and Larry. She's his second wife, you know. They're ecstatically happy. Larry's got a pair of twin boys, by his first wife. They're fond of their stepmother, too. But they're not so pleased with papa's singing. Once in a while, they're allowed on the set where he's making pictures. They fidget around for a few minutes. The day I was there, they only stayed five minutes. As they left, Tib interrupted his singing to ask them where they were going.

"WE just spotted a theatre where Bing Crosby's singin'," they told him, "and we're goin' there." Reminds me of Chaplin—Charlie's two boys insist Mickey Mouse is funnier than papa!

On the set, Tibbett is as democratic as an installment collector.

He grew up in the country, among ordinary people, and all the glitter and glamour of wealth, the haute monde, the opera, the world, hobnobbing with famous and influential people, have not changed him one whit.

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GROVE'S LAXATIVE
BROMO
QUININE

Doors Garbo Has Opened

[*Continued from page* 25]

bride. While waiting to do her scene, dressed in a little tailored dress with a short leopard-skin coat over it, and a plain little sport hat, Edmund Goulding, the director (who was standing near Garbo), motioned to her to come over. When Mary saw that she had to walk near Garbo, she literally gasped for breath. Mr. Goulding introduced Garbo, and Mary stared. Then, through the confusion of her own excitement, she saw Garbo's smile, and heard her calm voice.

"Do you like the costume you're wearing?" Garbo asked her.

"Well, not very much," Mary managed to stammer. "It's very smart . . . it's what they gave me in the costume department . . . but, well, I think it would be more becoming to Miss Shearer. It's not exactly my type."

Garbo nodded. "That's what I was thinking . . . not for you . . . not in this part, anyway. Don't you think something fluffy, something with frills, maybe, would help you feel more like a fluffy young bride?"

Mary gulped and tried to catch her voice again. It was slipping away from her rapidly. "But—but this is what they gave me," she finally blurted out.

Garbo was still smiling encouragingly, "You go and see Adrian and tell him I want him to make up something especially for you!"

Mary seemed to drift away on thin air, back to the wardrobe department, and Adrian. Later, she was sitting there on the sidelines, in pretty new ruffles and frills when Garbo came out of her dressing room. "There, don't you like that much better?" she asked. Mary nodded and smiled, "Oh yes, I do."

RECENTLY, as Mary was telling me about this, she beamed and flushed again at the happy remembrance. "And do you know what she did? There was a rail there, a sort of fence that was part of the set. Well, believe it or not, Miss Garbo climbed up on that rail, and sat there, watching, all the time I did my scene. And I did 'feel' my scene better in the outfit she had suggested for me," Mary added.

Then there is the story of Gavin Gordon and Garbo. It was at the time that many actors were being tested for the part of the minister, opposite Garbo, in *Romance*. Garbo was asked to look at a few of the tests. Quietly, she looked them over. Then she said, "The third young man I saw . . . I think he would be very good." That young man was the stage actor, Gavin Gordon, who had just come to Hollywood. He had just come to Hollywood a few weeks before, but he was ready to leave, feeling that he could never get a break there. He had made several tests. None had brought him a job. He was packing his bags and was planning to leave on the next train when M-G-M phoned him to report at the studio the next morning.

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"But what for?" asked Gavin excitedly. He had forgotten about the Garbo test. That seemed so hopeless. "For Miss Garbo's picture," was the answer. The next morning Gavin was so excited, and so overjoyed at his good fortune that he couldn't wait to drive to the studio slowly. Tearing along at a breakneck speed, he wrecked his car, broke his arm, and landed in the hospital instead of on the set. The studio shrugged, and hauled out the tests to take another look at them. They certainly couldn't wait for Gordon's arm to mend.

BUT GARBO, when she heard about it, said they could. She did not say it loudly, or make a fuss about it. In fact, few people ever knew that she had anything to do with Gordon's being in that picture. She just merely suggested to the director that they *could*, couldn't they, shoot a few first scenes "around" him. That was what they did. Many a star would have been impatient with her leading man for being so foolhardy as to break his arm. Far from being impatient, Garbo felt sorry for him. She understood the awful disappointment that he was facing. Within a few hours after the accident, she sent him flowers. Cold, indifferent Garbo? Did that look like it?

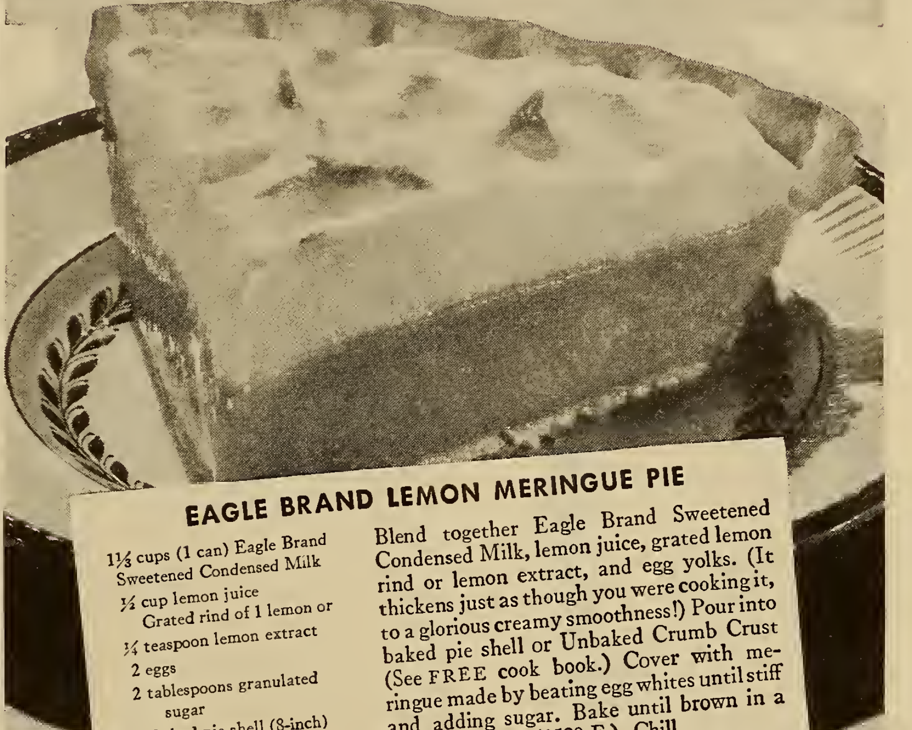
It was through Garbo, also, that Karen Morley was given her first break in pictures. Karen had been sitting on casting office benches for weeks with little result. She happened to be in the M-G-M office one day, when the studio was testing men for the leading rôle in the Garbo picture, *Inspiration*. They needed a girl to play Garbo's part in the test. There was no time to send for anyone in particular. Karen was handed a script and told to report on the set. The young man with whom she had the test didn't get a job, but Karen did. Miss Garbo had merely indicated her approval of Karen's ability, and had suggested that if the part of the sister was still open, why not Karen? Since Garbo doesn't speak very often, when she does, that is enough.

BEGINNERS, and children: to them both Garbo has always been particularly helpful. She takes the greatest pleasure in picking the children who will play the part of her son or daughter, as little Cora Sue Collins did, in *Queen Christina*. In Cora's instance, it was Garbo who opened the door.

The studio was looking for a blonde child. Dozens were tested. Then Garbo, who had seen Cora Sue Collins on several occasions and had liked her very much, suggested that she be tested. But a studio official explained that they did not like to go to the expense of a special wig, just for a test, since Cora Sue was a brunette. Garbo scoffed. That was all.

The next day, Cora Sue, in an expensive blonde wig, was tested. She was given the part.

This story could go on and on. But is it necessary? *Haven't you already changed your opinion?*



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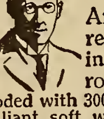

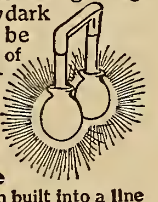

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'Ere Come the British

[Continued from page 29]

reproduced her Colchester-farm flower garden on her Hollywood grounds, and even the film children, with Freddie Bartholomew as a fine example, have to be British today. Warner Brothers, sensing the need, imported five-year old Sybil Jason from London and South Africa. Jackie Cooper, Shirley Temple and Jane Withers are going to be out of luck unless they learn, immediately, to say "fawther" and "dawnce." With Baby LeRoy it will be a cinch. He's just learning to talk and is in the formative age.

AMONG the residents from the far-flung Empire are bluff C. Aubrey Smith, plump, talented Charles Laughton, gallant Herbert Marshall, witty Mrs. Pat Campbell, distinguished Constance Collier, Gyles Isham, Hugh Williams, Elsa Lanchester (she's Mrs. Laughton), George Arliss, Errol Flynn (an Irishman, a Free-Stater, more than likely, but we won't start a discussion of that, here), Maureen O'Sullivan, Benita Hume, Boris Karloff (he's really a Pratt), Nigel Bruce, Pat Somerset, fussy, amusing Reginald Owen, Herbert Mundin, military Claude King, Una O'Connor, John Warburton, Brian Aherne, Valerie Hobson, Elissa Landi, "Pat" Paterson (she went over to the French when she married Charles Boyer, but what girl wouldn't?), George Brent, Cary Grant, Ida Lupino, Ray Milland, Henry Wilcoxon, Alison Skipworth, Elizabeth Allan (a lass from Skagness), Henry Stephenson, Sir Guy Standing, Mona Barrie, Molly Lamont, Margot Grahame, Montagu Love, Dudley Digges, Crauford Kent, Basil Rathbone, Colin Clive, Wendy Barrie, Francis Lister, Roland Young, Allan Mowbray, Paul Cavanagh, and those occasional transatlantic commuters, Leslie Howard, Robert Donat, Evelyn Laye, Frank Lawton.

From Australia, the southernmost tip of South Africa, Ireland, Scotland, they have come. "How many British actors are there in Hollywood?" we asked the British consulate, out of sheer impishness.

"We don't know," it answered. "We don't keep a record of them, and they are not required to register. The only time we hear from them is when they are in trouble."

In fairness to His Majesty's subjects, there is seldom need for them to ask the aid of their consul. Maybe it's because they are so busy organizing. They organize at the drop of a hat, and it doesn't have to be a tin helmet, although many of the British organizations stem from the World War and its associations. The newest club to form is one whose president is the soldierly Claude King. Its title is the British United Service Club, its most important requirement is to have served in Great Britain's army, navy, or aviation forces, its function is the entertainment of distinguished guests

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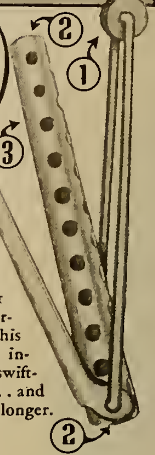

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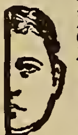

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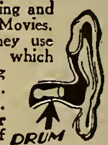

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—members contributing fifteen dollars for each *fête*. And the parties are really topping!

ANOTHER group is Victor McLaglen's White Horse Guards. They parade on state occasions, like the Fourth of July, at the American Legion's Coliseum celebration. The members are elegant, simply elegant, in their uniforms, mounted on their steeds, and it takes out a lot of troublesome complexities, like thinking about wars and fighting with mothers-in-law, for McLaglen's members to convene at his recreation center and give their libidos good, hard workouts.

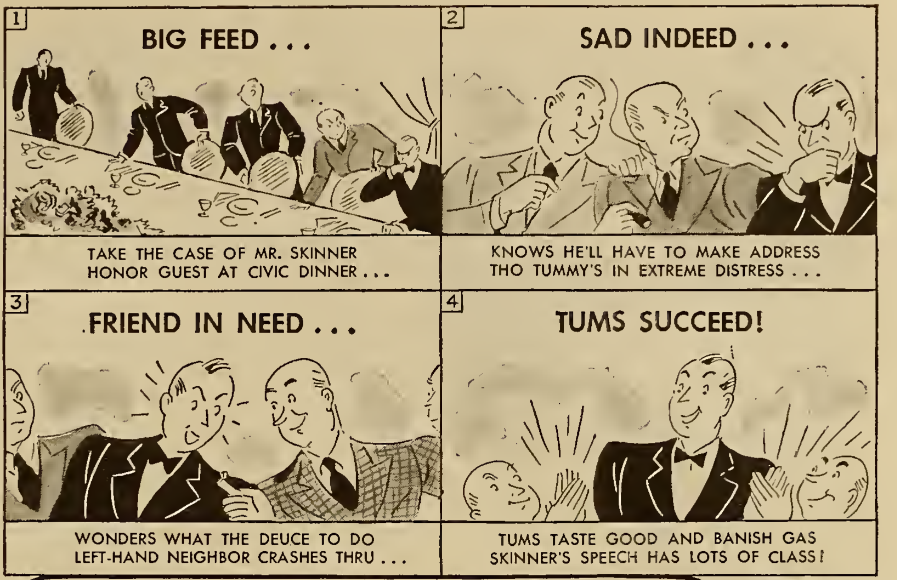
Cricket, rugby, soccer, lawn tennis, field hockey, all these cheery old English games are sponsored in Hollywood by the British set, with cricket a growing menace, and the Hollywood Cricket Club (Karloff is a player, C. Aubrey Smith, president) winning four games on recent tour. They dropped a game, however, when H.M.S. *Danae* cruised into port, but it might have been the country gentlemen in them, cropping up. They didn't want to have their visitors lose, this being Jubilee year, and all.

In the winter, the cricketeers play field hockey, so if you see Karloff running around with a big curved stick in his hand, chasing what looks like a cake of soap, you will know his horror rôles have not gone to his head. He's merely keeping in trim for the summer cricket games. The city (Los Angeles) has already prepared a cricket field in Griffith Park for their use, so you see that Californians approve of these oh-so-strange British games.

At the moment, *The Dark Angel* cast, plus Brian Aherne, is all agog about a newly formed fox-hunting group. And if the hunt still persists six months after the film is released, we shall know it wasn't a smart press agent's thought. The conventional "pink" coats are being ordered up, it is reported, and choice of a Master of Fox Hounds lies between Herbert Marshall, David Niven, Brian Aherne, Claude King,—and the Yankee, Fredric March. There has been a discussion about the merits of a "drag hunt," a preliminary meet in the hills back of the Riviera Country Club.

But, fox-hunting doubts aside, Hollywood is, for the moment, quite British. Old reliable Yankees like Kay Francis find themselves ordering beef and kidney pies regularly from Alice Lloyd's English bakery, where the shelves are crowded with Banbury tarts, seed cakes, Maid-in-Waiting tarts (after Queen Victoria's recipe), the famous Eccles cake made from a 700-year old formula, Melton-Mowbray pork pies, suet puddings, crumpets, muffins, Scotch shortbread, toffee, Richmond cakes, Goosnargh cakes.

It's a lot of fun while it lasts (next month it may be a Russian mood), and I like to hear New York-born, English-reared Frances Drake call her opera slippers "court shoes," but the moment Wally Beery starts yelling for his "tiffin," I'm leaving town.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BIG FEED . . .
TAKE THE CASE OF MR. SKINNER
HONOR GUEST AT CIVIC DINNER . . .
2
SAD INDEED . . .
KNOWS HE'LL HAVE TO MAKE ADDRESS
THO TUMMY'S IN EXTREME DISTRESS . . .
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WONDERS WHAT THE DEUCE TO DO
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Jean Arthur Left Films—Became a Star!

[*Continued from page* 49]

Four years ago, Jean had fallen into that dreadful ingénue rut. A New Yorker, of nontheatrical parentage, she had done commercial posing, after school hours. Howard Chandler Christy and other famous artists had been so impressed with her Nordic loveliness that she had been the model for many a major illustration. Alert film scouts had observed and, before she could complete high school, had sent her to Hollywood. She had played leads in comedies, Westerns, action melodramas, and then followed a long-term contract at Paramount. She had fulfilled the requirements for the part of a standard, naive leading lady and occasionally garnered excellent reviews.

But Jean's severest critic is herself. And today she asserts, "I was a very poor actress in those days. You know—*blah!* I was awfully anxious to improve, but I was inexperienced so far as genuine training was concerned; I was horribly meek and not of sufficient consequence to be bothered with.

"HOLLYWOOD is no place to develop. Pictures are shot with such speed that you do a scene as it strikes you, and let it go at that. Of course, I'm speaking of the customary procedure. If you are a great hit, or if someone takes a special interest in helping, then you get the attention you need.

"If you've learned some acting technique on the stage, you have a background of references. I presumed there was only one way to enact every emotion, and so I plugged along pretty blindly. It was shortly before my option wasn't taken up that I began going blonde. Mary Brian was the ace ingénue on the lot and somehow it was said we looked like each other. That was hard on me, for Mary was so much better than I was, and so much bigger box-office, that she was inevitably first choice. I got the ultra insipid assignments.

"It dawned on me that if I lightened my hair a little, it would lessen any resemblance. So far as the studio was concerned, I dyed in vain!" Now a dazzling blonde, astonishingly more vital because of the color change, Jean laughs about her tinkering with Nature. This is the only artificial thing about her.

"When you start experimenting—well, after a few months it seems drab again, and so you go a trifle lighter. It photographs most becomingly thoroughly flaxen, so that's why this last jump is permanent. Although," she smiled, "when I trip to New York and go out socially with my husband I feel quite chorus-girly!"

Her mention of her handsome young husband, a wealthy New York builder, led to Jean's surprising disclosure. She didn't go straight to the stage as a means of re-arousing Hollywood. Indeed, all this clicking is an accidental aftermath!

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Jean left Hollywood because she is blessed with a heap of common sense, has an idealistic streak a mile wide—and because she was in love. It was most extraordinary,—her immediate departure and goodbye upon the expiration of her Paramount contract. You would have supposed that she would have stayed around to look for tie-ups elsewhere. But not Jean Arthur!

"NO, I had been in Hollywood long enough to know which way the wind was blowing. If I couldn't get stronger parts with the studio where I'd been, why expect the others to have faith in me? *I* knew I had potentialities, but no one else sensed it. *So I just quit altogether!* I realized I wasn't demonstrating any notable ability. I didn't comprehend what was wrong with me, but I was sure of two things by then: something was, and no one intended to show me how to advance.

"I don't want to sound 'arty,' but I love this business. Playing those colorless, vapid ingénues had bored me so that I just couldn't go on. I didn't want to. I'd saved money; I didn't have to. What's more, along had come 'the man.' He lived in New York, and I simply abandoned all further dreams of a career. If it wasn't to be first-class, I didn't want it. The salary I could have earned by hanging on and taking whatever I could get in the same sickly sweet rut wasn't enough lure.

"So I went to New York, got married, and was blissfully happy. Honestly, the only regret was that my parents had settled in Hollywood and I missed them. And they were *all* I missed."

There is no vanity in Jean Arthur, as you can judge by that determined farewell to fuss and flattery. Nor cynicism.

"That was when several Hollywood stars had endeavored to headline on Broadway, with disastrous results. The stage producers concluded a picture girl would fall on her nose the minute she stepped out to deliver her first line!" Jean talked to several of these theatrical magnates to no avail. Then she won the second lead in *Foreign Affairs*, which starred Henry Hull and Dorothy Gish. It was a supporting rôle, but it was on Broadway.

Furthermore, Jean Arthur went over! So capably did she acquit herself with these veterans that she subsequently won leads in four successful Broadway dramas. During the summers, she assiduously worked in stock companies upstate. In two-and-a-half years, she had fourteen plays to her credit.

And then? Why, Hollywood heard, saw, and asked her very kindly if she wouldn't please come back! The terms were entirely different. She was to do movie rôles with depth. Jean and her husband discussed the question and they decided it would be 'yes.' So they have ended up by commuting frequently across the continent, and Jean resides in Beverly with her parents.

She has every intention of resuming on Broadway where she left off. Meanwhile, she is wise to the way the wind is blowing in hectic Hollywood.

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In This Issue:

●

SECRETS OF MOVIE THRILLS

●

HOW TED HUSING BROADCASTS FOOTBALL

●

MAKING XMAS GIFTS AND CARDS

Can You Unscramble Pictures? Identify These Men?

Photographs of well-known movie stars, aviators, and sports champions have been scrambled as at the left; for reassembling and identifying the pictures 123 cash prizes are being offered. Full details are in the December issue of

MODERN MECHANIX & INVENTIONS MAGAZINE

Jim Tully Reveals Real Fredric March

[*Continued from page 27*]

honor to report that Lizzie McGluck—but this tale concerns a rising young banker. He rose at that moment and walked the four feet back and forth in his large office.

HE HAD been in college theatricals. He was even the president of the drama class. His dad might contribute. He thought much for several days. The bank went on with its usual routine, regardless of the drama that surged in the heart of one of its scholarship juniors.

There was not the same consternation as when Oliver Twist asked for more porridge. However, the thirty-third vice president was disconcerted when he heard that Frederic McIntyre Bickel wanted to be an actor. Just how to proceed in such an emergency was not in the book of rules. It was all as simple as giving Oliver Twist more porridge. Let Mr. Bickel become an actor. But, dear reader—we are simple folk. An actor in a bank! Preposterous! He might loan other actors money!

Frederic McIntyre Bickel had too level-headed a father to lose his own head. He asked for a "leave of absence," that phrase which covers so much. The request "followed a severe cold." The bank regretfully gave him the leave of absence and told Mr. Bickel that should he wish to take up his duties later at a hundred poor iron men a month—the job was open. Mr. March still has the letter somewhere. A wise and a mellow fellow now—the word "regretfully" amuses him.

Frederic McIntyre Bickel had the courage lacking in so many of the white-collar brigade. He burned all his bridges—*and changed his name!* I use the word "courage" in its proper place. Now if your dad was a banker and lived right across the river, it would take a lot of nerve to burn the bridge.

FREDRIC MARCH got a job. The word "job" means as much here as the word "regretfully" in the bank's letter. He became one of the atoms in the atmosphere around Lionel Atwill in David Belasco's *Deburau*. In a few months, he became the stage manager's assistant. This was something. The stage manager was Mr. Lionel Atwill's understudy. This reads well. That's all!

Fredric March did not want to return to the bank. He was not tempted to return to his father. A decent fellow is March—he did not want to spoil my story for MOTION PICTURE (a Fawcett publication) ten years or so away. Or maybe his dad said, "Thumbs down." I don't know—and Fred says nothing about this period. At any rate, he got a job weeks later in a film at Astoria as an extra. He received $5.00 a day—some days. Ten percent of this amount went to a casting agency.

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Though the producers worried about the "cost sheet," the film ended all too soon for the bank president's son. He had forty-five dollars for ten day's work, and two pairs of pants. He had the latter before the picture started! He lived, by this time, in a hall bedroom in Brooklyn. Now, as all New Yorkers will shout, Brooklyn is none too happy a place, even without the hall bedroom. He paid his landlady thirty dollars, and walked up and down Broadway with a dozen dollars in coin, and millions in hope. As is always the case, the money he had in hope outlasted the coin in his pocket.

FREDRIC MARCH jingled his dollars—his first in months. Another actor heard the sound. He borrowed five of Fredric, who showed none of his father's business acumen. All the actor gave Fredric as security was the world to find him in. Eight months later, Fredric found him. He borrowed two dollars more. Without consulting the books on finance he had studied in college, Fredric decided to cancel the debt.

Some weeks later, when—woebegone as an extra girl without alimony—he received a letter from the actor. The letter told him that the writer thought Mr. March might be able to get a dollar an hour, posing for a photographer. The touch was at the end. Fredric did not read that far. He got the job, and often posed three days a week. And once he posed for Neysa McMein. Life was brighter at the edges. All that day, the birds sang in his heart.

Work ceased as suddenly as friendship on Broadway. Before long, his pockets were as empty as a blind man's tin cup. Then he got a job in that haven of the hungry—a stock company. The actor who owed him seven dollars was in the show. He bought several meals for Fredric, and paid him four dollars. Fredric was happy. In two weeks, the actor borrowed ten. A small voice said to Fredric—"You're a fine banker's son, letting this guy teach you high finance!"

He remained in stock for several years, and toured the United States.

IN DENVER, while still playing in stock, he married Florence Eldridge, a Broadway actress.

He was later signed by Paramount and his debut was made with the inimitable and irrepressible Clara Bow in *The Dummy*. He followed with *The Wild Party*.

He received the Academy Award for the best acting of 1932 because of his portrayal in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

His own favorite picture, however, is *Laughter*, a much smaller film in scope than the others. He feels that it brought out his best acting. He has appeared under the M-G-M banner in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* and *Smilin' Through*. His most impressive recent work has been done in Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables*, Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*, and *Dark Angel*.

There is little more to add. His father is very proud of him. *The actor borrowed ten dollars more!*

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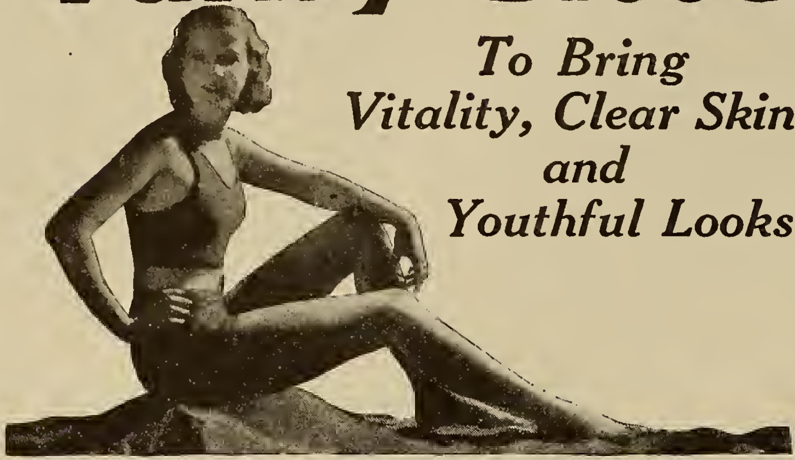

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SNYDER PRODUCTS CO., 1434 N. Wells St., Dept. 350S, Chicago

New Styles Have Rhythm

[*Continued from page* 45]

Accessories are brown and the ribbons on her smart pumps are grosgrain.

Rhythm comes into hats in an adaptation of the halo model (previously so popular for only formal modes.) Cecilia Parker wears an ultra smart hat of wine-colored felt. The severely plain line at the forehead is broken by means of a flat ribbon bow of the same, lined with cream-colored ribbon, and it's an Andrew Johnson model.

June Knight describes her little brown felt model, with its daring feather as "going to town," which is exactly what it does. Creating an extreme line with its shallow crown and brimless back, the climax is reached in its beige quill and front-flare. Girls with excellent profiles are going to love this Meadowbrook model!

Maureen O'Sullivan steps gracefully into the fashion picture with a tuneful little street dress that manages to achieve both comfort and chic. A touch of white satin at the neckline relieves the solid color of this brown wool crêpe dress, and repeated on the sleeves, adds the necessary decorative touch. Emphasis is placed on the wide belt with its mirrored buckle. With this ensemble, Maureen also wears a smart beige tweed coat mixed with darker colors and trimmed in beige fox fur.

And last, but by no means least, Elizabeth Allan's white galyak sports coat is cut on such charming rhythm-lines that it could easily serve over the most picturesque evening costume. The wide, stand-up collar frames the face as flatteringly as an ermine model. But the smart Miss Allan prefers this coat for sports wear, thereby achieving a startling effect when worn with solid-color dark knit or wool dresses and dark felt hats!

There's grace and charm in the new fashion melody from Hollywood, thanks to our dancing stars . . . and you're going to love it!

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 47]

that should insure a successful stage career, and maybe later, pictures.

JOHN WAYNE, who is fast coming to the front as a cowboy star in pictures, never rode a horse until he went on location with *The Big Trail* company. Wayne was a star guard on one of the wonder football elevens at the University of Southern California. He learned how to take rough stuff when he played against Notre Dame. Wayne is his screen name. His real name is Marion Morrison and when playing football he was called "Duke" Morrison.

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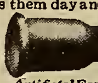

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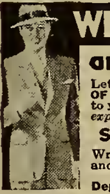

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Dr. Stotter, 50 East 42nd St., Dept. 48-F, New York

QUITE the most dangerous vamp that has come to Hollywood in some time is Joan Dempsey. All the eligible young bachelors in the film colony vied for Joan's smiles and when she left for New York with her parents, it would seem Harry Joe Brown, Jr., had the inside track for she was wearing an engagement ring that Harry Joe, Jr., had given her. Joan is the daughter of Jack Dempsey and Hannah Williams. She is 14 months old. Harry Joe's mother is Sally Eilers. He will soon be two years of age.

OF ALL the tributes to the late Will Rogers none was more sincere than that of Stepin Fetchit, the lazy colored boy who appeared in many pictures with Rogers. "It was nothing but a Gift of God" said Stepin, "that allowed me to be Mr. Rogers' Man Friday in his pictures."

ALICE FAYE just made them gasp at a night club one recent evening when she appeared clad in a stunning black satin gown. The only contrasting note was an immense water lily, perched on each of her shoulders. In the parlance, among many gorgeously gowned girls, Alice stopped the show.

STUDIO rules are subject to change in isolated cases. When Mae West first came to the Paramount lot to make pictures, just one automobile was allowed to park on the studio grounds. That was the car of Marlene Dietrich. Shortly afterward, the studio gatemen were instructed to allow the West car entrance at all times. To date, they are the only two cars allowed on the grounds. But Mae is one up on Marlene at the moment. Another drastic rule forbids food trays from the studio cafe to be served to dressing rooms. Mae West has never entered the cafe at Paramount except once. She has luncheon served to her in her dressing room, brought from the studio cafe.

A SOB story appeared the other day which had to do with Thelma White having to dance and sing on a studio set while her sister Marjorie, victim of an automobile accident, was being buried. As a matter of fact, Marjorie and Thelma were not sisters, and not even related, though they appeared in vaudeville for many years as the White Sisters. And in recent years they have seldom seen each other.

OSCAR SMITH, the veteran shoe shiner at the Paramount studios, where he has been for fifteen years (also playing parts in many Paramount pictures), recently opened an eating, dining, and dancing resort for colored folks.

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Here's a freshly different, more alluring lipstick shade that brings to lips the sublime madness of a moon-kissed jungle night—the new *Jungle* shade of SAVAGE Lipstick! It's a brilliant, vivid, *brighter* red—the most exotic color ever put into lipstick—and a truly adventurous hue! And is *Jungle* indelible? So much so that its intense color becomes an actual part of *you* . . . clinging to your lips . . . all day . . . or, all night . . . *savagely!* There are four other SAVAGE Lipstick shades: *Tangerine* (Orangish) . . . *Flame* (Fiery) . . . *Natural* (Blood Red) . . . *Blush* (Changeable). 20c at all 10c stores.

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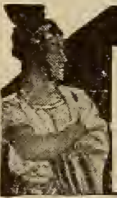

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Barbara Stanwyck—The Star They All Want

[*Continued from page* 34]

that be—a resentment born of her own sufferings and in those of others—have made her the dread of studio officials, and a volcano of human emotions have made her the hope and joy of directors and casting offices.

To understand why this woman will turn on an executive or director like a wounded tigress one minute, and then shower generosity and kindness on some set laborer or minor wardrobe employee the next, one must know her background and her nature.

And once one knows that background and nature, he must close his eyes and strangle his reason to keep from sympathizing with her, and cheering for her.

Much has been written of how she was born to poverty and tragedy as Ruby Stevens; of her mother being pushed to her death from a streetcar by a drunken stranger and of her consequent orphanage at the age of three by her father's abandonment of her; of her lean childhood days in the tenement district of Brooklyn, and of how she was farmed out from family to family to work for her keep. Also of her struggle as a young girl and the things that happened to her as a chorus girl and night-club entertainer.

BUT, according to those who know her best, it was not these experiences that scarred her soul with bitterness. They only opened her heart to an understanding and sympathy for the underdog. The seeds of her searing memories were sown later, when she came to Hollywood as the proud and happy wife of her adored Frank Fay. She came with her heart full of hopes and love, and her soul afire with emotion. It was a grand and glorious world, and Barbara approached it with arms outstretched.

Then came the shock and the swift thrusts that left cuts that festered. Hollywood was not kind to the newcomers. It ignored Barbara and sneered at Frank. At first, it predicted that this big time vaudevillian would soon be rid of his hoofer-wife—and then, when the world awakened to her talent, about-faced and calmly announced that it wouldn't be long till the climbing Barbara would put the skids under the slipping Fay.

"They laughed at love and sneered at loyalty," charges Barbara. "They ignored us to our faces and dug inquiring fingers into our backs, trying to turn up a scandal, a quarrel, or a family skeleton. They resented our loyalty to one another and were annoyed at our refusal to live up to their predictions."

To honest, fearless, frank Barbara Stanwyck, these were crimes unforgivable. Nature had taught her to fight, and she wanted to fight back. But how, and whom? Isolating themselves and avoiding the other members of the film colony was a defense—and hot-blooded

Dust—wind—sun glare—reading—tire your eyes. For relief, cleanse them daily with Murine. Soothing. Refreshing. Used safely for nearly 40 years.

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Barbara wanted an offense. She wanted to hit back. The way the game is played is to smile and purr, and take it out on the little fellow.

But Barbara couldn't take it out on the little fellow. She had seen too many struggling little fellows crushed underfoot back in Brooklyn. Her sympathy was entirely with them. She couldn't stamp on their fingers. Who, then, was left? The big fellow—the self-assured, smug, condescending big fellow. The fellow who represented the Hollywood Barbara had grown to hate.

HARD knocks, experience and the struggle for existence as a child had given Barbara an armored side, a hard side. This was turned to the upper dog, while her soft side, her understanding, her sympathy and her great generosity was turned to the underdog.

"Inferiority complex" glibly explained some. "This idea of associating with your inferiors and avoiding those you feel are your superiors is the surest sign of a defense mechanism."

But, to those who knew Stanwyck, it was simply understanding, sympathy, and great kindness on one side, and sensitiveness, resentment, direct frankness, and absolute fearlessness on the other. Because of her natural honesty and utter inability to pretend, she says what she thinks—with a will! More than one director, writer, and executive has heard her blazing wrath and indignation. For, when Barbara burns, she blazes. Sullen, smoldering, treacherous fires have no place in her being.

It is utterly impossible for Barbara Stanwyck to put on an act, or pretend. She cannot put on an act or simulate an emotion she does not feel. Sounds rather incongruous, doesn't it—the idea of an actress not being able to pretend a part she does not feel?

The answer to that is, that Barbara Stanwyck does not "act" before the camera—she merely expresses emotional reaction. She is, for the moment, living the part she is playing. Her work is never the result of study and rehearsal—but a natural impulse. She always "feels" her part, never "acts" it. That is why no less an authority than Frank Capra, who directed her in her greatest successes, says he never "re-shot" her in the important scenes. "She felt it and gave everything she had at the first photographing," explained Capra, "and to retake it meant to lose some of her marvelous fire and emotion." To Frank Capra's way of thinking there never has been a star in pictures with the emotional expression of Stanwyck, or one who could equal her in dramatic scenes.

"SHE had to 'feel' her parts, to create a mood and then express it," explains this famous director.

"When you find a true Stanwyck part," according to one casting director, "you find a *Stanwyck* part—and that's all there is to it. If you are sincere in your desire to cast the right people for your picture, you somehow just can't help recalling her amazing work, and seeing her, in your mind's eye, playing the part your story depicts."

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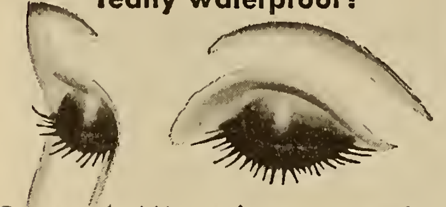

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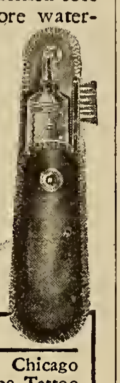

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Lily Pons Dances

[*Continued from page 33*]

you know very well that she's going to give Grace Moore a sweet run for the top honors in film music. And this, despite her handicaps—the fact that she hasn't the body and strength of Grace, that she hasn't the beauty of Grace (save when she smiles), that she hasn't the camera-wise experience of Grace.

For those deficiencies, she's making up with work. And despite the fact that she's already won to the top in that fierce job that is the making of an opera star, she admits that it took Hollywood to teach her the real meaning of that simple English monosyllable, "work."

"NEVAIR, *nevair* have I work' so 'ard een my life bee-fore . . . !!" she says, flopping down on the chaise longue in her dressing room for a noontime rest. Her tiny hands flutter before her, like a couple of baby sparrows, frightened out of their nest. Her eyes, big as banjos, are full of amazement . . .

"—an' all ze time, I 'ave been tol' zat een Hollywood, people zey play more zan zey work. . . ! Eeet ees not so—eet ees ze hardes' work wheech I have evair, *evair* do!"

She's an amazing creature, this little French-Italian songbird who, in opera and in concert and on the radio has taken the world of music by storm, and who now assails the cinema heights for the first time. Tiny as a statuette. And yet, out of that little throat, there can pour the most awesome quantity of sound that any woman's voice has produced in opera. Lily Pons' voice is one of the marvels of the music world. That's an old story. But even movie wiseacres, who'd heard all about it, were amazed the first day she started recording her songs for *Love Song* on the Radio lot.

Three stages away, the ludicrous Messrs. Woolsey and Wheeler were finishing the last takes on their picture *Rain Makers.* A minute after Lily Pons, three stages away, began singing the Bell Song from *Lakmé*, the sound technician on the Wheeler-Woolsey set wanted to know what on earth was the matter! Lily Pons' voice was crashing right through soundproof walls, and all that space, and getting tangled up in the absurdities of the Wheeler-Woolsey dialogue. And so, Wheeler and Woolsey had to call off their shooting until Lily Pons had finished recording.

The sound technician finally wandered over to the *Love Song* set. "The woman who's doing that singing," he said, "must be eight Kate Smiths rolled into one." When he saw Lily Pons, he nearly fainted. That's how tiny she is.

SHE'S captured the hearts of the entire Radio staff, not to mention the rest of Hollywood with her charm. That quality—sheer charm—is in inverse ratio to her size. It's as colossal as she is tiny. The first moment you meet her, you wonder why people rave about her. She's *not* beautiful. Her face is too

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of Motion Picture, published Monthly at Mount Morris, Ill., for Oct. 1, 1935.

State of Minnesota }ss.
County of Hennepin }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared W. M. Messenger, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Motion Picture and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Motion Picture Publications, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.; Editor, Roscoe Fawcett, Minneapolis, Minn.; Managing Editor, Laurence Reid, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, W. M. Messenger, Minneapolis, Minn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Motion Picture Publications, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.; Fawcett Publications, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.; W. H. Fawcett, Breezy Point, Minn.; Roscoe Fawcett, Minneapolis, Minn.; C-A Publishing Co., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

W. M. MESSENGER,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1935.
(SEAL) ESTHER V. MAUSEL.
(My commission expires May 7, 1941.)

A BATTLE BETWEEN LOVES!

Kay Francis and Sybil Jasan

In her new picture,

I FOUND STELLA PARISH,

KAY FRANCIS portrays a woman torn between mother love and love of another kind—

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Other complete movie stories with Lupe Velez—Bette Davis—Ann Sothern—Franchot Tone—Doug. Fairbanks, Jr.—Gertrude Lawrence—Loretta Young—Edmund Lowe—Carole Lombard

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long for beauty. Her eyes are too big. And they burn like a fevered person's. But then she smiles. And you swear, forthwith, that she's the most beautiful woman in the world. That smile is absolute magic. It transforms her. Utterly. And you'll love her "hot dance" in *Love Song!*

She never *has* learned English. Let's hope she never will. This jargon she has learned, which she quaintly imagines is English, is too enthralling for description. It consists of simple English words, well pronounced; a lot of English words, pronounced French style; and the rest pure French. She starts saying something in English, becomes confused, flutters her hands hopelessly, and goes off into a rippling torrent of French. And even if you can't understand a single word of the language, somehow you seem to understand perfectly what Lily Pons is talking about. She's like that. Anyway, she was like that the other day, when I asked her how she liked movie-making.

"Oooo," and her eyes opened wider, as she added, "eet ees—*terreebl'!*"

The press agent who'd introduced me looked worried. Movie stars aren't supposed to say movie-making is terrible. They're supposed to say it's lovely and very nice. He put in, hopefully: "But you like it, don't you, Miss Pons?"

"Oh, yess—but eet mak' me to work *so hard!*" she says, simply and directly, and that's all there is to it. And then off she goes, into a Franco-Anglicized expostulation over the 'ter-reebl' difficulties of making movies.

"YOU see, w'en I mak' ze concert, I pr-r-r-repare for heem all day. I rest all day long—in bed mos' of ze day an' doing nozzing at all when I am out of ze bed. An' zen I go to ze stage at eight-sirty o'clock an' I sing onteel ten-sirty an' zen I go home an' I go back to bed and have ze dinnair in bed an' zat ees all.

"Een opera [she pronounced it oh-*pair*-ah], eet ees motch ze same. I res' all day an' zen I seeng my rôle an' zen go home an' to bed and again have ze dinnair in bed.

"Bot now—ooo, eet ees terreebl'. I am at ze studio at seven-sirty in ze morning. . . !—yes, acsually, m'sieu'—an' I seeng an' I seeng an' I seeng an' I seeng an' I *seeng!* Oh, so many times I seeng ze same song ovair an ovair again zat I sink now I go crazee for sure! Why?—sometimes eet ees ze lights w'at ees wrong or ze michael—I mean ze mike—ees een ze wrong place—or ze bell does not ring in ze right spot—or somesing else—but all ze time I mus' seeng an' seeng an' seeng an' *seeng!*

"Ooooo, I tell you eet ees terreebl'!"

Now, while this may seem amusing to you, it's really anything but funny to Lily Pons. For underlying it all is the inescapable knowledge that here is a fierce battle for supremacy. Lily Pons doesn't refer to it in words; the studio belittles such talk—but you can't get away from the fact that because of Grace Moore's flight to movie fame, Lily Pons has to do the same.

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Between Ourselves

JUST what does Hollywood have to fear from our friends across the ocean—the British?

After looking over the British film situation as an impartial observer (which an editor sometimes ought to be), I have come to the conclusion that Americans have a great deal to applaud, not fear.

Not only is the British film industry in a healthy financial state; the quality of its products—which used to suffer by comparison with Hollywood's—is steadily improving. And the more they improve, the better for you and me.

Already the British have sent over some pictures that compare with Hollywood's best—pictures Americans have liked. Offhand, I call to mind *The Private Life of Henry VIII* (probably the most entertaining historical picture ever filmed), *Evergreen, Little Friend, The Iron Duke, Loves of a Dictator, Power, The Scarlet Pimpernel, Escape Me Never, Be Mine Tonight, The Clairvoyant, The Man Who Knew Too Much,* and *The 39 Steps.*

Once upon a time Americans would dodge British pictures as if they carried quarantine signs and were contagious. Not only were they tediously slow-moving and "heavy" in comparison with Hollywood's rapid-fire entertainment; it was practically impossible for Americans to penetrate the thick British accent. But since that time the British have learned many a box-office cue.

AT THE moment there are a number of promising pictures on their way over to us. For example: *Transatlantic Tunnel,* which deals, imaginatively, with the construction of a tunnel from New York to London in the remote future and boasts such well-known names as Richard Dix, Madge Evans, Conrad Veidt, Helen Vinson, George Arliss, Walter Huston; *The Ghost Goes West,* starring Robert Donat and Jean Parker, directed by the French movie-magician, Rene Clair; *Cyrano de Bergerac,* starring Charles Laughton and Merle Oberon, produced by Alexander Korda; *Mister Hobo,* starring George Arliss, who is thinking seriously of remaining in England permanently; *King of the Damned,* featuring Noah Beery, Helen Vinson, Conrad Veidt; *Rhodes, the Empire-Builder,* with American Walter Huston in the title rôle; *Mimi,* the talkie version of La Bohème, co-starring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Gertrude Lawrence; *First, a Girl,* an ambitious musical starring Jessie Matthews; *Things to Come,* the H. G. Wells vision of life a hundred years from now; *Saint Joan,* George Bernard Shaw's great play, starring Elisabeth Bergner; *His Majesty's Pajamas,* from the amusing story by Gene Markey, featuring (among others) Fay Wray; *Revolt in the Desert,* the story of Lawrence of Arabia.

From this distance the above list looks like an imposing set-up. Not one of these promised pictures sounds dull, tedious, or tiresome.

ON THIS side of the pond, we frequently hear Elstree spoken of as "the British Hollywood." True, a number of British studios are located there, but the British film industry is not centered in one small area as with the American film industry. For example, the biggest English studio of all—Gaumont-British—is located in Shepherd's Bush, London, and is only fifteen minutes by "underground" (subway to you) or a half-hour by bus from the very heart of the city. That's another reason (besides the increasing quality of British pictures) why so many American stars are listening to British offers. In case you haven't heard, London is a fascinating place. So is Hollywood, for that matter. But London offers an attractive change for cosmopolitan-minded players.

THE English public is just as movie-conscious as we are—and many of their favorites are the same as ours. In many sections of their tight little isle they prefer American players to their own. Shirley Temple (who is popular in every country on the globe), Grace Moore, Gary Cooper, Norma Shearer, Fred Astaire, Fredric March, Jeanette MacDonald, and that irrepressible youngster of the ink-pot, Mickey-Mouse, are just a few of them. Their own Gracie Fields is their greatest favorite. We have never seen her—presumably because she is a comedienne whose brand of comedy is devastatingly British. However, we are so conscious of her close rival, pert little Jessie Matthews, that she is coming to Hollywood. And when she arrives there'll be a bit of the Changing of the Guard. The Old Guard who have held the citadel for so long will have to admit the new sentry. Hers is one of those irresistible personalities.

ONE of the healthiest signs of the promise that lies in British pictures is to be found in some of the people associating themselves with it. No American film star is afraid today that he will risk Hollywood oblivion if he takes time to go over to England for a picture; the chances are that he will add to his world audience. George Bernard Shaw, traditional foe of films, has consented to the British filming of his most poetic play, *Saint Joan.* H. G. Wells, novelist and historian, has abandoned all other literary labors for two years in order to write scenarios for Alexander Korda, England's ace producer. Korda predicts that within three years every major picture will be filmed in color. Gaumont-British has spent millions in Television experiment.

AND, last, but not least, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has just formed his own film company—in England. Young Doug has no quarrel with either America or Hollywood; he is not deserting either of them. He is simply making what he feels is a good investment. He is getting in on the ground floor of what looks like a booming industry. He plans to make four pictures a year, in two of which he will appear, himself. He plans, also, to draw heavily on Hollywood as well as the Continent for the best talent obtainable. His first venture is to be *The Amateur Gentleman,* in which Elissa Landi will play opposite (Barthelmess made the picture as a silent a few years ago). And English producers welcome young Doug in the field. With an American producer right on the English scene, the friendly international competition will be just that much keener, have that much more zest. I'm wishing him luck. The Englishman may be a bit slower beating the gun than the American. But once he starts, John Bull has a bulldog tenacity that won't let him quit. He'll see the thing through—and win your admiration and respect for the effort. Cheerio.

Larry Reid

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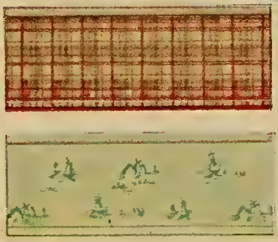
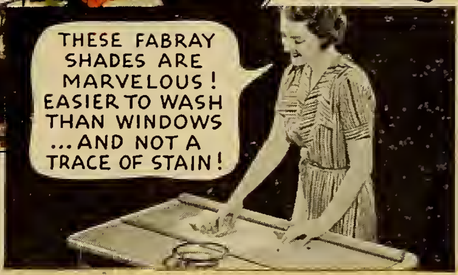


(ABOVE)—A GLIMPSE OF TWO OF THE 15 SMART NEW PATTERNS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says CAROLE LOMBARD

"YES, I use cosmetics," says Carole Lombard, "but thanks to Lux Toilet Soap, I'm not afraid of Cosmetic Skin!"

This lovely screen star knows it is when stale rouge and powder are allowed to *choke the pores* that Cosmetic Skin appears—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarging pores.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

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I'M A LOMBARD FAN—I'LL NEVER HAVE UGLY **COSMETIC SKIN** BECAUSE I USE LUX TOILET SOAP AS SHE DOES. I KNOW IT KEEPS SKIN LOVELY!
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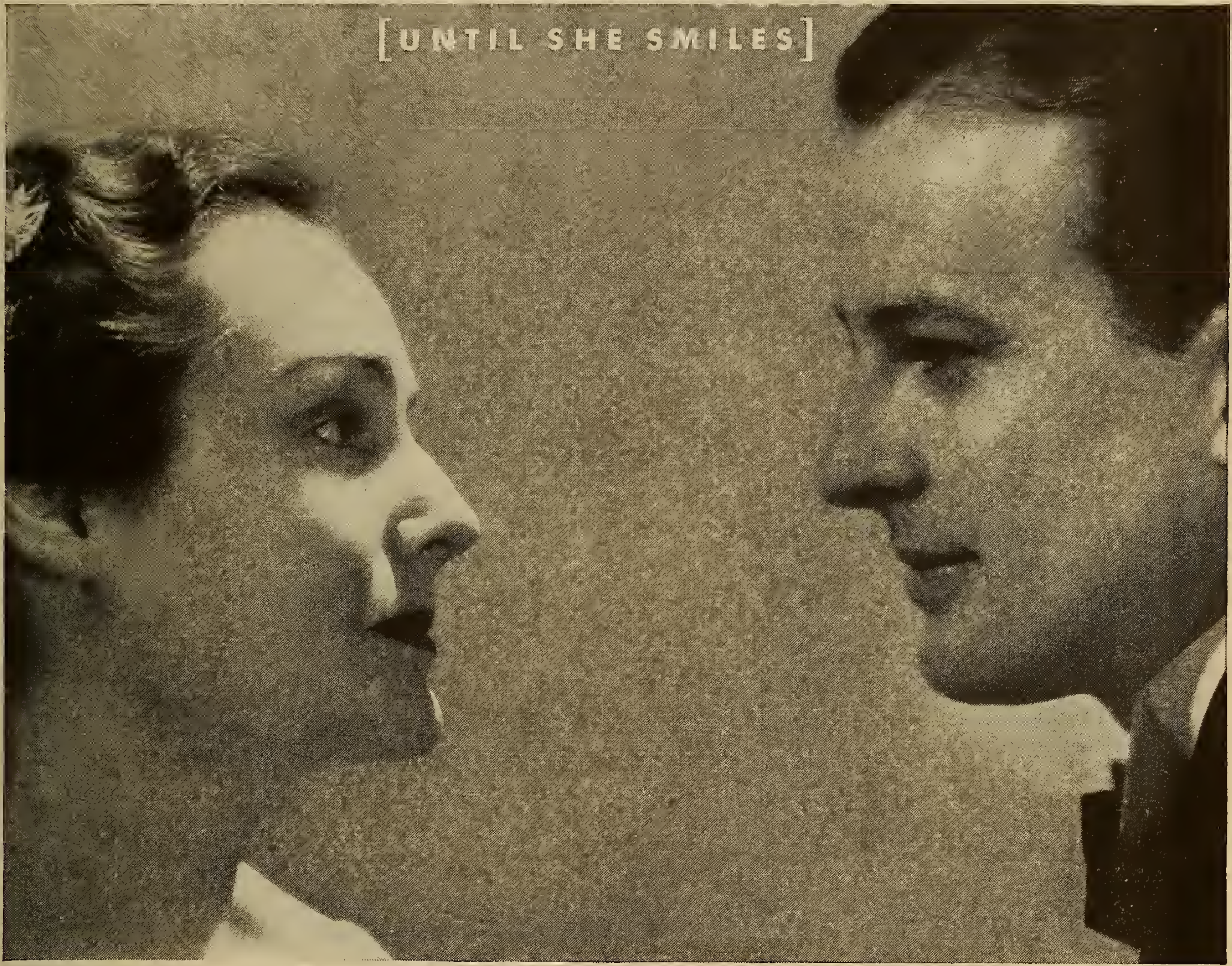
Enchanted Moment

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her avoid all close-ups—dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm

A MAN'S first swift look sometimes says . . . "You're a charming woman."

And a woman's eyes may answer . . . "You're a likeable person."

And then she smiles. Lucky for both of them if it's a lovely, quick flash of white teeth, in healthy gums.

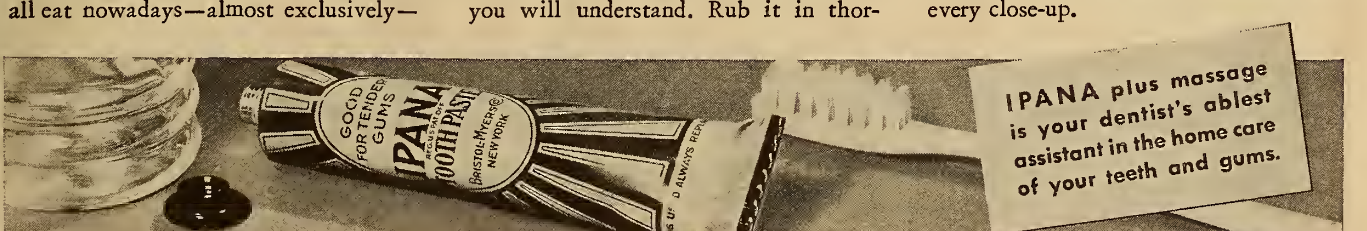
For a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums can blast a budding romance in a split second!

WHY IS "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" SO COMMON?

It's very simple. The soft foods that we all eat nowadays—almost exclusively—cannot possibly give teeth and gums enough work to do to keep them healthy. They grow lazy. Deprived of the natural stimulation of hard, coarse foods, they become sensitive, tender. And then, presently, "pink tooth brush" warns you that your gums are unhealthy—susceptible to infection.

Modern dental practice suggests Ipana plus massage for several good reasons. If you will put a little extra Ipana on brush or fingertip and massage your gums every time you brush your teeth, you will understand. Rub it in thoroughly. Massage it vigorously. Do it regularly. And your mouth will feel cleaner. There will be a new and livelier tingle in your gums—new circulation, new firmness, new health.

Make Ipana plus massage a regular part of your routine. It is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of the teeth and gums. For with healthy gums, you've ceased to invite "pink tooth brush." You are not likely to get gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease. And you'll bring the clear and brilliant beauty of a lovely smile into any and every close-up.



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THE FUNNIEST PICTURE SINCE CHAPLIN'S "SHOULDER ARMS"

And that—
If your memory is good . . .
Was way back yonder!

* * *

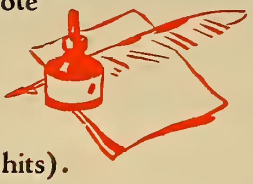
We've gone a long way back
We admit.
But then, consider what
"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA" has—
And you'll see why
We feel safe
In making
This comparison.

* * *

It has
The Marx Brothers—
Groucho . . . Chico
And Harpo—
Every one of them a comic genius,
And together the funniest trio
That ever played on stage or screen
In this
Or any other country.

* * *

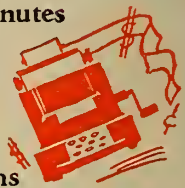
And it was written by
Two famous comedy dramatists—
George Kaufman
And Morrie Ryskind
(George is the fellow who wrote
"Once in a Lifetime,"
"Merrily We Roll Along,"
And Morrie collaborated
With George on
"Of Thee I Sing" and other hits).
This is their first joint job
Of movie writing.
Their stage successes were
Laugh riots—



Imagine what they do
With the wider range
Of the screen—
And three master comics
To do their stuff.

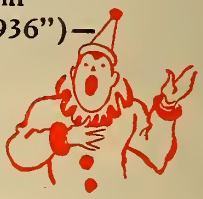
* * *

Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Put $1,000,000 into
Making this picture.
Yes, sir! One million dollars
For ninety consecutive minutes
Of entertainment.
Which,
So our Certified
Public Accountant says,
Is $12,000 worth of laughs
Per minute (and that, we think,
Is an all-time high).



* * *

And lest we forget,
That new song—"Alone"
By Nacio Herb Brown
And Arthur Freed
(The tunesmiths who gave you
Five happy hit numbers in
"Broadway Melody of 1936")—
And there's lots of
Music and romance
For instance
Allan Jones' rendition
Of "Il Trovatore"
(Watch this boy, he's
A new singing star)
And watch
Kitty Carlisle—
She is something
To watch!



"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA"

Starring the

MARX BROTHERS

with KITTY CARLISLE and ALLAN JONES • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by Sam Wood • Story by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind

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MOTION PICTURE

ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

JANUARY, 1936

Volume L, No. 6 Twenty-Fourth Year

The Motion PICTURE STORY Magazine
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WATCH FOR
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FEBRUARY
ISSUE OF
MOTION
PICTURE
IT IS THE
TWENTY-FIFTH
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NUMBER
FEATURING
BIG STORIES
ABOUT BIG STARS

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TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

Brief Reviews of the Recent Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD; AA—FAIR; A—MEDIOCRE

BY GUNNAR NORBERG

This is a tense moment for Ann Dvorak and Paul Muni. They're in the gangster's clutches in *Dr. Socrates*

George Raft has a tough job to do in *She Couldn't Take It*. And Joan Bennett doesn't make it any easier

The Last Days of Pompeii—AAAA—In this great spectacle, bringing to the screen the grandeur of the era of the Roman empire, Preston Foster gives a performance that is nothing less than magnificent. First as a blacksmith, then as a gladiator, then as a merchant, then as the master of the arena, his characterization is splendid. In the scenes showing the eruption of a famed volcano and the destruction of Pompeii, the photography is superb. Basil Rathbone as *Pontius Pilate* gives an excellent interpretation.—*RKO.*

A Midsummer Night's Dream—AAAA—All the charm, all the wit, and all the humor of Shakespeare's play are brought to the screen in this film, directed by that genius of the stage, Max Reinhardt. A world that could only be dreamed or imagined is brought before your eyes here. It is a picture that must be seen to be appreciated. Mere words do not suffice for its description.—*Warner Bros.*

Way Down East—AAAA—Dealing with the life of a New England village, a community limited by its prejudices and its narrowed outlook, this picture could have been poor film fare indeed. But it isn't. It is a classic of its kind. Superb acting and directing are the reasons for its success. Rochelle Hudson and Henry Fonda, playing the leading rôles, emerge as truly great actors in this vehicle.—*20th Century-Fox.*

The Crusades—AAAA—The dynamic English king, *Richard, the Lion-hearted,* is brought to life in the person of Henry Wilcoxon in this stirring story of the days of the crusades. It was an era when men lived and died by the sword. It was the time when Christians sought to take the holy city, Jerusalem, from the infidel Turks. It was a day of bloodshed and bravery. And De Mille brings it vividly to the screen.—*Paramount.*

Frisco Kid—AAA½—Cast as a roughneck sailor, a hard-fisted, crafty waterfront character in the days of San Francisco's notorious Barbary Coast, Jimmy Cagney gives a performance here that will delight the hearts of his fans. Becoming lord of the lawless Barbary Coast, Cagney comes into direct conflict with Margaret Lindsay who is trying to make San Francisco a better place in which to live. Able direction and a strong supporting cast, including Donald Woods and Ricardo Cortez, make this picture well worth seeing.—*Warner Bros.*

Ship Cafe—AAA½—Carl Brisson is tops in this film. Cast as a ship stoker who finds success as a New York night-club singer, he falls in love with Arline Judge. Then a countess (Mady Christians) engages his attention, causing him to leave "The Ship Cafe" to start a club of his own. However, Carl soon comes to the conclusion that singing is no life for a sailor. William Frawley and Eddie Davis are the proprietors of "The Ship Cafe."—*Paramount.*

I Live My Life—AAA½—Joan Crawford plays the part of a rich and much spoiled young woman in this film. Brian Aherne, playing opposite her, is a scientist. They meet on a Greek isle. Interested only in excavations until Joan arrives, Brian soon feels that statues of stone are poor substitutes for the Joan that he loves. Coming to New York, Brian finds that Joan has only been trifling with him. Then there is trouble. And a great deal of very amusing comedy.—*M-G-M.*

Shipmates Forever—AAA—Making their most delightful film together since *42nd Street*, Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell bring you mirth and laughter, also a tear or two. The picture affords Dick many a chance to croon, and Ruby, many an opportunity to dance. Both make the most of their numbers. You'll like Dick and Ruby as they come to you in this story of the naval academy at Annapolis. Lewis Stone is outstanding in the supporting cast.—*Warner Bros.*

Here's to Romance—AAA—Seeing this picture, and hearing the glorious tenor voice of Nino Martini, you are aware that a new singing star has come to the screen. His rendition of operatic arias is superb. But there is not only fine singing to interest you here. There is also humor. If you like music and sophisticated comedy, you will enjoy this picture immensely.—*20th Century-Fox.*

The Payoff—AAA—Playing the part of a sports columnist, caught in the grip of grafters whom he is trying to drive out of town, Jimmy Dunn gives an excellent account of himself. Claire Dodd, as his wife, presents a sympathetic rôle with skill and understanding. Patricia Ellis is outstanding in the supporting cast.—*Warner Bros.*

Navy Wife—AAA—Originally titled *Beauty's Daughter*, this picture gives Claire Trevor an opportunity to enact an emotional rôle. And she does splendid work. The story tells of a girl whose love is frustrated by a fear that it will be tragic as her mother's had been, long before. This is a picture that every girl will want to see. Ralph Bellamy, Kathleen Burke and Ben Lyon are in the cast.—*20th Century-Fox.*

It's in the Air—AAA—A new and pleasing team is introduced in this picture. They are Jack Benny and Una Merkel. Benny engages in so many enterprises of doubtful virtue that Una, who is his wife, leaves him. To win her back, he promotes a stratosphere flight and becomes a national hero. Ted Healy supplies laughs galore and Mary Carlisle is in the cast.—*M-G-M.*

The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo—AAA—This is sophisticated comedy and as such, it is highly amusing. Ronald Colman, as an exiled Russian prince, stakes everything on a single big gamble—and wins millions, only to sacrifice it all for the love of a girl. Clever dialogue and an intriguing plot distinguish this picture. Joan Bennett plays the feminine lead and Colin Clive has an important rôle.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Rendezvous—AAA—William Powell plays the part of a skillful detective here, and does it so well that his portrayal is reminiscent of that which he presented in that hit film, *The Thin Man*. Opposite Powell, in this picture, is Rosalind Russell who gives an accomplished performance. The plot concerns Powell's struggle with spies during wartime. Cast as the spies are Binnie Barnes and Cesar Romero, who perform very creditably. Witty dialogue is a feature of this picture. See it, by all means.—*M-G-M.*

Little America—AAA—Admiral Byrd proves himself an able actor as well as a distinguished explorer here. This is not merely a record of the day by day life of the men on the expedition while in the South Pole area. It contrasts the relative ease of the life led by these men at home with their existence as explorers in the frozen polar world. This picture is not only educational but entertaining as well.—*Paramount.*

She Couldn't Take It—AAA—This is the story of a family with too much money. And George Raft, cast as an ex-convict, has the none too easy job of trying to control the family's activities. Although the film is characterized by slapstick comedy, there is also tragedy. However, all in all, it is pleasant and highly entertaining. Joan Bennett gives an accomplished performance.—*Columbia.*

The Last Outpost—AAA—Because of the war in Ethiopa, this picture has a new interest. Dealing, as it does, with desert warfare in Africa during the World War, it brings to light the handicaps under which white men must fight in the vast wastelands of the Dark Continent. Heading the cast are Cary Grant, Claude Rains and Gertrude Michael. Grant falls in love with Gertrude, who is the wife of Rains, Grant's friend. Death and disaster follow, but the ending is happy.—*Paramount.*

Dr. Socrates—AAA—Paul Muni is a physician in a small town here. Once he might have become a great surgeon. Now, his only wish is to bury himself, far from the distant city in which he might have won fame. Then a gang of crooks engage his services by force. By accident, Ann Dvorak, who's a hitch-hiker, is shot during a bank robbery. Muni takes care of her. There's a scandal; there's the destruction of the crooks; and there's romance—for Paul and Ann. —*Warner Bros.*

King Solomon of Broadway—AAA—Edmund Lowe is a debonair gambler and night-club proprietor in this film. Dorothy Page, newcomer to the screen, is the singer at the club, while "Pinky" Tomlin, another newcomer, is cast as an orchestra leader. Lowe is his usual, suave self here. His life is threatened, a kidnapping is attempted, but Lowe's equanimity is not disturbed. You'll enjoy the scenes with Edmund and Dorothy, seated on a park bench, falling in love.—*Universal.*

$1,000 a Minute—AAA—Highly improbable though the plot of this picture is, it is extremely amusing. In some parts of this film, you'll find yourself getting a laugh a minute. Roger Pryor, as a reporter, finds himself in difficulties because of his inability to purchase a ring for the girl with whom he is in love. To cap the climax, he is also fired by his newspaper. Then he gets a strange chance to make ten thousand dollars. And makes good!—*Republic.*

Three Kids and a Queen—AAA—From the standpoint of human interest, this may be considered one of the season's best comedies. May Robson, an eccentric old woman with more money than she can use, wins new honors here. When an attempt is made to place May in an asylum, the story really starts. There is an alleged kidnapping. And there is an abundance of homely humor. This is a picture that your whole family will enjoy seeing. Frankie Darro, Charlotte Henry, Henry Armetta, and John Miljan are in the cast.—*Universal.*

Born for Glory—AA½—This is a picture that would have found much more approval immediately after the World War than it does now. Furthermore, it is a film of greater interest to Englishmen than to Americans. However, John Mills, cast as a sailor who sacrifices his life for his country, gives an excellent account of himself.—*Gaumont-British.*

Hollywood Home Hints

● BUSTER CRABBE, who is now starring in *Drift Fence* for Paramount, has proved to be quite a horseman. Buster is a firm believer in the old adage about a man looking after his horse and equipment before he looks after himself. If you could see Buster, busily polishing up his saddle, you would realize this also. The favorite polish in Hollywood is Shinola. Shinola is the one polish that will restore real luster to all leather goods.

● FRED KEATING has discovered an ash tray that typifies Hollywood. As the illustration shows, it is patterned after the old type movie camera. The gadget dispenses cigarettes after a turn of the crank. Fred Keating's favorite lighter, as is also shown, is the good old reliable Dunhill.

● A NEW product on the market, called "Dutch Maid," is one that relieves the housewife of one of her most disagreeable tasks ..... That of keeping bathroom fixtures clean. "Dutch Maid" works automatically . . . All you have to do is to place a "Dutch Maid" in the tank of the water closet, and all stains will vanish. One "Dutch Maid" will last from two to three weeks, depending upon the hardness of the water. Of course, "Dutch Maid" will only clean just where the water from the tank touches, but it will save no end of work.

● THE A.P.W. Paper Company is responsible for the introduction of one of the best soap-savers yet. They manufacture a towel that may be used to cut the grease from plates before they are put in the dish pan, thus saving the soap that would have been used otherwise. The use of the Red Cross Towels also allows you to wash the dishes in one change of dish water.

● CORA SUE COLLINS' mother tells me that Cora Sue is a great help about the house on maid's day off. "I want to start her off right," says Mrs. Collins, "using the right kinds of brushes and soaps. I have taught Cora Sue always to use Brillo on kitchen ware that she really wants to clean. Brillo is so easy to apply that it is a pleasure to use it." Brillo consists of little steel-wool pads. Along with each box of pads, there is a piece of soap to be used on the Brillo. The soap cleans after the steel wool has gently loosened the dirt.

● MRS. HERBERT MUNDIN says that there is nothing that makes a

[*Continued on page* 8]

Q-1 • PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN PARKINSON, LONDON

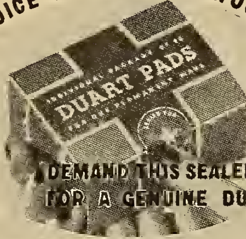
WANT
a Beautiful wave
LIKE THIS?

MARIAN MARSH, featured in the Columbia Production of "Crime and Punishment"

Your permanent can be just as lovely as the soft lustrous waves you see on the screen if you remember three things: 1. Select a good hairdresser—pass up shops with "bargain" prices. 2. Demand a genuine Duart wave. Nine out of ten Hollywood stars say it's the best, and they ought to know. 3. Look for the SEALED individual package of Duart waving pads. YOUR package will be opened before your eyes. This is your GUARANTEE that your hair will be waved with the same genuine Duart materials used in Hollywood. Duart's FREE BOOKLET of smart Hollywood coiffures sent with a ten-cent package of Duart Hair Rinse used by the stars to brighten the natural color of the hair and add those glamorous highlights. Your choice of 12 delicate shades. Use coupon.

DUART

THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS



DEMAND THIS SEALED PACKAGE FOR A GENUINE DUART WAVE

SEND 10¢ FOR HAIR RINSE AND FREE BOOKLET

DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif. Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Smart New Coiffures."

Name..........
Address..........
City.......... *State*..........

☐ Dark Brown
☐ Chestnut Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Brown
☐ Henna
☐ Golden Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Blonde
☐ Black
☐ White or Gray (Platinum)
☐ Ash Blonde
☐ Medium Brown
☐ Golden Blonde
☐ Light Golden Blonde

Hollywood Home Hints

[*Continued from page 7*]

Fred Keating has an ash tray that typifies Hollywood. His favorite lighter is a reliable Dunhill one

better impression than a properly set bridge luncheon table. With the Dennison Paper Company thinking up new ideas and designs for bridge sets, doilies, and the like, there is no need for your table to look anything but attractive. Dennison supplies your nearest "notions" store with its novel products.

● "A GOOD cook and houskeeper," says Bette Davis, "is one who serves things as they should be served. There are ways and means of making steaks tender, of freshening corn and all sorts of trick ways to get around serving things improperly." . . . Now the Foley Food Mill people have invented a way to take the lumps out of mashed potatoes. Just a few turns of the crank and the automatic action of the Foley Food Mill makes quick and easy work of mashing potatoes, other vegetables and fruits. The Foley Food Mill assures the good housekeeper of being able to serve mashed potatoes as they *should* be served.

● MORTEX is Hollywood's method of keeping moths out of valuable furs. Patricia Ellis says that she has never had a fur touched by moths . . . Mortex has proved to be a life-saver to more than one fur in Hollywood. And it is so easy to use, too. One application will last at least a year. It is odorless and stainless and will not harm or shrink the finest of materials. But that isn't all. You need not pack things away when they're sprayed with Mortex—they can be worn or used right along without fear of moths or odor. Mortex may be purchased at the corner drugstore and is manufactured by the Murray and Nichell Company of Chicago.

● GRACE MOORE has taken a personal interest in the laundering of her clothes. Miss Moore has just come back from an extended stay in Europe and has brought back with her many valuable additions to her wardrobe. She has much to say on the care of valuable linens. Wash white cottons and linens in water as hot as the hands can bear comfortably. Fill the tub with hot water and add enough Rinso to maintain rich, creamy suds throughout the wash. Let the suds be your guide. Wring your clothes after soaking them in the water, into the washer, or if the clothes have not been soaked, wet them in lukewarm water. Bear this in mind, when Rinso is used, little or no rubbing is necessary. Rinso is sure to keep your linens as you want them.

● LORETTA YOUNG says that there is nothing like brightly polished silverware to set off a properly set dinner table. If you give your silverware a going over, just twice a month, there is no reason why it should ever look tarnished. Especially is this true if you use Burnishine. If Burnishine is applied regularly, there is never any need of a last-minute rush to clean up your silverware before a dinner party. And Burnishine is not hard on the hands. The old system of scrubbing silverware is a thing of the past. Burnishine is a *polish*, not a soap or an abrasive, and will add a new brilliance to your silverware, whether it be merely plated or solid.

● THE Duncan Sisters are responsible for the appearance of the Howe Hostess Ironing Table in Hollywood. They found it so much more compact than anything else they had ever seen, that they purchased one for their dressing room. Dressing rooms are small and there isn't room for an old-fashioned ironing table. When the Howe table is folded, there is not a leg that protrudes or any feature that will take up extra space. The table requires no lifting to stand up—this is accomplished with one hand and one motion. To put it away, reverse the procedure. There is nothing like it for small or medium-sized apartments.

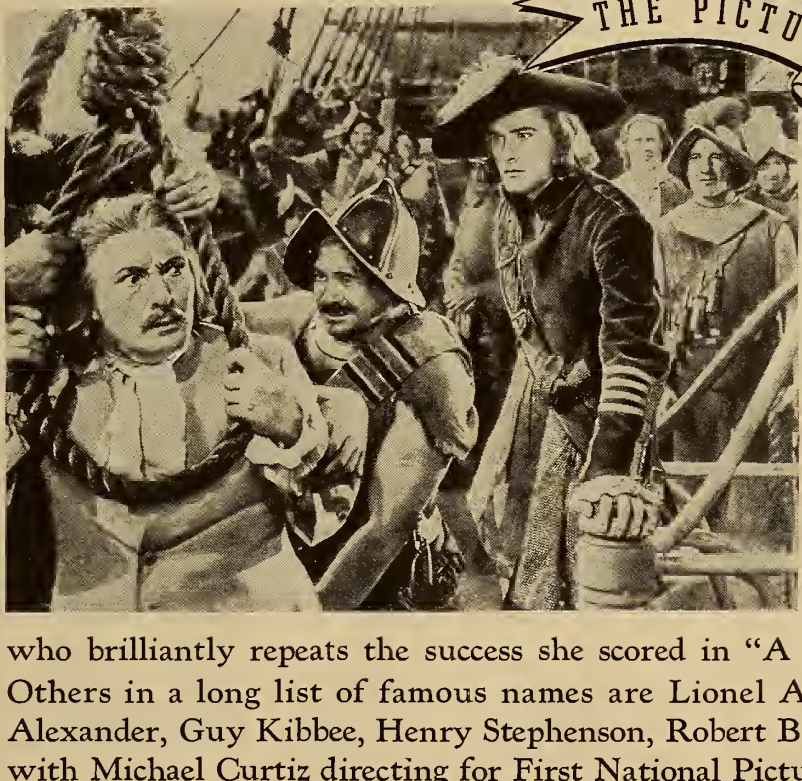
Come Adventuring with "CAPTAIN BLOOD"

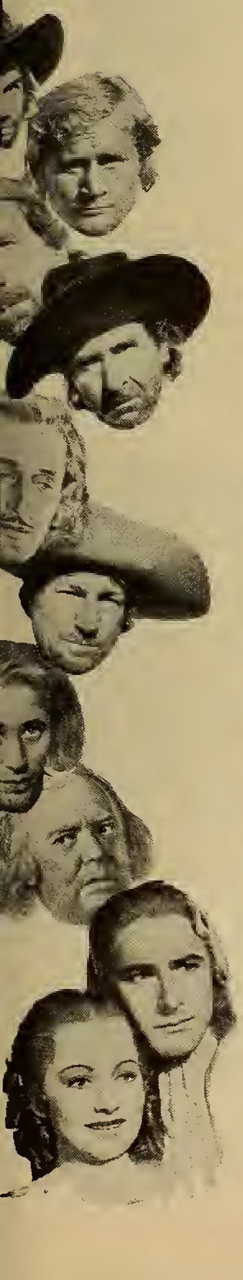
The buccaneers are coming!... in Warner Bros.' vivid picturization of Rafael Sabatini's immortal story of the 17th century sea rovers.

After two years of preparation and, according to reliable Hollywood sources, the expenditure of a million dollars, "Captain Blood" is ready to furnish America with its big holiday screen thrill.

What with great ships, 250 feet in length, crashing in combat, with more than 1000 players in rip-roaring fight scenes—with an entire town destroyed by gunfire—this drama of unrepressed hates and loves, the story of a man driven by treachery into becoming the scourge of the seas, is superb beyond any screen parallel.

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH





And the cast is just as exciting as the production! First there's a brand-new star, handsome *Errol Flynn*, captured from the London stage for the title role; and lovely *Olivia de Havilland* who brilliantly repeats the success she scored in "A Midsummer Night's Dream". Others in a long list of famous names are Lionel Atwill, Basil Rathbone, Ross Alexander, Guy Kibbee, Henry Stephenson, Robert Barrat, and Hobart Cavanaugh, with Michael Curtiz directing for First National Pictures.

To do justice with words to the fascination of "Captain Blood" is impossible. See it! It's easily the month's grandest entertainment. And Warner Bros. deserve our thanks for so brilliantly bringing alive a great epoch and a great story!

[Advertisement]

The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings-on in Hollywood

BY HARRY LANG

Acme

MR. AND MRS. TONE
Joan Crawford doesn't deny it any more! She's Mrs. Franchot Tone now

JOAN CRAWFORD has posed for 685 "still" portraits at M-G-M, and Clarence Bull, ace-portraitist, has snapped all of 'em! . . . On location at Lake Tahoe for *Rose Marie,* Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald attended country church services and sang a hymn. The church-goers were enthralled! . . . When Johnny Weismuller lost a costly rod and reel while fishing, he just jumped overboard into thirty-five feet of water, and brought it back up again. . . . Not that it matters, but Claudette Colbert eats three strawberry ice-cream sodas daily. . . . Mary Pickford still says she's going to adopt three babies. . . . Henry Armetta's home-cooked spaghetti used to be one of Hollywood's favorite dinners, but no more, for since Henry had to eat spaghetti and meat balls *three days straight* for a sequence in *Three Kids and a Queen,* he's sworn off! . . . Jim Davies, Hollywood body-builder, says Carole Lombard has the most perfect figure in movieland; her waist measures just 22¾ inches.

Brunettes Win

MAYBE gentlemen don't prefer blondes any more?—anyway, a tally shows that three out of four of the new screen actresses, skyrocketing toward the top, are brunettes. Producers say movie fans prefer 'em, these days.

Double Blessing

ARE Fred Astaire and his sister, once a vaudeville team, still doing a brother-and-sister act? Anyway, hardly comes the news that the Freds are expecting a blessed event than the cables from England carry the same news about Adele, now Lady Charles Cavendish!

Altar Bound?

KAY FRANCIS is saying, "We're just good friends," now. It's about Delmar Daves, who's six feet tall, blonde, and writes movies. Hollywoodians who know their stuff predict that Kay'll be Mrs. Daves very soon, and that a honeymoon in the Orient is to follow. But Kay merely smiles and pulls the "just good friends" line. So what? . . . And Janet Gaynor, back from Honolulu, is busy denying marriage rumors, too. When it isn't Al Scott, once-hubby of Colleen Moore, that she's reported altarward-heading with, then it's one Harold Anderson, contractor on Boulder Dam, who met her at San Francisco on her return from Hawaii. "Just good friends," says Janet, too!

Tough Luck

BAD-LUCK champ of Hollywood is Eric von Stroheim. Not so long ago, one of the town's top directors and one of its finest actors, Eric hasn't had a movie job in months. Besides, his wife's carrying a scar for life as a result of an acci-

DOROTHY THOMPSON
Only six Leroy Prinz dancers have stock contracts. And Dorothy's one!

dent; his son's neck was dislocated in a surfboard accident. Strange, but it seems true that Hollywood can be as prodigal with adversity as it is with success.

Notes from Cupid

THEY'RE whispering that Nancy Carroll, twice divorced, is going to try a third hubby—this time Quentin Reynolds, writer. . . . Remember Olive Bordon?—well, she's now the wife of a railroad man in New York, and happy! . . . Virginia Bruce and Cesar Romero are holding hands and how! . . . Luise Rainer is pit-a-pat about Jean Negulesco. . . . And Alice Faye and Van Smith are so, so warm! . . . As Old Man Tattler told you, all this business about Gene Raymond cutting Robert Ritchie right out of Jeanette MacDonald's heart was just a lot of balloon-stuffing, for Robert's back and the romance is so incandescent now that it may even be wedding bells for Bob and Jeanette any time now! . . . R-r-r-r-ros—roscoe Ates' w-w-w-wife g-g-g-got a div-div-divorce! . . . And Joan and Franchot finally said their I-do's!

Hearts That Beat—

THIS younger generation is proving itself just as adept at scrambling emotions as some of the old-timers. Take, for instance, the group including Toby Wing, Jackie Coogan, Betty Grable, Tom Brown, and Anita Louise. A twinkling ago, you heard Jackie and Toby were engaged, and Tom Brown and Anita Louise ditto. But—poof, went the Toby-Jackie affair, and now Jackie and Betty Grable are all aflame. And Toby's consoling herself with Tom Brown, catching him on the rebound from Anita Louise, who, to add to the confusion, is furiously denying romance with Nino Martini. My, isn't it all simple?

Padded Cell

SNOOTIEST portable dressing room in Hollywood is Dietrich's. The walls are of cream-colored padded satin. Marlene is very comfortable in her gorgeous quarters.

Mae vs. Bing

WHEN Mae West and Bing Crosby tangled, Bing won. The squabble was over the services of Cameraman Karl Struss, ace cinematographer on the Paramount lot. Struss was assigned to shoot Crosby in *Anything Goes.* Came Mae and demanded him for *Klondike Lou.* Bing said no, insisted on keeping Karl. Mae said "no Karl, no Klondike Lou." For days, each stood pat. Mae finally weakened, accepted George Clemens, formerly Struss' first assistant, as cameraman on her picture.

[*Continued on page* 65]

The Roving Reporter

discovers the sure, safe way to reduce . . THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

"IS EXERCISE EFFECTIVE?"
"I'm all tired out going through dozens of strenuous exercises. I have no pep left for any fun."

"DID DIET REDUCE YOU?"
"It took off the weight, but chiefly from neck and face. I look like a scarecrow and I'm so irritable."

"DRUGS TAKE OFF FAT?"
"Yes, too much of it, and now I can't get it back. I feel miserable most of the time and look haggard."

Reduce

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS

3 inches in 10 days . . *or no cost!*

WOULD YOU like to have the slender, graceful figure so admired by everyone? Of course you would! Our roving reporter found that the majority of women want to be slimmer. Yet many go about it in a way to get unpleasant, and even harmful results. Profit by the experience of 200,000 women and reduce the safe Perfolastic way! You will *appear* smaller immediately and then, after a few days those unwanted inches *actually* disappear. Remember, you lose 3 pounds in 10 days . . . or it costs you nothing!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

■ The healthful, invigorating principle of massage is the basis of Perfolastic's great success. The special Perfolastic material is so designed that it exerts a gentle massage-like action on your flesh. With every move you make, every breath you take, this massage-like action takes away those extra inches, and with the loss of burdensome fat comes added energy and pep.

No Diet . . No Drugs . . No Exercises

■ All this is accomplished without any discomfort or effort on your part. You do not have to deny yourself the good things of life. You eat what you want and take as much—or as little—exercise as you wish. Yet the extra inches disappear from waist, hips and diaphragm with a rapidity that is amazing!

Perforations Keep Your Body Cool

■ The inner surface of the special Perfolastic material is soft and delightfully silky to feel next to your body. The many perforations allow your skin to breathe and moisture to evaporate without the usual sticky-corset unpleasantness. The specially designed lace-back keeps your Perfolastic fitting perfectly as the inches disappear.

MAKE THIS FREE TEST NOW!

See for yourself that Perfolastic is the sure, *safe*, invigorating way to reduce! Remember, it costs you nothing to try it!

"WHAT DID PERFOLASTIC DO FOR YOU, MISS HEALY?"
"I lost 9 ins. from my hips and 20 lbs. in weight. I feel so much better and I eat everything."

DON'T WAIT! Mail this coupon now. You, too, can regain your slender, youthful figure!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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*City*____________ *State*____________

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

How Readers Rate Them!

IT'S BEAUTIFUL!
($15 Prize Letter)
By Margaret S. Rice

ONCE in a while, a motion picture studio gives to the public a sweetly tender, yet dramatic love story. And such a one is *Dark Angel.* I've just come back from seeing it, and the only word with which I can adequately describe it is: "beautiful." Each actor seemed not to act his part, but really to live it. I forgot that I was merely looking on. I felt that I was *living* the lives of Alan, Kitty, and Gerald. None of the portrayals were overdrawn. Never did the sentiment become mawkish or distasteful. Miss Oberon, Mr. March, and Mr. Marshall each seemed to sense the limit to which they could define their respective characters,—and there they stopped. Only the true actor knows when that limit is reached and when that halt should be called. It is very rarely that every member of an audience will be perfectly quiet at one and the same instant during the showing of a film. But tonight, at the showing of *Dark Angel,* such was the feeling of the audience that even a sigh could be heard distinctly. That is an unspoken tribute to true genius.—*Margaret S. Rice, 54 Howard St., Pittsfield, Mass.*

Maureen O'Sullivan enjoys answering a *lot* of fan letters!

THE PICTURE THAT'S TOPS!
($10 Prize Letter)
By Marjorie Brouillette

FOR being tops in entertainment, *Top Hat* receives my noisiest approval. Here's a hearty cheer for Fred Astaire's shiny patent leather shoes that seemed positively bewitched this time, and loud applause to Ginger Rogers for her rapid-fire dancing, as well as for the delightful acting of Eric Blore. And it is grand to see an old stage favorite like Helen Broderick in so satisfactory a picture. But let's give the most enthusiastic applause of all to Edward Everett Horton who outdoes himself (if possible!) here. In Horton, we have one of the finest comedians that the stage or screen has ever known. May the splendid combination of actors and actresses, seen in *Top Hat,* appear together many more times, and may they always have as good a film as *Top Hat* in which to appear!—*Miss Marjorie Brouillette, 3803 East Olive St., Seattle, Wash.*

Prizes for Letters!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over two hundred words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

SHORT SUBJECTS WANTED
($5 Prize Letter)
By Ken McCormick

I LIKE good short subjects. They're the cocktail, salad, and dessert of an entertainment repast. The main course is the feature picture. Why don't producers make a series of shorts that might be called "Fun Spots"? They could be made by cutting the funniest scenes from the best pictures, both past and present, each scene to run three or four minutes. Fun Spot No. 1 might consist of the hilarious back-porch sleeping scene in W. C. Fields' *It's a Gift,* the now famous thumbing scene in *It Happened One Night,* a scene from *The Gold Rush* with Chaplin, and one of the inanities of Wheeler and Woolsey, or Laurel and Hardy, all tied together by a commentator like Pete Smith. We have anthologies of prose and poetry and we should have the same for screen classics. These Fun Spots could give us a new delight, particularly those of us who have said: "I'd sit through the whole picture again, just to hear Frank McHugh laugh!" Over the radio, we are constantly hearing stars give familiar scenes from old pictures. People enjoy hearing them over the air, why not let them see (as well as hear) them on the screen?—*Ken McCormick, 821 Franklin Ave., Garden City, N.Y.*

ROMANCE MADE REAL
($1 Prize Letter)
By Mary T. Pyle

WHETHER rich or poor, high-brow or low-brow, sophisticated or naïve, the Colonel's lady or Judy O'Grady, we women are all sisters under the skin in one respect: We all have a love of romance. It may be hidden under a veneer of polish. It may be shamefacedly admitted only to ourselves, or we may revel in it, but it is surely present in every woman's nature. And the movies help to supply this need of ours for romance, a need so often denied to us in our real experiences, either through force of circumstances or because of the ways of practical, modern living. That is the reason why many women of my acquaintance—and countless others, no doubt—see Leslie Howard's pictures over and over; why Nelson Eddy has met with such instantaneous popularity on the screen; and why Ronald Colman has continued to have an ardent following among women. There is something about these men that warms a woman's heart. Romance becomes real to us for the moment when we see them; love becomes glorious; and men become all that, in our dreams, we would have them be.—*Mrs. Mary T. Pyle, 1903 Sherman Ave., Evanston, Ill.*

AN ORCHID TO WRITERS
($1 Prize Letter)
By Laverne Caron

STARS are acclaimed; featured players receive praise; directors reap their share of glory as the result of well produced and favorably received motion pictures. The man-in-the-front-office, too, receives due credit. The original author, if he is famous enough, also comes in for his share of praise. All well and good. And deserved. But what about the studio writers who contribute immeasurably to the success of those same pictures? They are the unsung heroes. On an infinite number of occasions, published stories are much superior when they reach the screen, to what they were before. The continuity is improved; the characterizations are clearer; and the dialogue has a wit and brilliance that it did not have at first. *—Laverne Caron, 203 Massachusetts St., Detroit, Mich.*

WHAT COLOR FOR GABLE?
($1 Prize Letter)
By Bliss Buchan

WHETHER it is considered as a psychological theory or a mere party game, the idea that every personality has a dominant color which it suggests, and which it expresses, is a very interesting one when applied to the screen stars. Here is the selection that a group of us made, after arguments which almost degenerated into hair pulling: Greta Garbo, silver gray; ZaSu Pitts, sky blue; Loretta Young, shell pink; Norma Shearer, jade green; Claudette Colbert, dark red; Ginger Rogers, canary yellow; Leslie Howard, sea green; Nelson Eddy, midnight blue. Clark Gable's color was the worst stickler of them all. If there is anything to the theory, he must have one. But what can it be?*—Bliss Buchan, 723 Exposition Blvd., New Orleans, La.*

MOVIES WIN NEW PRAISE
($1 Prize Letter)
By Jane Crooke

AS A teacher of English and history, one of the things which I require my students to do is to keep an illustrated notebook. During the several years that I have been teaching, I have received some beautiful notebooks, but this year one was handed in to me which really surpassed any that I had ever graded before. The girl who made the notebook adores movie magazines. She began saving copies of them about eight years ago, and now has clipped pictures out of them, illustrating nearly ever known phase of history. Since receiving her notebook, and thus realizing what wonderful historical spectacles have been made and are in the process of being made, I am recommending that all my pupils keep track of the many pictures, portraying history, and clip news about them from the really fine movie magazines, coming out each month.*—Miss Jane Crooke, 434 E. Third St., Columbus, Ind.*

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IN THIS BIG CONTEST

You know them well—the nine mystery men whose pictures are scrambled here.
Simply identify these famous aviators, inventors, sports champions, and industrial leaders to enter this fascinating contest.
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NOW YOU'LL KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS

Just Ask the Cinema Sage

You'll be seeing Henry Fonda soon in *I Dream Too Much* with Lily Pons

George Raft—His ancestry is Italian. George Raft is now legally his real name. His age is thirty-two. He has appeared in twenty-two films. His recent picture is *She Couldn't Take It* with Joan Bennett, made by Columbia. Since he is under contract to Paramount, you can address him at that studio. The address is 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif. (L.C., Mount Carmel, Pa. & M.R., Hamilton, Ohio.)

Joan Crawford—She attended St. Agnes Academy for six months. After that, she entered Stephens College. (L.A.T., Salt Lake City, Utah.)

Ginger Rogers—She weighs 115 pounds, is five feet five inches tall, has a fair complexion, and her age is twenty-four. (B.D., Jacksonville, Fla.)

Cecilia Parker—Her weight is 108 pounds, her height is five feet three and a half inches and her complexion is fair. Her age is not given. (B.D., Jacksonville, Fla.)

Ann Harding—Weighing 106 pounds, she is five feet two inches tall. Her complexion is fair. Her age is not available. (B.D., Jacksonville, Fla.)

Gloria Stuart—Her weight and age are not given. Her height is five feet four inches and her complexion is fair. (B.D., Jacksonville, Fla.)

Nino Martini—This romantic singer is twenty-nine years old. He was born at Verona, Italy. His height is five feet ten inches and his weight is 148 pounds. His eyes are gray-green and his hair is brown. You can write to him at 20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. (A. R., New Rochelle, N. Y.)

Robert Taylor—His birthplace is Filley, Nebraska. He is six feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. His eyes are blue and his hair, brown. He attended Pomona College in California, intending to become a physician, when he was signed to a film contract. *Handy Andy* was the first picture in which he was cast. His recent hit picture was *Broadway Melody of 1936.* You'll see him soon in *Magnificent Obsession* with Irene Dunne. You can write to him at M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Calif. (C.B., Eustis, Nebr. & V.L., Johnstown, Pa.)

If you want information about a movie star, ask this department. Your answer will appear as soon as space permits its inclusion. Or, if you prefer an immediate personal reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your letter to The Cinema Sage, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Richard Cromwell—He was born in Los Angeles, Calif., Jan. 8, 1910. His first picture, made in 1931, was *Tol'able David.* His recent film was *Annapolis Farewell.* You can write to him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif. (C.B., Eustis, Nebr.)

Alan Mowbray—He is six feet tall and weighs 158 pounds; his hair is brown and his eyes, gray. His hobby is polo. He was born in London, England, and has had many years of stage experience there and in America. His recent pictures are *Night Life of the Gods* and *Becky Sharp.* (Request signed: A Reader.)

Gene Raymond—His height is five feet ten inches and his weight, 157 pounds. He was born in New York City, Aug. 8, 1905. His coming picture is *Seven Keys to Baldpate.* (Request unsigned.)

MIRIAM HOPKINS *answers*
J. EUGENE CHRISMAN'S
November Letter

DEAR Mr. Chrisman: You ask me if I am going to make more color pictures. I am, for I am a firm believer in the use of color in motion pictures. We who took part in the making of *Becky Sharp* felt that a long time ago. And now I am pleased to see the rest of the film world agreeing that our great experiment was a progressive one.

For instance, Alexander Korda, the British producer, who was visiting in Hollywood recently, told me that his London company will go in very strongly for color in the future. And Mr. Samuel Goldywn also plans to use color in some of his forthcoming productions.

IT ALSO delighted me to know that you liked *Barbary Coast.* It was no easy picture to make. We worked for almost two months on a great stage, built at the back of the United Artists Studios. There was a thick fog over the huge set—made by the compression of plain mineral oil through a tiny aperture. We had the entire Barbary Coast and the waterfront of San Francisco built on the set and a full-sized sailing schooner of early-day vintage. But it was hot, hard to breathe—yet if the picture satisfied you and the others who have seen it, or will see it, then I feel that the discomfort was worth while indeed.

My own plans for the future are quite indefinite. In motion pictures, it is hard to tell from day to day, for that matter, what will come next. However, I am now busy on my second Goldwyn picture, *Splendor,* with Joel McCrea and a splendid cast. After that is finished, I will make *Navy Born,* a story about the wife of a Navy officer, stationed at Pearl Harbor in Honolulu.

I HAVE hopes of going back to Broadway to do a play, if Mr. Goldwyn will give me the necessary time away from the studio. Also, I am aching to travel—to Pekin, to Timbuctoo—to everywhere in the world, in fact, of which I have read and dreamed.

I want you to know—and everyone else who has been kind enough to like my performances—that we in films, who hear no applause from our audiences, appreciate your kind comments and your criticisms. And I only hope I can live up to them.

Sincerely,

Miriam Hopkins

Seven Years of Constipation!

Every quotation in this advertisement is from an actual and voluntary letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

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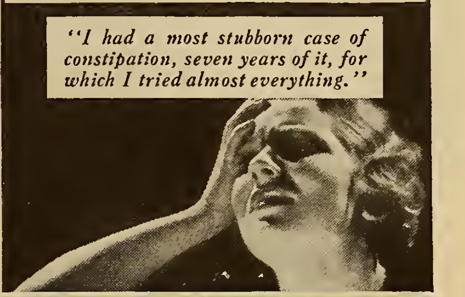
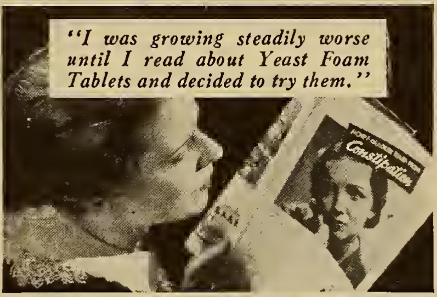

"I had a most stubborn case of constipation, seven years of it, for which I tried almost everything."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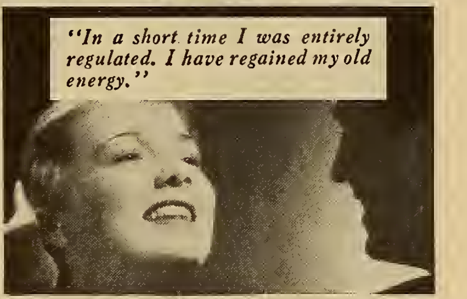
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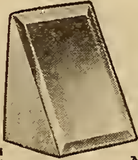
Rich in precious tonic elements, Yeast Foam Tablets strengthen the intestines and stimulate them to normal action. A food, not a drug, they correct constipation in a natural healthful way. How different from harsh cathartics which often irritate! Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. Refuse all substitutes.



FREE! *Lovely Tilted Mirror. Gives perfect close-up. Leaves both hands free to put on make-up. Free for coupon with empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton.*

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COLD
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Oust it Promptly with This Fourfold Treatment!

BEWARE of a cold—even a slight cold—and *any* cold! A cold can quickly take a serious turn.

What you want to do is treat it promptly and thoroughly. Don't be satisfied with mere palliatives. A cold, being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment. That's common sense. A cold, moreover, calls for a cold treatment and not for a cure-all.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what you want for a cold. First of all, it is expressly a cold tablet and not a preparation good for half a dozen other things as well. Secondly, it is internal medication and does four important things.

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First, it opens the bowels. Second, it checks the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

All drug stores sell Grove's Bromo Quinine—and the few pennies' cost may save you a lot in worry, suspense and expense. Ask firmly for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and accept no substitute.

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LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE
1 GRAIN EACH TABLET CONTAINS ACETANILIDE
For Colds
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FOR COLDS & SIMPLE HEADACHES
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QUININE

Big *Last Minute* Reviews

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY—AAAA½—This is the most spectacular drama of the high seas that has ever been brought to the screen. It is destined to live as one of the true epics of all film history. It is a volume of bloody pages—pages torn from the annals of the British navy. It is a story of infamous deeds. It brings to your ears the sharp thud of whips on human flesh, the tortured cries of broken creatures in irons. It brings before your eyes the pitiful wasting away of starving, thirsting human beings. It brings to light the maltreatment of men on the high seas in days gone by. It is the dark record of a dead past, brought suddenly to life.

Fifty featured players make this dread story real by their inspired performances. Three great stars write their names in letters of fire on the all-time stellar scrolls of the films: Charles Laughton, as *Captain Bligh,* Clark Gable, as *Fletcher Christian,* and Franchot Tone, as *Midshipman Byam.* Each of the three deserves the Academy Award.

You will thoroughly hate and despise *Captain Bligh* (Charles Laughton). Hard, cold, determined, unyielding, he is loyalty personified—loyalty to his ship and his king, loyalty that never falters. He is the epitome of the tyrants of all time, ruling his men with an iron hand, causing death, inspiring hatred, provoking revenge.

Not until *Fletcher Christian* heads the memorable mutiny does his rôle dominate the scene. But when he does, he stands revealed as a powerful, dynamic leader of men. Interpreting *Christian,* Clark Gable is magnificent. And never before has a love been shown on the screen with as sensitive, as tender, as full an understanding as that of *Christian* for a native Tahitian maid.

When *Midshipman Byam* (Franchot Tone), a condemned man waiting to die, makes his plea to the British Admirality Board for humanity on the high seas, he speaks with such sincerity, yet with such restraint, and with such feeling that his address will stamp itself upon your mind as a classic. Franchot Tone is superb in his rôle. He condemns *Captain Bligh;* he lauds *Christian;* he speaks of man's mistreatment of man, of tortures dealt and endured. It is not more melodrama, this speech; it is a sensitive man's tale of iniquities seen and felt. It is tragic and it is true.

This is not a film about which words can suffice for the telling of its story; it is one that must be seen. Your own eyes must tell you its remarkable tale.

About the photography and the direction, only one statement can be made. They are flawless and without peers. The picture is a distinguished achievement for the studio that made it, for the producer, Irving Thalberg, and for the director, Frank Lloyd. It is the measure by which future greatness in screen ventures must be measured.—*(M-G-M).*

PETER IBBETSON—AAAA—Ann Harding and Gary Cooper bring to the screen here, the story of two who find themselves robbed of the realization of a love for which their hearts cried out. Fleeing out of the world of realities, they find consolation in the mystic realm of the spirit. There, they escape the cruel reality of existing circumstance.

In this touching story of thwarted loves, Ann Harding reaches a new zenith in her screen career. And Gary Cooper interprets his rôle with such consummate skill that you are aware, not of Gary Cooper himself, but only of the character that he portrays. In a part that demands restraint with only occasional dramatic crises, Ann Harding plays her rôle to perfection. Her performance is profound and touching. In the difficult emotional sequences, Gary Cooper gives evidence of a fine understanding and sympathy.

In the able supporting cast, John Halliday, Dickie Moore and Virginia Weidler are outstanding. John Halliday's characterization of Ann's unloved husband is more than adequate. Bringing a nice restraint into his portrayal, Halliday is splendid. Dickie and Virginia present a touching childhood scene.—*Paramount.*

HOLLYWOOD Takes the Stand

***with* WINIFRED AYDELOTTE**

who tells you things you never knew till now

Q. My girl friend and I are going to spend a month soon in Hollywood. Will you tell us where we could go, unescorted, where we would be sure to see the *stars?* How about the Trocadero or the Brown Derby?

A. There are very few places to which two girls may go unescorted at night. However, if your main idea is to see the stars, go to the Vendome on Sunset Boulevard at noon. You can see all the stars you want, merely by standing around the entrance between twelve and three o'clock. If you have five dollars to spend on lunch, however, by all means eat there. The food is delicious. The Brown Derby, the Russian Eagle, (both on Vine Street) are other restaurants you may visit unescorted. The same is true of Sardi's on Hollywood Boulevard. The Trocadero, no. If there is a big première or preview while you are here, don't miss it. And go early. You might also make an appointment at the Westmore Beauty Salon for a manicure or something. The place swarms with stars.

Q. With whom is Marlene Dietrich seen these days?

A. For three nights in a row, she stepped out with Jack Gilbert. They had a lot of fun at the Trocadero.

Q. Were any of the horses hurt in the battle scenes of Cecil B. De Mille's *The Crusades?*

A. No. With blood apparently all over the place, with horses falling right and left and looking dead as a doornail, not an animal was hurt. Those horses that fell, you know, are called "falling horses." They are well trained and they are darned good actors. Besides, all those soldiers, that you saw handling the horses are really old cowboys, and nobody would dare hurt a horse if a cowboy was within shooting distance. De Mille, and every other director in Hollywood, leaves horse stuff to the cowboys. And they care for their horses as tenderly, and as jealously, as a director cares for his $10,000-a-week star.

Q. How old is Nelson Eddy?

A. He was born July 29, 1901, which makes him approximately thirty-four and a half.

AN ADMIRER OF ADMIRATION

"I learned this . . from an Extra"

SHE was just getting started in pictures. Plenty of charm—plenty of ability, but a long, hard row ahead of her. With limited means she had to watch every dollar. At the same time, she had to give *first* consideration toward making herself attractive. Often, between shots I noticed how smartly she was groomed and particularly what beautiful hosiery she always wore.

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A Secret Process *Helps*

Only high twist silk of purest quality is used in these stockings which are knit by a special *mysterious process* that guarantees flexible two-way stretch and completely balanced elasticity throughout the *entire* stocking. They fit every leg and ankle perfectly and never get out of shape or twist on the leg.

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COSTUME HOSIERY
For the WOMAN Who CARES

A GIRL YOU KNOW

might have been trapped by this new underworld terror!

Like the girl next door . . . or at your office . . . the Loretta of this story never dreams that crime will strike her . . . until one cruel night she is hurled into the machine-gun fury of a nation-wide manhunt . . . her loved ones threatened . . . her life endangered!
Frantically, these people struggle. And YOUR heart beats to THEIR horror, THEIR hopes . . . for suddenly you realize, "This can happen not only to a girl I know . . . THIS CAN HAPPEN TO ME!"

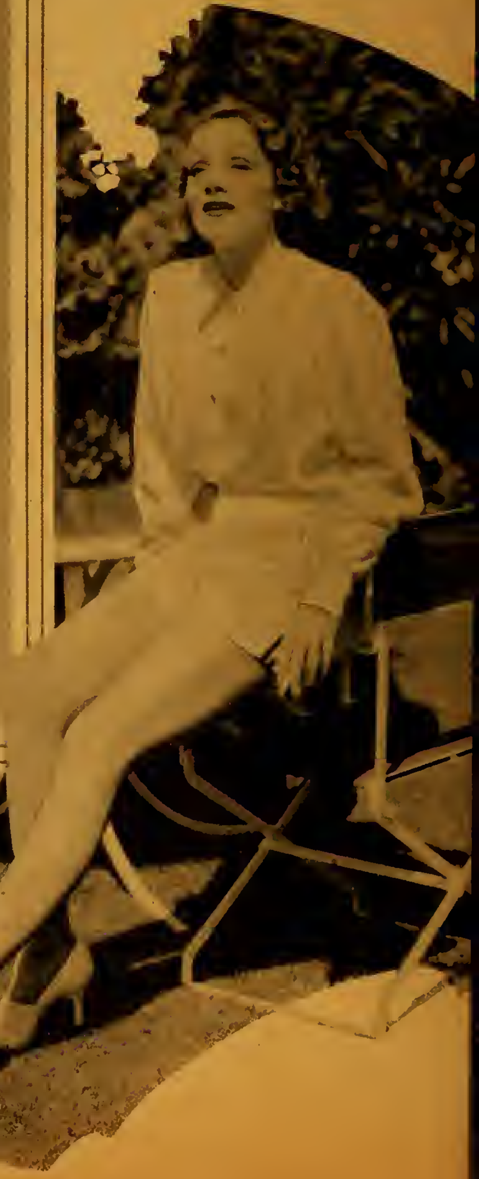
SHOW THEM NO MERCY!

A
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
TWENTIETH CENTURY PRODUCTION
PRESENTED BY JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
with
ROCHELLE HUDSON
CESAR ROMERO • BRUCE CABOT
EDWARD NORRIS

20th CENTURY FOX

Anita Louise

An actress since she was a child of six, Anita Louise scored a recent triumph in *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Her coming pictures are *Enemy of Man,* with Paul Muni, and then, *Anthony Adverse*

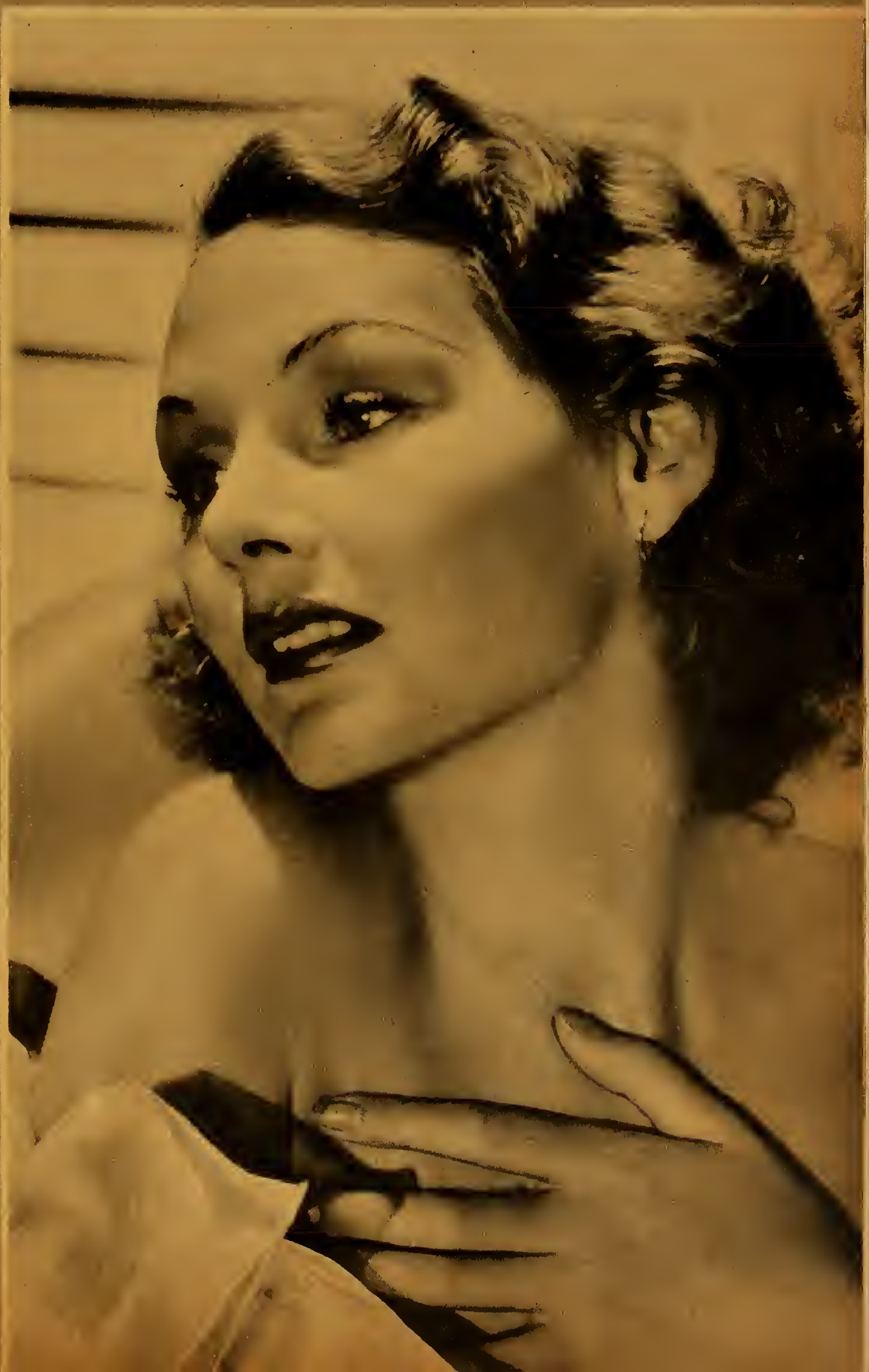


Marlene Dietrich

Marlene still goes in for shorts once in a while, revealing the perfect Dietrich limbs. You'll see her next in a film entitled *Desire*, with Gary Cooper

Elizabeth Allan

Elizabeth Allan, according to *la* Dietrich, has the most beautiful limbs in Hollywood. The English actress, a tennis enthusiast, appears opposite Ronald Colman in *A Tale of Two Cities,* made from Dickens' famous epic of the days of the French Revolution



Playtime

Evalyn Knapp is not winded. But her dog is! So she and Earl Blackwell wait for the dog to catch up with its breathing!

—Acme

Barbara Kent and Gloria Shea (at right) glance at the lens from behind a screen. It is some racquet! It's two, in fact

Ensenada, Mexico, is a new playground for the stars. Gary Cooper (standing, left) goes native and truly Western at resort, while trying new gun

—Rhodes

When she's spinning a rope, Paula Stone (daughter of Fred Stone) is a whole rodeo by herself. Daddy showed her how

—Rhodes

Exposures

Heather Angel likes to shoot as much as Ralph Forbes (who is her husband). They are both good shots on the rifle range!

It's a treat to eat. That's what they say about mulligan stew when Paul Kelly (at left) cooks it, his own way, for his picnics

With a dog straining at the leash, it means you walk! So Nelson Eddy (right) begins his invigorating morning hike!

Shooting chutes with his children (Harold, Jr., Peggy and Gloria) is Harold Lloyd's favorite pastime!

GINGER ROGERS' *Advice to Girls*

TWO out of three of Ginger Rogers' fans, and nine out of ten of her friends, will tell you that this girl's popularity is due to the fact that she just keeps right on being Ginger, in spite of success, or anything else in the world. Nothing changes her attitude.

The only time anyone has ever known Ginger to be ritzy was when she was having a glorious time playing *Anytime Annie* in *Forty-Second Street,* and the fake *Countess Scharwenka* in *Roberta.*

And the only time she ever felt ritzy was when she was a youngster back in New York, playing in *Girl Crazy* on Broadway and making pictures over in Paramount's Long Island studio at the same time.

"But a couple of good bumps took that out of me," grinned Ginger, in telling of it, "and put me right down to earth where I belonged. Hollywood mighty quickly scraped off any illusions of grandeur I may have gathered on Broadway." She spoke with sincerity.

Once scraped off, those illusions of grandeur never returned, and today Ginger Rogers, star, and generally conceded most versatile player in pictures, is as unassuming as she was in the old days when she and her mother travelled the old "death trail" of vaudeville, and she and three other red-headed kids *Charlestoned* their way through the mining towns of Colorado.

GINGER is convinced that just keeping on being an American girl, without frills or pretenses, has had much to do with her success. She figures that she has worked hard for what she has won, but that she is lucky to have it, lucky that the American public liked her style. And seeing that it did like that style, she has been mighty careful not to change it.

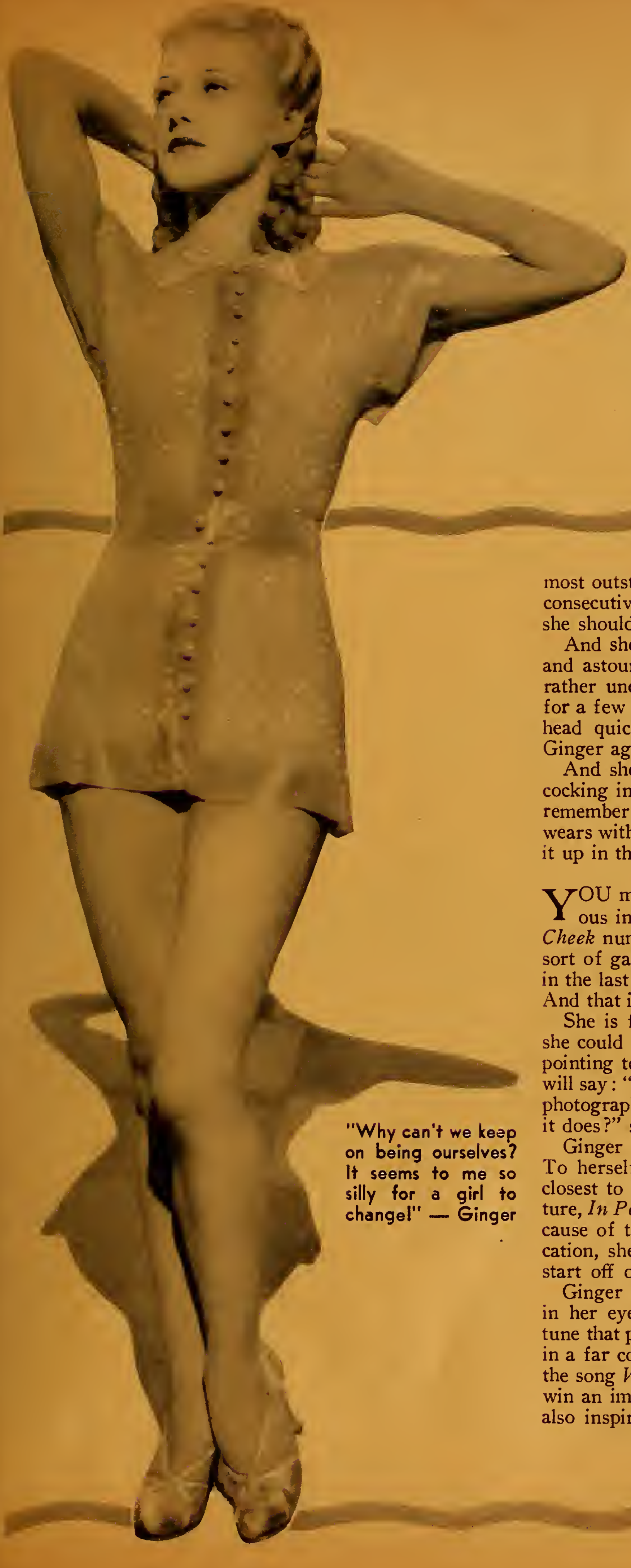
Back in Memphis, Tennessee, (where Ginger appeared in a try-out for the famous Publix circuit, and where only the fast thinking of her alert mother saved her from being cancelled out at the end of the first afternoon performance), Ginger suddenly discovered that the public took a fancy to her because she was so unassuming, so natural and so truly American. That was how they wanted her to be.

And, as both she and her mother concentrated on the job of emphasizing that naturalness, that fancy developed into a decided liking that won her three years work with Publix, including six straight months at the Chicago Oriental Theatre with Paul Ash.

THERE, Ginger developed the personality that made her America's girl friend, and which brought the management of that famous stage hit *Good News* to her with the personal request that she take over one of the principal parts in the show. As the stage door of the theatre that housed *Good News* was "just down the alley" from the Oriental, they induced Ginger to come over and watch how the girl in their show danced, and then suggested Ginger combine that with her strictly individual personality.

But Ginger just shook her head, and replied, as she watched the girl turning cartwheels and doing trick dancing all over the stage, "Nope, I'll turn somersaults for nobody." And she meant what she said.

If the public liked her distinctly individual personality and unpretentiousness enough to hold her in one of the



"Why can't we keep on being ourselves? It seems to me so silly for a girl to change!" — Ginger

Just keep on being yourself. That is what Ginger Rogers advises girls to do if they're seeking success and happiness. Be a winner Ginger Rogers' way!

most outstanding of all the Publix houses for twenty-eight consecutive weeks, that was sufficient proof to Ginger that she shouldn't change—become different.

And she never did—though she has climbed to stardom and astounding popularity in films. If her amazing, and rather unexpected success on Broadway turned her head for a few days, the public never knew it, and the little redhead quickly got back to being plain, happy, everyday Ginger again. She knew what they liked.

And she will never change. So when you see her peacocking in the gorgeous gowns her studio designs for her, remember that her heart is still in the denim shirt that she wears with the size fourteen boy's overalls when she roughs it up in the mountains with her husband or mother.

YOU may have noticed, Ginger was amazingly glamorous in *Roberta,* and quite devastating in the *Cheek to Cheek* number in *Top Hat.* With everybody in the studio sort of gasping at the glamour little Ginger has developed in the last year, she thinks it is *all* due to the photography. And that is *not* a press agent yarn!

She is forever confiding to her mother how she wishes she could get "more of that kind of photography." Then, pointing to a sequence where she fairly oozes glamour she will say: "Gee, Mom, why can't we get more of that sort of photography? It makes me look different, don't you think it does?" she will ask earnestly.

Ginger never even thinks of her real self as glamorous. To herself, she is still just "Ginger," or "Gin" to those closest to her. Even while making her new starring picture, *In Person,* when they knocked off shooting at 4:30 because of the heavy mountain shadows at the Big Bear location, she would promptly don her roughing clothes and start off on her old trails.

Ginger hasn't changed. There's the same lively gleam in her eye, and her heart beats to the same mischievous tune that prompted her to gather the chorus girls about her in a far corner of the *Gold Diggers of 1933* stage and gag the song *We're In The Money* for them (and, by so doing, win an important part in the picture for herself) and that also inspired her to go to the [*Continued on page* 66]

Merry Christmas

Shirley's going to stay up all night—if she has to—just to catch Santa Claus, right in the act of filling her stocking!

Happy New Year

Let the captivating little Shirley Temple lead you into the New Year. Here she is seen as tiny Miss 1936! It's a big New Year for her

Why I Like to be in the Movies

By SHIRLEY TEMPLE

as told to MARIAN RHEA

To Shirley movies are just a game. "Let's Pertend" is what she calls it. She loves it!

I LIKE to be in the movies because I have so much fun. I guess no little girl has so much fun as me. You see, in the movies, we play games all the time—mostly my favorite game that I call "Let's Pertend." And I like it.

Maybe you don't know how to play it. It's really awful' easy. You just pertend you're someone that you really aren't and the person you play with pertends that, too. And then the director—he's the one that shows you how to play—says "okay, let 'er roll," and that means you're having your picture taken. I have lots of fun then.

The last time I played "Let's Pertend" was with Mister Boles. It was in a picture called *Curly Top*. *Curly Top* means me. We pertended I was a poor little orphan. When Mister Cummings—he was the director—told us how to play this game, I asked him what is an orphan and he said a little girl who hasn't any Mommy and Daddy. I was cert'nly glad it was only pertending, 'cause I would feel just terrible without my Mommy and Daddy.

WELL, we played and played, every day. An' there was a man who was pertending he was bossing us orphans—there were other little orphans in the game, too—and he was awful' cranky to me only he really didn't mean it. He just did it in the game. An' then Mister Boles came to visit the orphans' home an' he liked me an' I liked him—that wasn't pertending at all—and he took me away to live with him and then I had lovely dresses and about a million dolls and I lived happily ever after. It really was a lovely game. It was about the best I ever played.

I've had lots of fun with other people, too. Once I played a game for a long time with Miss Lombard and Mister Cooper. My Mommy says it is polite for little girls to call grown up people Mister and Miss but I kinda slipped sometimes and they didn't mind a bit when I said Gary and Carole. They were awful' good to me.

Gary is an awful high man. He seemed so high at first, I was almost afraid of him. But he drew me pictures and then he didn't seem so high and kind of cross, any more. He isn't one bit cross, really. He drew me pictures of a cow. And a dog and a barn and he drew me, too. The pictures he drew of me looked just like me and not kinda funny like the ones Marilyn and I draw. Marilyn is my—I keep on wanting to call it step-in, but Mommy says it is stand-in. It means she stands places instead of me when they are getting the cameras ready to shoot. Maybe you don't know it, but cameras don't really shoot. They just take your picture. And that's about all.

It is funny to see yourself in a picture and hear yourself talk and everything. I've seen [*Continued on page* 68]

". . . Maybe you don't know it, but cameras don't really shoot. They just take your picture!"—Shirley

BILL POWELL turns the spotlight on himself

By IDA ZEITLIN

BILL POWELL has long occupied a cosy spot in the Hollywood sun. Yet there was a time when a series of nondescript parts threatened him with eclipse. An intelligent man, trying to do intelligent work, he battled against playing those parts. His mouth grew grimmer and his expletives pithier as he dug his way through a mountain of scripts in an effort to find something he could do without a rising sense of illness at the pit of his stomach. His associates, eyeing him on such occasions, would exchange knowing glances and mutter: "That guy's sweating commas and semi-colons again."

This sweating process proved effectual in the end, for it landed him the rôle of *Nick Charles* in *The Thin Man,* which in turn won him the lasting affection of everyone who saw that perfect translation to the screen of one of fiction's most likeable characters. Powell leaped at the chance to play Nick, not only because it was the meatiest part that he'd been offered in months, but because the detective was a person he appreciated and understood. They talked the same language. Meeting, they'd have recognized each other without spilling many words, as brothers under the skin, sharing a fundamental outlook: mind your own business, keep your own counsel and treat the things you hold dearest with a surface levity as a precautionary measure against curious busybodies—stick to realities—and away with the tribe of stuffed shirts and all their works—human decency's the code of life. And humor is its leaven!

Not that either Nick or Powell would receive with anything but a baleful glance the suggestion that he give the world his views on life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. But a few pages of one, and half an hour's talk with the other would supply the clue.

[*Continued on page* 56]

Bill Powell's parents wanted him to become a lawyer. But that was only their idea—not Bill's! "The law and I went our separate ways, both laughing!" That's what he says about it!

"I think it's so foolish to say we can't do this; we can't do that."—Helen. Below, you see Fred Perry, Helen's husband, with her

—Acme

Looking at Life with HELEN VINSON

"Acting isn't all of life!" says Helen Vinson, talking about her profession

By RUTH BIERY

I TALKED with Helen Vinson in London the day when she completed her work on the recent Gaumont-British picture, *Transatlantic Tunnel.* First, we were in her studio dressing room. Then we were on the set while she took that last close-up with Richard Dix. Later, we rushed madly for a taxi. Soon, Helen was on her way out of England to meet—and marry—Fred Perry in New York. That was a most hectic day.

"If I hadn't come to England, I wouldn't have known Fred. Marry? I don't know. I don't know! Perhaps it was intended that I should come to England just to know him. If I marry him, maybe that was meant to be. How can we tell?" she had said to me just before leaving England. Later, she married Fred.

At that time, she had been nervous, excited. They had been trying to persuade her to remain in London for another picture. Meanwhile, Fred Perry had asked her to catch the next steamer.

"WHY go to England?" her Hollywood friends had demanded when the offer to go had first arrived. Well, why should she go? She had big pictures to her credit. Six in a single year; a real record for a free-lance player. Among the six were *Broadway Bill, Private Worlds, Age of Indiscretion*—why should an actress with such successes leave Hollywood? And she had offers for as many more. She had only started!

"Still others told me I was getting too many pictures. That too many were as bad as not enough. I'd never been to England. Perhaps it was the adventure"—her eyes had twinkled—"or perhaps it was just meant to be," she had remarked.

[*Continued on page 62*]

Here's the Kansas City theater at which local winners of screen tests are seen. Shown in the front row are Mr. Benjamin, Universal branch manager (12th from left) and Landon Laird (2nd from right), local master of ceremonies

Irene Dunne eats a bit of ice cream on the set of *Magnificent Obsession,* new Universal film. A technician looks on

What is *Your* Chance in the Movies?

By JACK SMALLEY

THAT is the burning question in the minds of thousands of young men and women with undeveloped talent: "What chance have *I* in pictures?"

Here is a frank answer from the dean of picture producers, the man who owns the largest studio in Hollywood, who has launched the careers of hundreds of famous stars—Carl Laemmle! The creator of stars!

"We must recruit new talent to replace the thinning ranks of established stars," he said definitely. "It is a serious matter when any industry lacks young people climbing up to emerge as ultimate leaders. We must have them; we must give them the opportunities they need—*right now!*

"If we do not exercise continual vigilance in the picture industry, in building new names and personalities, we weaken the whole structure of the film business which deals in stars. That is why Universal Pictures have engaged in the national Search for Talent campaign, in company with its sponsors, in an effort to ferret out the hidden talent which we are sure can be found among the young people of this country."

THOSE are encouraging words! Emerging from a great depression, during which young people have found it difficult to enter into any line of endeavor, the welcome from Mr. Laemmle is indeed glad tidings. It was with tremendous enthusiasm that the Search for Talent began. And, as the huge scout truck carrying its crew of technicians reach each city in its progress across the country, hundreds of young men and women flock in for their

Fill this blank out and enter this

RULES

1. Any man or woman, sixteen or over (minors must have consent of guardian), who is a resident of the United States, may enter this contest. It is not necessary to purchase any article to enter.
2. Contest opens September 1, 1935, and closes January 1, 1936.
3. Winners of the Search for Talent Contest will be judged by photographs and by motion picture screen tests made at your local Universal theatres at times to be announced in newspapers and in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
4. Judges of the contest will be executives of Universal Pictures. Their decisions will be final.
5. Judges may select as many contestants as they deem fit, contestants to be given all-expense free trips to Hollywood and return, for sound tests at the studio. *No less* than *six* contestants will be awarded trips to Hollywood with an opportunity to win movie contracts.
6. Each photograph must be attached to an entry blank or facsimile.
7. Contestants agree to abide by decisions of the judges, and any entrant must by his or her signature to an entry blank, agree to permit the publication of photographs in connection with advertising and publicity concerned with this Search for Talent Contest.
8. In case of a tie, duplicate awards will be made.
9. Employees of Universal Pictures Corporation, Hump Hair Pin Manufacturing Company, Motion Picture Publications, and Fawcett Publications, and their families, are not eligible to compete in this contest.

This photo was snapped just before the huge Search for Talent truck left Universal City on its nation-wide tour. Seen here, left to right, are Clark Williams, John King and Mickey Whalen

screen tests. At Minneapolis and Kansas City, the tour directors found hundreds of aspirants, and reel after reel of screen tests were shot under the supervision of H. E. Howard, director, and Mickey Whalen, cameraman.

I. R. Green, general manager of the tour, reported after personally attending the tests at Kansas City, that hundreds of eager young people turned out for the free screen tests. Mr. Green represents the makers of Hold Bob bob-pins, who, with MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, are sponsoring the Universal Pictures Search for Talent. It is a great venture!

In the breasts of all these young people is the hope that some of them may be selected by Universal for free trips to Hollywood and for interviews with the casting office there—*and possibly a brilliant screen career!* For who can forget the overnight success of so many stars of today, stars who winged their way to fame after a film test?

One picture served to bring everlasting fame to Margaret Sullavan. That film was *Only Yesterday*, made by Universal. Playing the part of a girl who was loved and left behind in the turmoil of war, she was an instant hit. That was two years ago—now she commands a big salary and is one of the great stars of the screen. Or one might think of Jane Wyatt, pretty little New York miss, who in a few months has proved so popular that she is starred in Universal's *Stranger at the Feast*, now in preparation.

UNKNOWN today, famous tomorrow! It is little wonder that Hollywood is the mecca of all young people who are ambitious to succeed! It is their gateway to fame!

With the enthusiastic support of Universal, this magazine and Hold Bobs organized what has become a sensationally successful tour of the United States in a search for talent. A huge scout car was obtained for the purpose. The car is a marvel of mechanical development, for it carries broadcasting equipment and is a traveling movie theater besides, having a rear screen for showing movies. It also carries camera lights and other equipment needed for making screen tests. It is a modern wonder.

In addition to the truck, which broadcasts news of the free screen tests, the makers of Hold Bobs have given national prominence to the campaign by the use of window displays in all leading stores. Hold Bob, the favorite hairpins of the stars because of their invisible heads and coloring, are on sale everywhere, which means that every nook and cranny of the nation has been [*Continued on page* 64]

ITINERARY

Watch your local newspapers! Watch your local screens, showing Universal pictures! The big Search for Talent truck is on its way to you! Here is the list of the cities at which the huge truck was scheduled to stop when it started its great cross country trip, early in September:

Kansas City, Des Moines, Minneapolis, Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, New York City, Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, Raleigh, Atlanta, Birmingham, New Orleans, and Dallas.

Starting on its journey from Los Angeles, the truck will return there. The schedule shown above is *tentative!* So watch your own newspapers and your own screens for further information! Don't miss this golden opportunity for film fame! Remember,

You too can be a movie star!

national contest NOW!

Name ....

Address ....

City ....State ....

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Height ....Weight .... Coloring .... Age ....

Attach your photo and send to:

IRVING RICHARD GREEN, Managing Director
SEARCH FOR TALENT CONTEST
1918 PRAIRIE AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"I love acting as work—an outlet."—Gene

The Secret of GENE RAYMOND'S Success

Psycho-analysis reveals the reason for Gene Raymond's success, which dates from his childhood

By DON RYAN

ABOVE a low veil of mist that shimmers in the moonlight, the great chateau rises in ghostly perfection. Turreted, with gabled peaks and balconies. Valets and pages wait with torches to conduct the prince to a pillared loggia where marble fauns dance in the misty moonlight on the shining emerald of close-cropped grass.

In the soft moonlight, the high-pitched gables tower remotely above the world below and from the highest battlement the banner of the young prince is brightly flung to the breeze . . . And so on, just like the opening of some antique romance your grandmother might have read, isn't it? And doubtless you would say it's all just a lot of nonsense.

BUT this story is especially aimed at you who feel that romance died out with the invention of the internal combustion engine for automobiles; at you who were caught in the slough of the depression at the outset of your career and who are sure there isn't any place in life for you. For this is no story of a dream prince in his palace—but about a modern prince of the movie realm. It is the story of Gene Raymond. And it is fascinating.

And do you think a story about a successful movie actor can have no personal application to you? Well, there exists a group of hard-headed modern scientists who'll say you're wrong. They're professors of Individual Psychology. They assert that they can determine your chances for success in life by what happened to you before you were five or six years old. The surprising thing about it is—they *do!*

Indeed, by comparing your own situation in early childhood with that of Gene Raymond you can tell if you're a potential success. Whether or not you've fixed on an acting career doesn't matter—*it's the character you formed in early life that counts!* If you happen to be the only child, or the oldest child, in your family, this article is especially for you.

MEANWHILE, permit me to escort you into the presence of our film prince—and you'll see that the nonsense we spilled so freely at the beginning is rather substantial. And quite true.

Gene Raymond really lives in a château. While waiting for his new home in Beverly Hills to be outfitted, his residence is the Château Elysée. True, it's an apartment house, but such an apartment house as only theatrical Hollywood could produce—turreted, with gabled peaks. The Château Elysée towers in ghostly perfection above the veil of fog that covers the everyday bustle of a Hollywood shopping center. A stately and expansive, private-appearing residence, discreetly screened from the world by walls of waving eucalyptus trees. It's quite ideal.

The young man you are going to meet symbolizes smooth, efficient, modern America—with a subtle essence of something more that suggests an old world culture. With an athletic body on which live muscles play, his posture recalls the easy grace of the youth we saw in that unusual picture of a few seasons ago—the picture in which Gene Raymond first won a movie following—*Zoo in Budapest.* His head is well formed and covered with waving golden hair. There is a slight boyish tilt at the [*Continued on page* 70]

Why You Should *Know* ALICE FAYE!

There's more to Alice Faye than merely soft blonde hair, provocative mouth and her big blue eyes. Much more! You'll surely like her

by

PAULA HARRISON

OF ALL the screen players I've met in Hollywood, Alice Faye is the most unexpected. "Alice Faye? Oh, sure," would come the reaction from ninety-nine out of a hundred. "She's the girl who made a hit on Rudy Vallée's Hour. She's the kid who put *Oh, You Nasty Man* across. She's the little number with the round eyes and the platinum hair and the come-hither smile. Oh, sure," they'd agree heartily, "we know Alice Faye."

If that's all you know about her, it isn't much. Not that I'm trying to point any fingers at you. It's what I might have said myself before having met her. For the girl described above was the one I'd prepared myself to meet—a gay singer of hot songs, a peppy, wisecracking youngster who knew all the answers, who had been through the mill of Broadway and would therefore know how to put Hollywood just where she wanted it. Which goes to prove what fools most of us are in the conclusions to which we jump on little evidence or none at all.

I WAS puzzled, at first, as I talked to her and watched her face. This was Alice Faye, of course—big blue eyes, soft blonde hair, provocative mouth. But there the resemblance ended. There was nothing exuberant, nothing pert, nothing cocksure about the girl who sat facing me, her manner reserved, her eyes grave—even a little wistful, it seemed to me, though what in the world she had to be wistful about, I thought peevishly, heaven only knew. There seemed no reason for it.

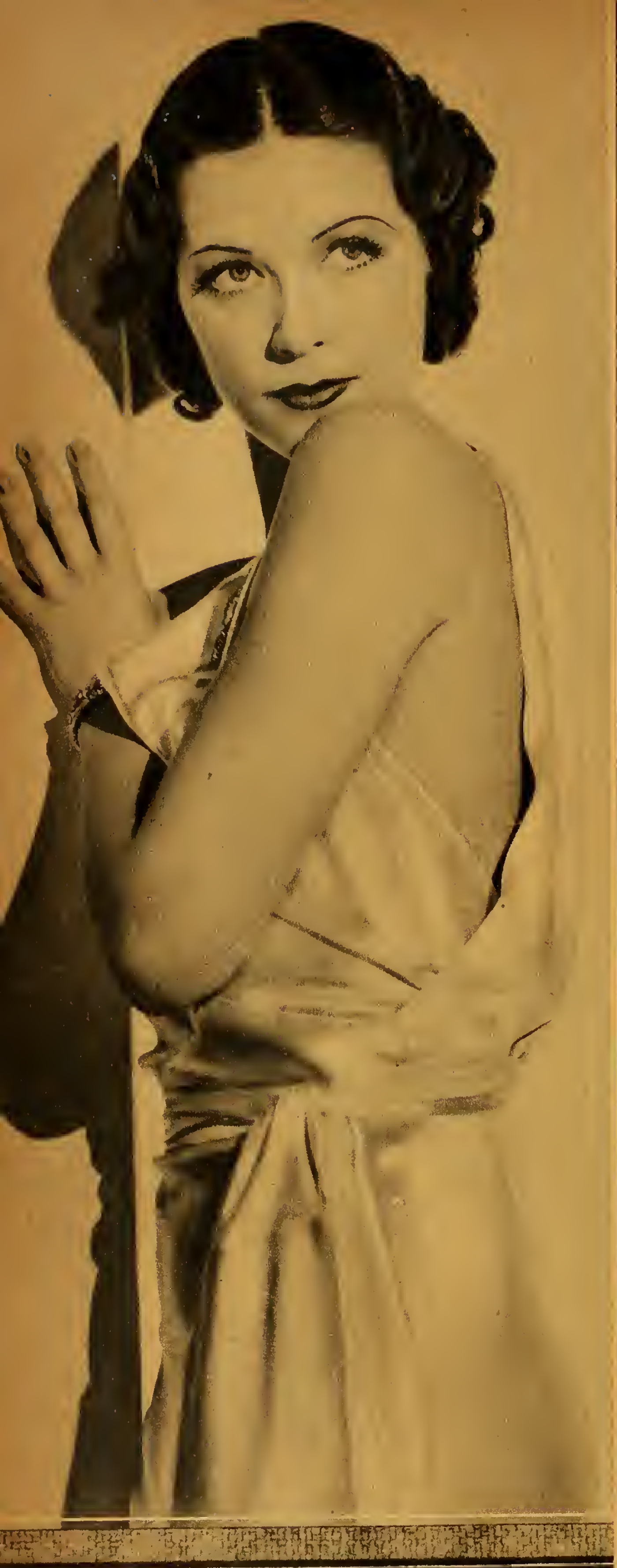
She was perfectly agreeable, ready to talk, courteous in answering questions. But she answered them from behind a barrier which said as plainly as words: "So far and no farther." Having tried in vain to fit her and her quiet dignity into the ready-made frame of her screen personality, I finally developed sense enough to throw the frame away and open my mind.

It took more than one meeting to melt her reserve. And here I must obtrude myself for a moment to say that this isn't just a fan story, written for the purpose of earning a check, but the record of a stimulating experience—the discovery under a publicity-created figure of a human being to admire and respect, straight-thinking, warm-hearted, generous in the face of misunderstanding, steering her own steady course through idle rumor and asking favors of no one.

She's been paddling her own canoe since the day when, a lanky fifteen-year-old, she secured a job in the Chester Hale dancing line.

"I WAS always crazy to go on the stage," she explained, "but I didn't know anyone who could help me. So I just went down to the Capitol, and there happened to be a call, and they happened to take me. No, the family didn't

[*Continued on page 72*]



Everywhere Eleanor Powell's taps are tops! She is today's feminine Fred Astaire

The Girl the WHOLE WORLD *Raves* About!

By JOHN R. BALDWIN

IT WAS easy to see that the girl was in love. She sat on the edge of the pillowed divan in her dressing room, one trim, silk-clad leg extending toward the floor, the other hidden in some mysterious way beneath the folds of her wool suit in matching shades of green and black. One toe tapped an impatient rhythm on the glossy floor.

Eleanor Powell was waiting for a telephone call from the man who had given her the huge engagement ring which she was twisting around and around on her finger, unaware that her preoccupation was so evident. Our conversation was dying. Then the tense silence was broken. The telephone rang. Eleanor covered the distance to the door in a few graceful, effortless steps. "Hello, darling!" was her joyous greeting as it floated through the open door. Then her voice was lowered. I could only imagine what new endearments she was whispering across the wire to Abe Lyman, the suave orchestra leader who had recently won the race to her heart, for the moment, at least.

Usually it is impossible to talk to a girl in love, but not so with Eleanor Powell. Returning from her phone tête-à-tête, her reticence vanished. She pounced on a question that had been left unanswered when Mr. Lyman had called. She spoke with vivacity.

"MY MOST unusual experience in Hollywood? That's a pretty large order, because they were all unusual to me. But, you know, I've always admired Joan Crawford. Well, I was sitting in the studio café at Metro one day when, all of a sudden, I looked up to see Joan walking by my table. Just as any girl would, I jumped up and caught her arm. 'Miss Crawford,' I said, 'I just have to tell you how much I enjoy your work.'

"Joan was very gracious. She thanked me and said simply that she was happy to know I liked her, for she always appreciated a kind word. Then she walked away. I knew she didn't know me—I didn't expect her to.

"Anyway, I was rehearsing that scene in *Broadway Melody of 1936*—you know, the one in the empty theatre, when someone interrupted to say [*Continued on page* 58]

Nino Martini is the modern *Romeo.* He is Shakespeare's ardent lover, come to life!

The Man ROMEO *Might* Have Been

BY CAROL CRAIG

NINO MARTINI was born in Verona, Italy; so was Shakespeare's *Romeo,* centuries before him. And Nino today is everything that Romeo *might* have been, if Fate had dealt out the cards a little differently. To *Romeo,* the gods were cruel. To Nino, they have been kind. To *Romeo,* they gave fine features, fine passions, a thrilling voice—and a love for one beautiful girl. It was the only love he was ever destined to know—a love so intense that he could not live without her. To Nino, they gave fine features, fine passions, a thrilling voice—and a love for music.

And he was destined to be loved by a world of beautiful women . . . not one of whom could ever allow herself to be jealous of his love for music, without which *he* could not live.

"You ask me how long I have been singing," he says, with a trace of accent in his voice, with a trace of a smile on his sensitive lips. "Always. I cannot remember when I began. I was very small. Maybe three, four. I could not help myself. Everybody in Verona sings. Life would not be life there, if people did not make music. Everybody hums or sings or plays the concertina. Why are Americans not like that, too? They would get so much more from life, be so much more happy."

HE IS eager, intense, warm-blooded, this newest masculine cause for excitement among moviegoers of both sexes and of all nationalities. They never expected to see the day when an operatic tenor would actually look like, and act like, a romantic hero. They attended *Here's to Romance* because they had the guarantee, from his radio and Metropolitan Opera successes, that they would hear good singing. They had the surprise of their lives when they discovered that this man with the glorious voice was almost boyishly young—slender almost to the point of slightness—with a smile as warmly romantic as summer sunshine on the shores of the Mediterranean.

Yet he denies that the romance of which he sings has ever played a great part in his life. He says, with smiling, yet wistful candor, "I have never had the time for romance. When I was in my 'teens, I was studying—always studying. When I was out of my 'teens, I was singing in concert, in opera. I might be in one place for a week, two weeks, a month—then I would go to some other place to sing. I could not fall in love in so short a time. . . ."

He leans forward, looks at you as if wondering whether or not you will understand, and adds, "But if I ever do fall in love, that is the way it will have to be. Quick, like the snap of fingers. It can be no other way. Some morning, I shall meet a pretty girl; that afternoon, I shall convince myself that I love her; that evening, I shall ask her if she loves me—and if she will marry me . . . before I have to go to the next city for another concert. And I shall feel sorry for the poor girl. Her honeymoon will be a concert tour."

His words, in cold type, [*Continued on page 67*]

What's Become of

Where are your favorites of other days? Where have they gone?

BY HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

FAME is a fickle goddess in Hollywood. Touched by her magic wand, men and women appear with halos—the halos of idolatry. Truly, they become the idols of a public ready to worship at the shrine. Lifting humanity from its workaday world, they take it for an hour into the timeless realm of romance and adventure. They bring untold joy to mankind.

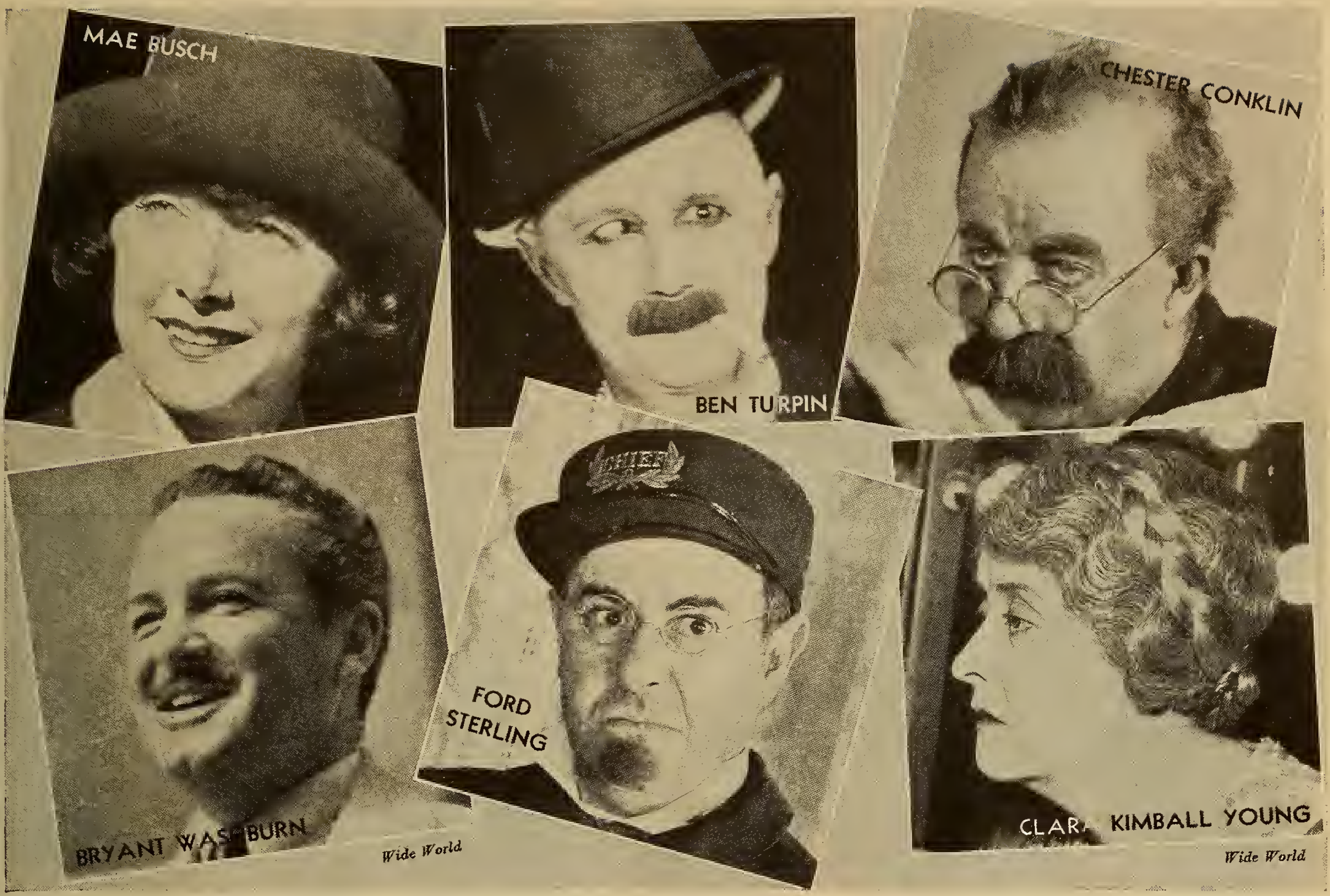
But, unlike the eternal stars in the evening sky, the human ones of the films are ephemeral. They shine for a while—then are gone. Fame gives—and it takes away. And in taking, it spells the tragedy of Hollywood. Stars must rise: stars must fall.

Time is inexorable—in Hollywood as elsewhere. It marches on. Men and women must grow old. It is nature's unvarying law. And, with rare exceptions, the public turns away from its favorites when they age. So it is with the stars of yesterday. Have you ever wondered what has become of the forgotten great? Where they have gone? What they are doing now? Moments of bliss, instants of ecstasy, the exquisite pain of tears, hours of happiness—these, they brought us once! Where are they now? What has become of them?

TO ANSWER these questions, the stars of other days were sought. And some were found. Of others, time had taken its final toll.

There is Charles Ray, for instance. He was found sitting on the sidelines of a set, surrounded by "extras" and bit players such as himself. A tall, quiet chap, he seemed neither bored nor interested. Tired, sad—his eyes were, as they looked out upon two glorious young stars as they moved through a love scene. Occasionally, an "extra" would appear at his side and ask: "Hey, kid. Got a cigaret?" And the "kid" would oblige. No one noticed the battered make-up box in the "kid's" left hand, nor the faded gold letters on it, spelling a once great name, Charles Ray.

Only yesterday, it seems, his was one of the biggest names in pictures! An innocent, wide-eyed country boy, he had come out of rural Illinois to write his name



Wide World

Wide World

Yesterday's Stars?

What are they doing? Read this story and you'll know!

indelibly into Hollywood history. Songs had been written about him. Women had adored him—and the honesty and sincerity that he portrayed. Men, seeing him, had remembered their own ol' swimmin' holes, and had called him a regular fellow. The fixtures in Ray's mansion had been of solid gold, his garage had been filled with imported cars, and his yacht rode at anchor in Santa Monica Bay. He had had millions!

Now, his fame is gone. Most of his money, too. But—like many another star of yesterday, such as Mae Busch, Monte Blue, William Farnum, King Baggot, Helene Chadwick, Florence Lawrence, Lillian Rich, Pat O'Malley, Vera Steadman, Juanita Hansen, Chester Conklin, and others—he is keeping his chin up, watching for the "breaks." Occasionally, these breaks do come. They have for Chester Conklin, the great comic actor, and H. B. Warner, one of the most versatile luminaries that has ever come to the screen. The public's demand for new faces often bars the way to their return, however. Then, too, with the passing of silent films, many a star of the silent era passed with them. Among the few who survived are Crawford, Colbert, Shearer, Gaynor, Beery, Garbo, Barthelmess, Colman, Davies, Stanwyck, Baxter, Dix and Gary Cooper.

I ASKED Charles Ray about himself. He smiled wistfully. He thought of his past.

"Everything has already happened to me," he said. "When I say that everything that can happen, save death, has already happened, I mean just that. After I left Hollywood, broke, I sank lower and lower, becoming a stock player at twenty-five dollars a week, and finally at fifteen a week when my wardrobe became too seedy. At last, Henry Duffy came to my rescue, bringing me back to Hollywood to do a play. But that flopped. Then, after a long illness, I made the rounds at the studios. But no luck. Now, though, things are breaking for me a little. I'm getting more work. And I've opened a flower shop which is doing very well."

Leaving Ray, I thought of Helene Chadwick. Who is there who doesn't remember that lovely star? Five years ago, she was earning [*Continued on page* 69]

CARY • *wins* FOUR

"They're swell," Cary Grant says about the four film queens here

Sylvia Sidney's "a grand trouper," says Cary

I GLANCED for the twentieth time at my watch, sitting there, in the Paramount publicity offices. Why didn't that fellow come?

"Late as usual," boomed a deep, masculine voice with a distinct note of charm, "Come on, want to go over to my rooms?" he asked engagingly.

I looked at the man whom I knew, by his voice, must be Cary Grant, but still, it was difficult to recognize him. A stubble of ink-black beard covered his strong, cleft chin. His black hair, usually brushed so neatly, was in disorder, and he wore a leather jacket and riding pants instead of the tailored suits of tweed which are the envy of half the so-called best-dressed men in town. He looked like a ruffian.

"Been cast away with Robinson Crusoe on a desert island?" I asked him. "You look like Captain Wilkins returning from the Arctic."

"No," he laughed. "Just hibernating for a test as a tough guy."

"Talk to me," I suggested, when we had settled down in his dressing room, "about the beautiful girls to whom you have made love on the screen."

"What?" I thought that the next moment this tough-looking he-man would rise and take me apart with his bare hands. "Say, what do you think I . . ."

"Listen," I said jokingly, "just because you have whiskers doesn't scare me!"

Cary smiled the smile which has caused even the heart of Mae West to beat faster. "That's a difficult subject for me," he said. "But I'll try. Still I can't talk about them all. I've got a test to make! What if we pick four and let it go at that?"

"Suits me," I told him. So Cary, stretching his long legs, seated himself, put his hands behind his head and began. He was in a reminiscent mood.

"LET'S start on Mae West first. I've made two pictures with her, *She Done Him Wrong* and *I'm No Angel*. I am at a loss for words when it comes to telling you what a sweet girl she is. But, I suppose, instead of just my statement that she is a swell girl, you want an anecdote. Well, here's one. In one important scene in *I'm No Angel,* perhaps you remember, Mae wore a black, clinging gown with a huge silver spider spread out across the front. Not knowing where Mae wanted Mr. Spider, the designer had not placed it but let her decide, so she came to me. She said, 'Cary, where will we put the spider? On this side, that side, up high, low

GRANT *with* QUEENS

BY GORDON CROWLEY

or in the center? What do you think?' It took us an hour to decide where to put the bug but we got it on at last and Mae, giving me a smile for my assistance, went to have it fastened there." He smiled at the recollection.

"Another time, during that same picture, Mae's monkey, a part of a scene in her boudoir, fell in love with my little dog, Archibald. Mae held up the entire production while the dog thrust his nose between the bars of the monkey's cage and that monk kissed and fondled my dog as a human being might. Mae loved the scene and paid no attention to the huge production costs which were mounting every minute.

"Once, while preparing *I'm No Angel,*" Cary resumed, "she and I had a lot of song numbers to put in just the right places and in just the right way. We tried to work it out in her dressing room, where she kept a piano, but it was so warm we had to keep the door open. Mae was playing and putting on those hot numbers—as no one else but Mae can—when suddenly we looked up and found that the walk outside was filled with people who

[*Continued on page* 61]

"A sweet girl," Cary calls Mae West, at right

"I admired her," says Cary of Queen Marlene

Of Myrna Loy, Cary remarks, "She was great"

In this story, Cary Grant pays sincere tribute to four of the feminine stars whom he's admired

The Picture

Hit stars this month are Carole Lombard, Walter Abel, the Marx

Hands Across the Table—AAAA—And here, fellow fans, is one of the most delightful comedies of this or any other year—Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray in a rollicking, sophisticated offering that will pack every theatre. Lose no time in putting it on your "must see" list.

The story is simple—the tale of a manicurist and an impractical young idler who frankly declare themselves as a pair who are seeking to marry bank accounts. They live together—platonically, please—in Carole's apartment while the great money-hunt goes on and unwillingly, disastrously and violently fall in love—with one another.

Both of the principals are perfect in their rôles. They make the most of every scene and every line of dialogue. Ralph Bellamy and Astrid Allwyn are excellent in important parts. And Ruth Donnelly, Marie Prevost, William Damarest, and Joseph Tozer sparkle in the supporting cast. This is delightful, champagne-like fare—don't miss it. It sparkles in every scene. (Paramount)

The Three Musketeers—AAAA—Romantic, exciting, and thoroughly enjoyable, this new screen version of Alexandre Dumas' immortal novel should find an enthusiastic welcome from every audience. In adapting it to the screen, the plot has necessarily been changed in detail and greatly condensed, yet thanks to excellent direction and superb performances by all of the cast principals, the spirit of one of the most colorful novels ever written has been preserved. As filmed, the entire plot hinges on the intrigue of Ann of Austria and the Duke of Buckingham and the rescue of the Queen's diamonds by the musketeers.

In Walter Abel, this picture brings to the screen a new star of great promise. His performance, as *D'Artagnan,* is so deft, so breezy, and so genuine that it will undoubtedly establish him as a major favorite.

Margot Grahame, as the infamous *Milady Winter,* shares top honors and gives a magnificent performance. Paul Lukas, Onslow Stevens, Moroni Olsen, Ian Keith and Heather Angel are outstanding in the supporting cast. This is a film worth seeing. (RKO)

Thanks a Million—AAAA—The best musical comedy to date! During a month that features a number of grand laugh epics, this delirious tale of a crooner who ran for governor and upset the plans of a crooked political ring, is a standout. And it will carry the stock of Dick Powell, Ann Dvorak, and a chap named Raymond Walburn to a new high.

The picture opens with a troupe of musicians stranded in a hick town. In desperation, they sell their services to a political party and stage a musical campaign which sweeps the state. Powell, the crooner, becomes so popular that he is substituted for the alcoholic has-been who had been nominated for governor, and, to his complete dismay, is elected. The situation is highly amusing.

It's a fine—and sometimes very sharp—satire on American politics. And it's grand entertainment! Walburn, in particular, is a knockout—and it's a safe bet that every producer in Hollywood who saw the preview is right now trying to sign him as "the great, new comedy star." This picture is scintillating satire. (20th Century-Fox)

Fred MacMurray and Carole Lombard want to marry in *Hands Across the Table.* But not each other, *at first*

Walter Abel (left) wants sword-play, as Ian Keith waits in *The Three Musketeers.* Heather Angel is horrified

Ann Dvorak, Dick Powell, and Patsy Kelly step out in *Thanks a Million.* The film is a satire on politics

(Other current and recent

Parade

BY ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

Brothers, Dick Powell, Lawrence Tibbett, Richard Dix and Madge Evans

As Lawrence Tibbett and Virginia Bruce embrace in *Metropolitan,* Alice Brady and George Marion enter

Metropolitan—AAAA—After three years' absence, Lawrence Tibbett returns to the screen to score a sensational triumph in a picture which certainly is one of the greatest musical offerings to date. Despite the romantic plot, which is sincere and believable, the picture is all Tibbett. The plot fades into insignificance before the greatness of his voice and the magnetism of his personality, and retains importance only because it gives his songs a logical presentation.

Tibbett is introduced as a talented young singer, denied recognition by the Metropolitan because of his American background. Through the temperamental frenzy of a former opera star, now the mistress of a millionaire, he is finally given his great opportunity in an independent company and manages to save the situation when she withdraws her support.

Among his songs are *On the Road to Mandalay,* an aria from *The Barber of Seville,* the Toreador song from *Carmen* and the Prologue from *Pagliacci.* (20th Century-Fox)

Both spectacular and intimate, *Transatlantic Tunnel* stars Madge Evans and Richard Dix. It's grand film!

Transatlantic Tunnel—AAAA—For daring conception and flawless execution, this must rank as one of the outstanding screen offerings of all time. Seeing it—and everyone should—one does not know which to applaud more highly, the daring of the producer who undertook to film such a subject, or the craftsmanship of the technicians, director, and cast who made a wild gamble, a tremendous success.

Richard Dix is starred as an engineer who conceives the project of linking England and the United States by a great undersea tunnel. He is ideally cast and gives the greatest performance of his career, not excepting *Cimarron.* The plot moves swiftly to dramatic heights. Backed by an international group of financiers, the tunnel is launched. Unheard-of difficulties are encountered—and mastered by the engineering magic of a new era. The scenes of disaster when the bore pierces an undersea volcano are spectacular beyond imagination. And, yet, such is the mastery of this picture that never once does the spectacle dwarf interest in the intimate love story which centers around Dix and his wife, played by Madge Evans. (Gaumont-British)

The Marx Brothers (Groucho, Chico, and Harpo) are a riot in *A Night at the Opera.* They're a great trio

A Night at the Opera—AAAA—When more hilarious, insane, and side-splitting farce-comedy is produced, the Marx Brothers will be responsible! And here they are—minus Zeppo who has deserted acting to become a Hollywood agent—at their crack-brained best in a laugh-carnival that is guaranteed to leave every audience in stitches.

Most of the scenes are located backstage in an opera house. And, strangely enough, this picture, for the first time in Marx Brothers' history, has a definite plot and romantic interest. Probably no one will care, but the fact is worth noting.

Sandwiched between the mad pranks of Groucho, Chico, and Harpo are a number of operatic selections and non-classical songs, which are exceptionally well rendered by Kitty Carlisle—who looks like a future star—and Allan Jones. They sing the prison song from *Il Trovatore* beautifully. Walter King, Margaret Dumont, and Sigfried Rumann have important rôles—but supporting cast, plot, songs are secondary to the Marxes. (M-G-M)

films are reviewed on page 6)

Taking heroic figures in stride —*that's* WILCOXON

Henry Wilcoxon, above, is a man's man—and a woman's hero!

From *Mark Antony* in *Cleopatra* to *King Richard* in *The Crusades* was just a natural step for Wilcoxon!

BY TOM SHERWIN

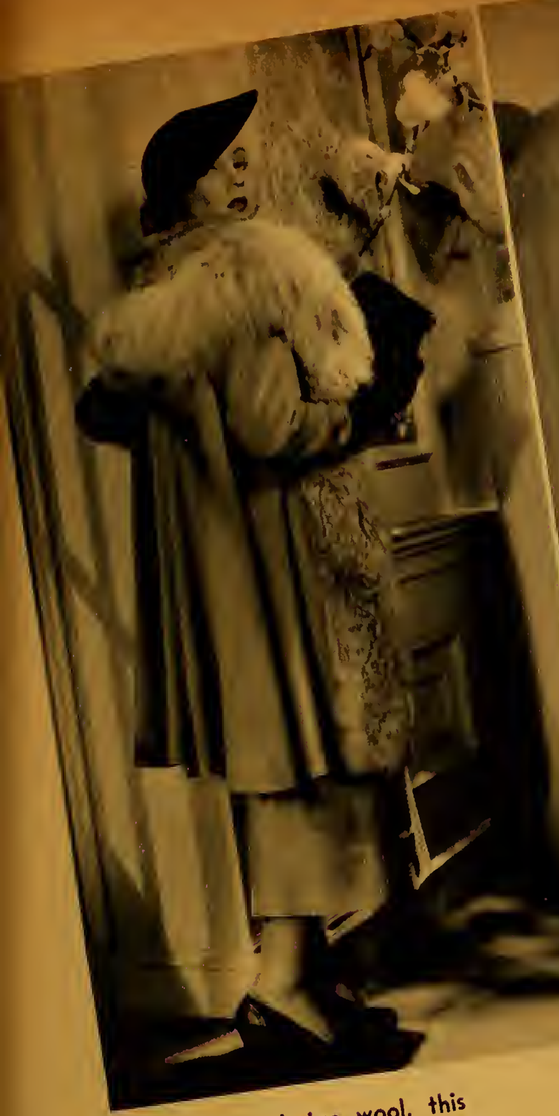
"I HAVE BEEN in Hollywood but a few months," Henry Wilcoxon told me over a lunch consisting only of a glass of orange juice, in the Paramount cafe, "but I believe that I am completely Americanized. Not that it was much trouble. I do not think that there is much difference, basically, between Americans and Englishmen. I have my house, simple but comfortable, with only two servants, and my yacht. And that is all I want in life besides my work."

Wilcoxon is a fine type of English gentleman, to the American way of thinking. He looks, speaks, acts, and thinks, much as any upstanding American man does. His accent is hardly noticeable.

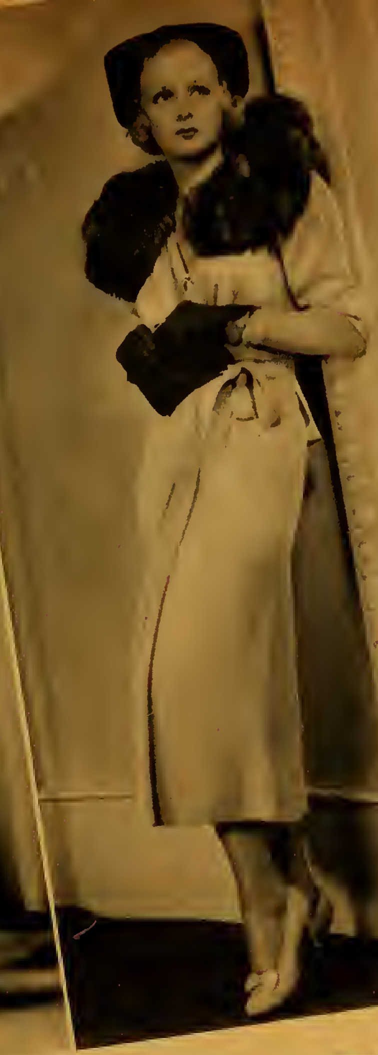
"I am no Francis Lederer, advocating a doctrine of world peace," he smiled. "But I do have a workable theory and not a dream. I would like to see Old England and Young America, make the old saying, 'hands across the sea,' a reality. I would like to see America, Canada, England, Australia, and the rest of the British Empire's colonies, joined together in an unofficial peace pact to prevent any nation from starting war. No nation would dare start war, if all the world's English-speaking nations were banded in one great blood brotherhood, with gigantic air, naval, and land forces at its command. Some day it will come and there will be peace and universal prosperity on earth!"

WILCOXON'S childhood, spent as it was among the voodoo mystics of the British West Indies, made him sensitive to premonitions. His warning of danger is the tingling of his spine.

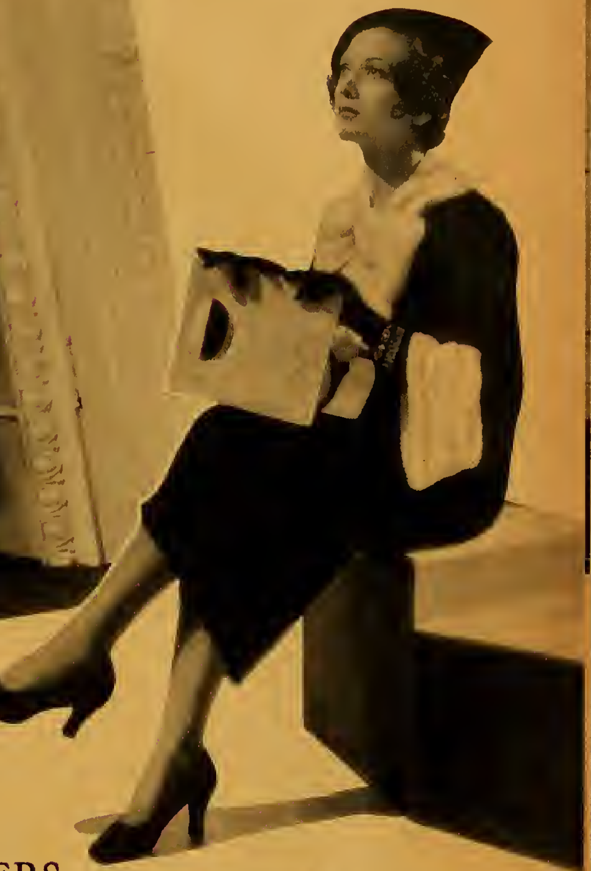
"Many times, that tingling of the spine, that mystic warning signal, has saved me from disaster and death," the big man told me, with a [*Continued on page* 71]



It's made of beige wool, this suit worn by Ann Sothern. The coat collar is a lavish lynx



For the cocktail hour, a coat-dress in a sheer beige crêpe is just right, as Joan Bennett (left) shows. Her hat is a brown velvet creation



Styled in London, this black velvet matinee suit is modelled by Gina Malo, G-B star

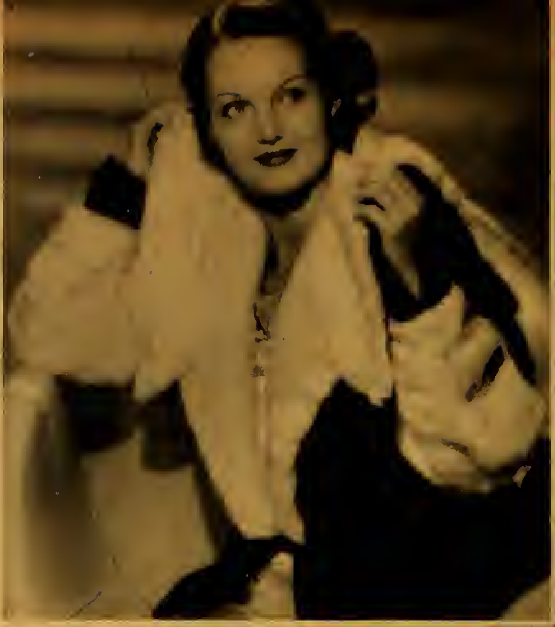
By DOROTHY MANNERS

Devastating Daytime Styles

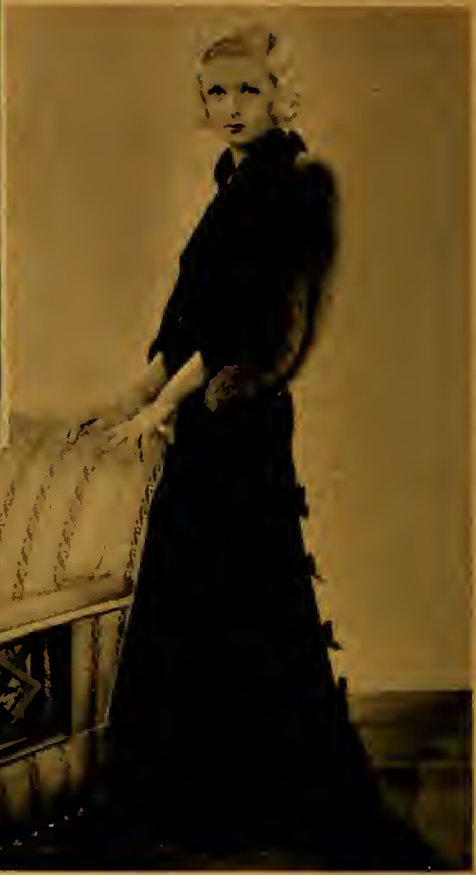
Glamorous clothes used to be worn only in the evening. But they're coming into the sun now!

THE evening hours have usurped clothes elegance long enough! For years, glamour in the modes has been restricted to the hostess robes in candlelight, or daring décolletage in the spotlight of smart cafés and night clubs. But a new and luxurious day is dawning for clothes luxury in the sunlight!

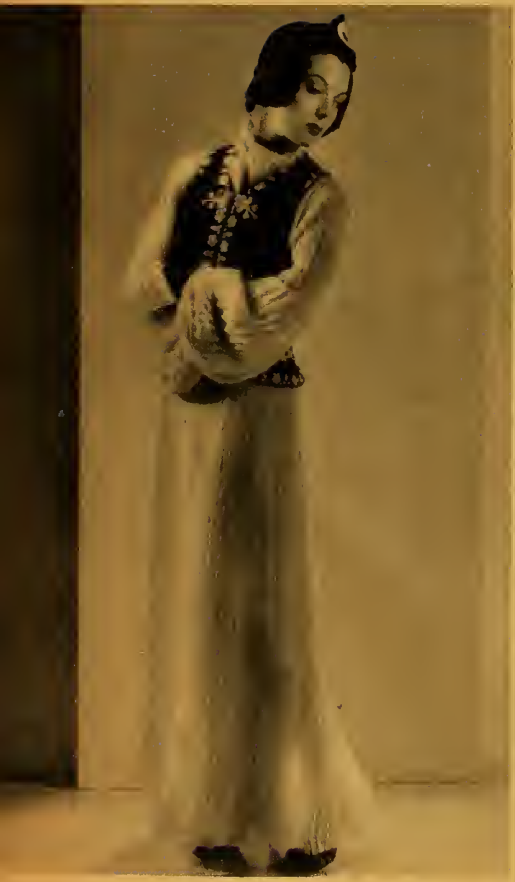
Richness of materials, exaggeration of accessories, the extravagance of fur detail are all coming out of the "darkness" and into the light beginning as early as 9:00 a. m., and carrying on through noon, tea and cocktails. If you take advantage of the flattery of the new day-glamour, you'll even root for your favorite football team in more luxury than you've ever dared attempt before in the days of the "simplicity until six" rule.



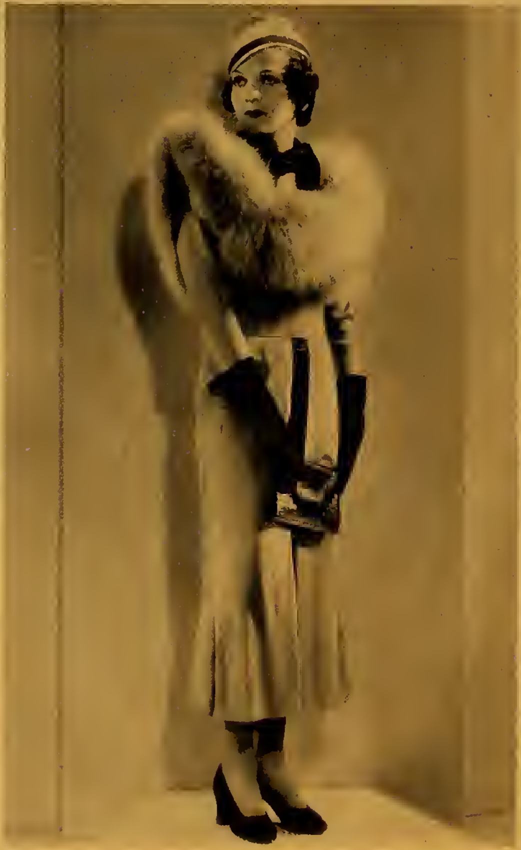
It's exquisite, this matinee coat of black velvet and ermine. And Rochelle Hudson (above) adores it!



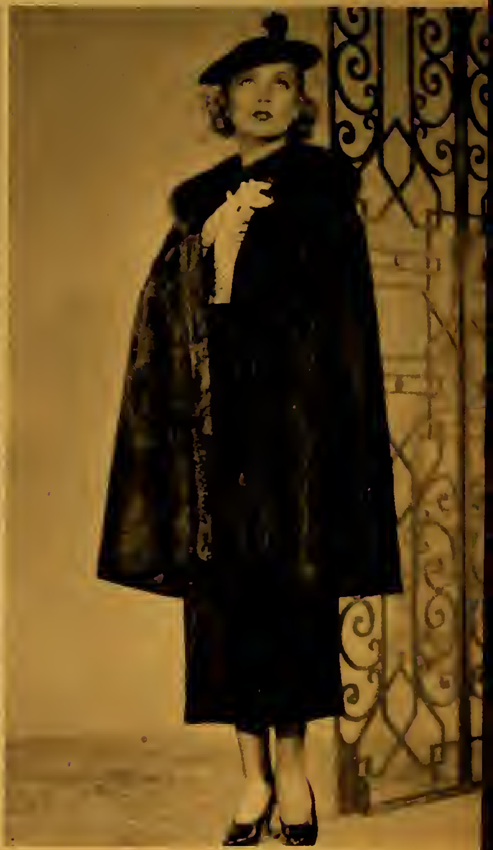
The cocktail wrap that Joan Bennett models, at right, deserves a medal! Just above train, along back seam, are bows of satin



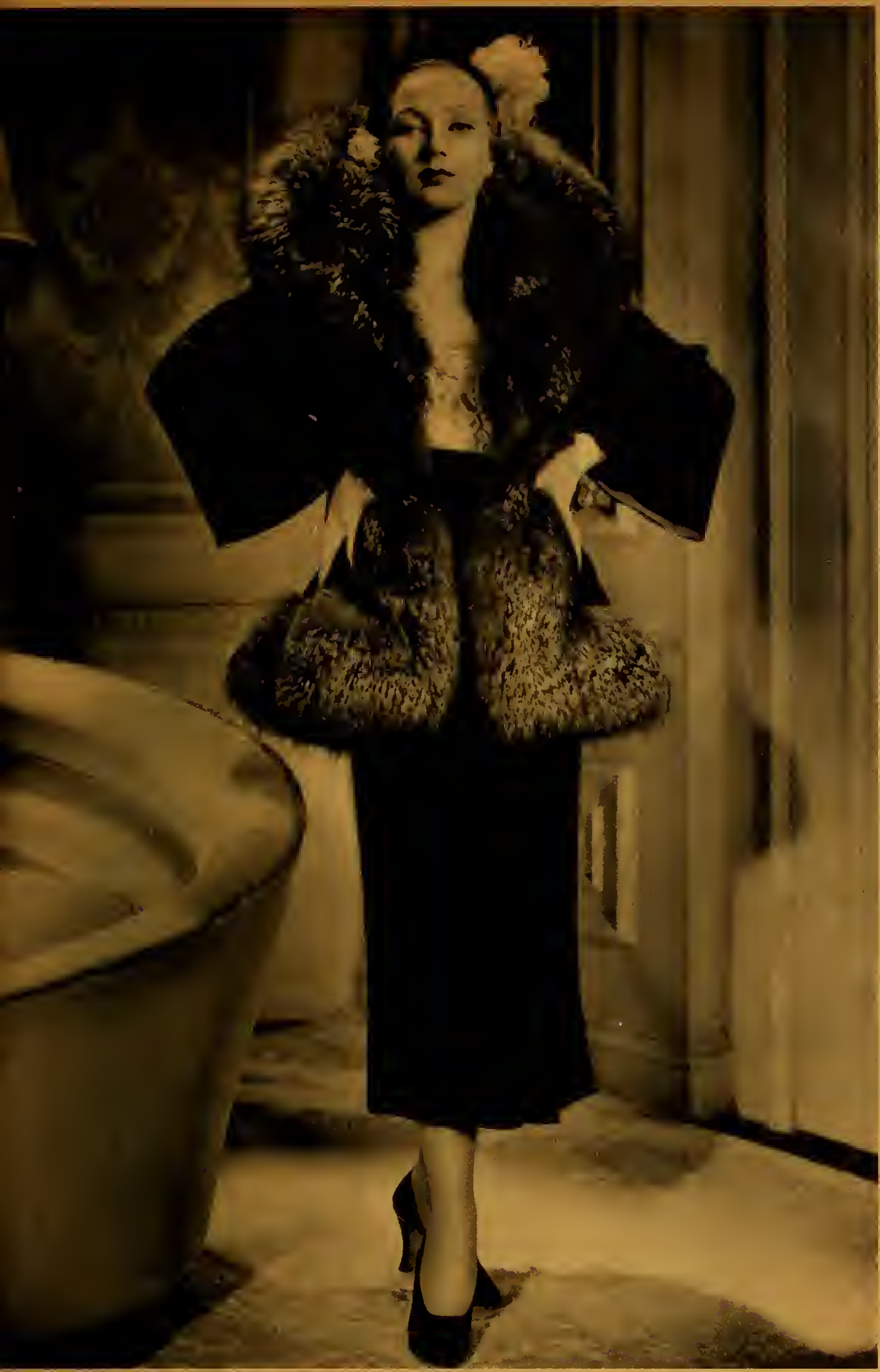
This original cocktail gown, displayed by Gina Malo, is of white chiffon, pleated and shirred. It is beautiful!



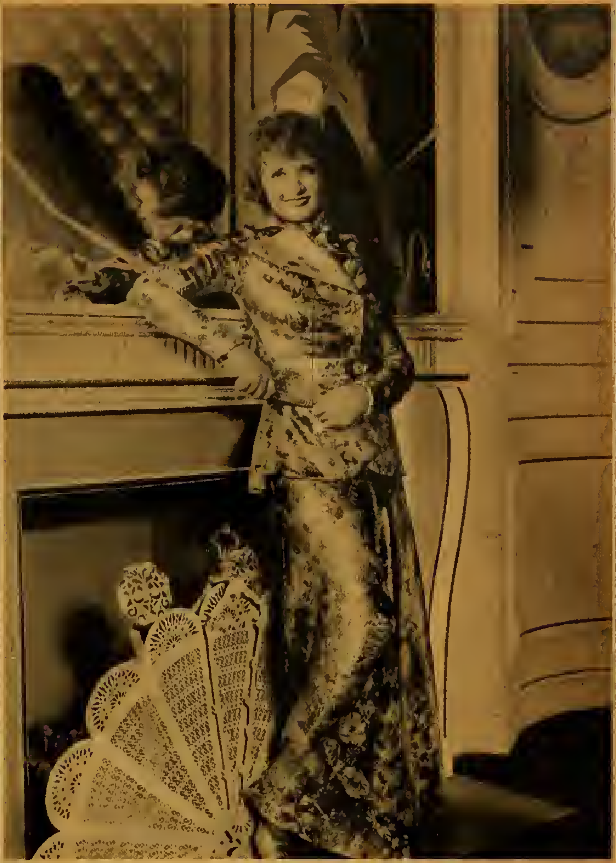
For her luncheon ensemble, Gina Malo picks gray crêpe and patent leather satin, with shoulder-collar of fox



Daytime splendor at its zenith, that is what Ann Sothern's toreador cape symbolizes! It's in black broadtai



Sheer black wool and luxurious silver fox create this striking suit, worn by Ann Sothern. The black velvet cap has pink ostrich tip



There's luxury in every line of the flowered silver lamé lounging pajamas, as Billie Burke, above, shows. Velvet daisies adorn a shoulder

FOR real morning luxury, we offer you the devastating suit worn by Ann Sothern in Columbia's *Grand Exit.* So extravagantly furred is the model in beige wool, lavishly collared with lynx, that Ann carries herself with an air that would do credit to the most formal evening at the opera. Notice, too, the graceful back fullness in the swagger-length coat. It ripples excitingly when Ann moves. The ensemble is completed with a brown velvet tam and brown suede accessories. What a sensational costume for early luncheon in town!

A little later in the morning, Joan Bennett goes shopping in town and stays for lunch in a distinctive beige crêpe coat-dress worn in Columbia's *She Couldn't Take It.* A surplice bodice has a tiny flounce in the back, giving the effect of a fitted jacket. A novel treatment in trimming is the Russian sable petal which outlines the neckline. Shirred fullness in the center front of the skirt starts from a panel flaring out full at the hem. Joan's youthful hat is brown velvet and you are going to notice velvet taking the place of felt by way of glamorizing millinery in the sunlit hours!

ALL the way from London comes the stunning black velvet "matinee suit" worn by brunette Gina Malo, star of Gaumont-British productions. Ermine forms the deep cuff of the "bracelet-length" sleeve and a flattering bow-knot of ermine frames the face at the neck. But perhaps more than any other feature of the ensemble, Miss Malo's enormous envelope bag in white velvet with its black-and-white velvet emblem, lends more daytime excitement than any other feature.

Equally stunning is Miss Malo's luncheon ensemble of gray crêpe and patent leather satin with its shoulder-collar of deep gray fox. Particularly interesting is the petal collar of the black satin that is repeated in the front-and-back skirt panel. One of the new cap-hats, banded with black patent leather about the face, gives this model daring originality. It is a charming creation.

If you don't believe daytime modes can be "inspired," what could be more reminiscent of a toreador than the stunning cape of black broadtail with sable collar and the tiny velvet hat with horsehair braid, worn by the exotic Ann Sothern? Over a lace-and- [*Continued on page* 54]

The TALK of

Who's who in Hollywood and who
Here's a chance to know all the latest

—*Wide World*

"BUCK" & ROCHELLE HUDSON

St. Bernard, "Buck", signed to five year contract, walks with Rochelle Hudson

ALICE WHITE, JOHNNY DOWNS & BETTY BURGESS

Newcomers, Johnny and Betty stroll off the Coronado *set with old timer, Alice*

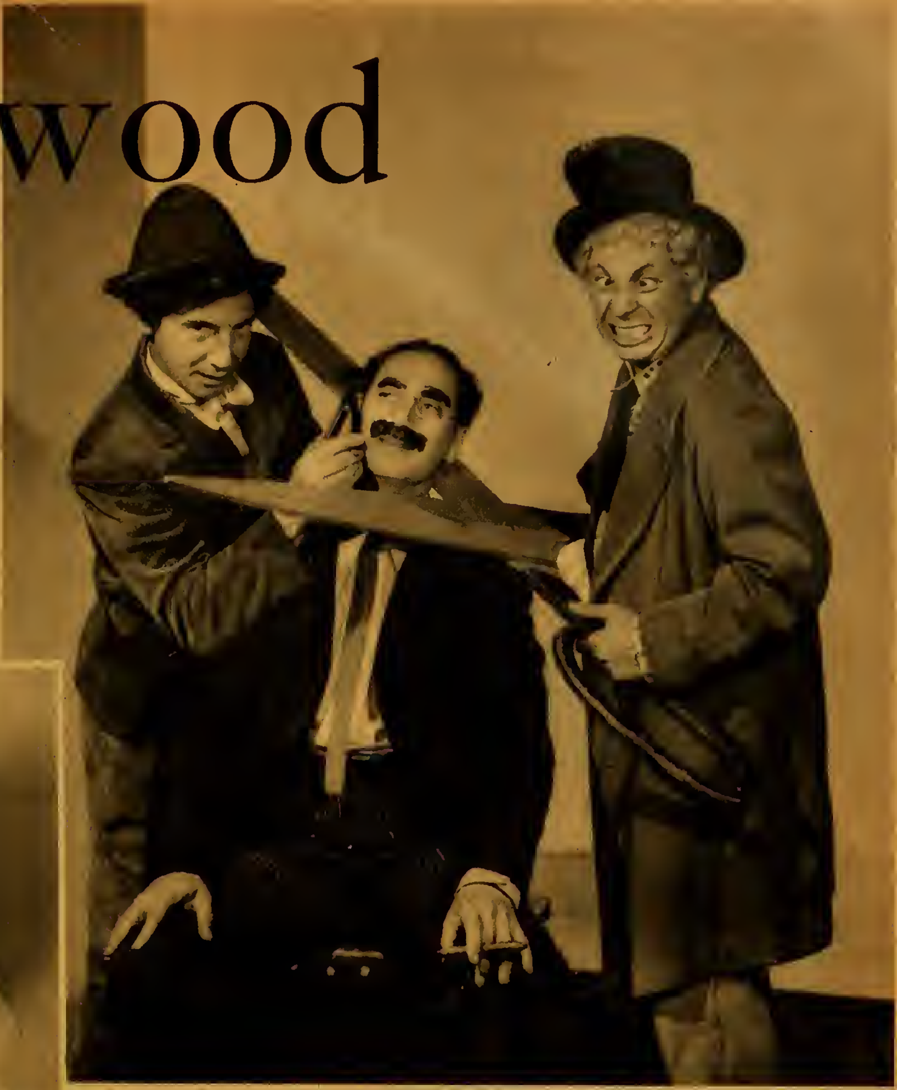
MAE WEST may always be depended upon to do something a bit different. Currently, Mae has a chauffeur who, in turn, has a stand-in, or perhaps "sit-in" might be the better term. Mae's chauffeur is "Chalky" Wright, a boy so black that ink would look light on his face. Chalky is a welter-weight boxer, and a good one, but bouts being scarce—and his appetite still good—he sought and got the job with Miss West as her driver. About every week now, a bout somewhere in California looms up for Chalky and his understanding with his boss is that when said bout comes along, he will sign for it and furnish a stand-in or sit-in, as you will. It's working out well, thus far.

HOLD everything, folks, and it's not a publicity idea either, but the real goods. Cecil B. DeMille plans to leave the Bible and Roman history flat for his next epic. He is seriously planning to make a big spectacle for the screen based on the life of none other than William F. Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill" and it ought to be a whale of a picture, too. Following that he will return to the Good Book for *Samson and Delilah,* a picture he has planned for years.

UNDER the head of "not that it especially matters," we list the following truisms: Charlie Judels, the most in demand character comic for French rôles on the screen, and stage too, does not speak nor understand a word of French; El Brendel, who made a fortune as a Swedish comic on stage and screen, knows but a half dozen Swedish words and understands less than that; Roger Imhof,

Hollywood

is doing what? inside answers!



The Marxes

Chico and Harpo put on the pressure—Chico with a razor and Harpo with shears. But Groucho can take it—and how

Barbara Stanwyck

Her next, as ace sharpshooter, in Annie Oakley

much in demand for Irish rôles, is a Scandinavian; Warner Oland, who does those Charlie Chan rôles so well, is a Dane; Mary Gordon who played the Irish mother in *The Irish In Us* is as Scotch as Harry Lauder; Fifi D'Orsay has never been in Paris or any other part of France. And that's all of the truisms, for the time being. We may think of more later.

ALICE FAYE keeps the chatterers busy in Hollywood as they try to tie her up romantically with this one and that one. The latest rumor concerns a certain Billy Seymour who sells jewels in Hollywood. Alice blandly announced that she and Billy were "very fond of each other" and then—the next night—Alice appeared with the wealthy Van Smith and said the same thing.

ALTHOUGH W. C. Fields is slowly recovering from his long illness and is anxious to get back to the screen, it is doubtful if he will be able to do so for some time. Metro had hoped that Bill would be able to play himself in *The Great Ziegfeld.*

HARRY RICHMAN is being co-starred in a picture at Columbia but you will hardly recognize him when you see him on the screen. The film is tentatively titled *Moonlight on the River.* Harry Cohn, the dynamic head of Columbia, insisted on Richman taking that wave out of his hair before he went before the cameras. And Harry Richman without that marcel is 'sumfin'!

A HOLLYWOOD Boulevard shop has a window display of guess what? -Supportex—and may you be informed that Supportex is nothing more nor less than corsets for *men!* Whoops! The merchant reports many sales but fruitless efforts to get public endorsements by the boys who buy them!

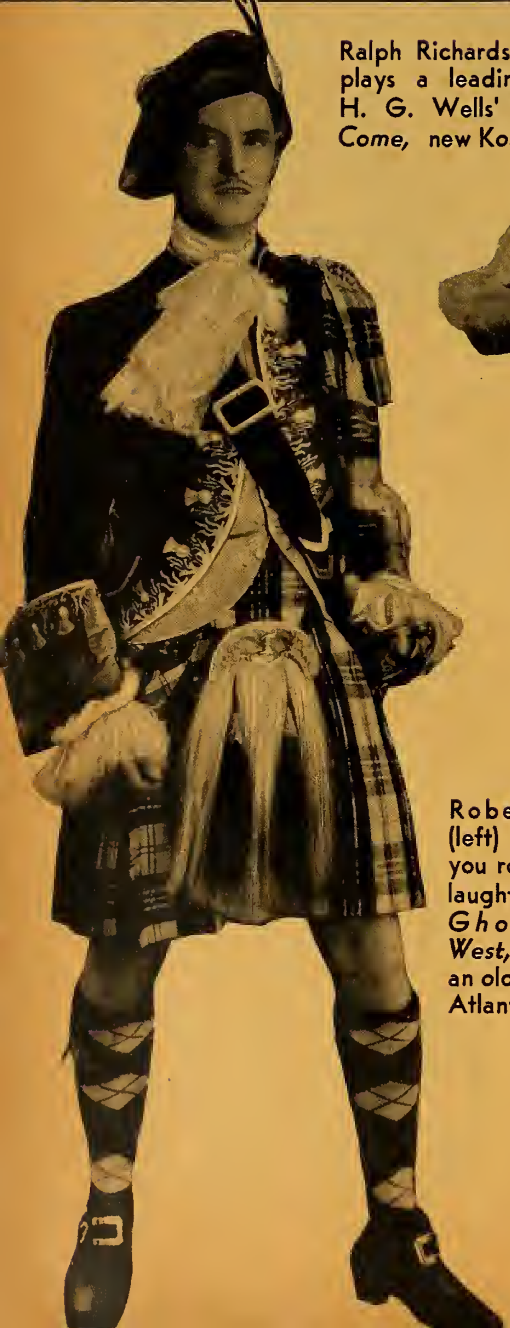
IN AN early musical, starring Joan Crawford, a young man, you may remember, leaned against a grand piano and sang a song with an orchestra. Later in the picture, another young man danced with the fair Joan for a few fleeting moments. The young man at the piano was, and is, Nelson Eddy, and the young man who danced with Joan was, and is, Fred Astaire. At this writing, both young men are doing as well as could be expected in pictures. Don't you think?

[*Continued on page* 54]

Cheerios from London!

Ralph Richardson (above) plays a leading rôle in H. G. Wells' *Things to Come,* new Korda picture

You'll see Jean Parker in *The Ghost Goes West* soon. It is a London Film picture



Robert Donat (left) will bring you romance and laughter in *The Ghost Goes West,* as he ships an old castle over Atlantic Ocean

Ann Todd has an important part in *Things to Come.* It is produced by Alexander Korda and the scenario was written by H. G. Wells, the distinguished novelist and historian

Her Conscience Is Her Guide

BETTE DAVIS

"...I can't get away from my New England conscience... I've got a Boston backbone—ramroddy, you know..."—Bette

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

HOLLYWOOD is one of the most conventional places in the world. Its famous citizens live by as rigid rules and codes of conduct as those of the good people of Hopedale, Ohio, who pray that Clark Gable (Ex-Hopedale High) will not succumb to the temptations of Hollywood. From the most successful stars to the most aspiring extras, the movie colony lives by unwritten laws which, if put into words, would run something like this: Know the right people; be seen in the best places; live as though a camera were pointed at you at all times; think twice before you say anything—and then don't say it; be glamorous; give a good performance off the screen as well as on; don't play unsympathetic rôles; let your possessions prove your success; dress as the public expects a movie star to dress; never forget who you are; fear public opinion.

Bette Davis is a blonde exception to most of these rules. When her own modest car is up for repairs, she drives her husband's down Hollywood Boulevard. When the other stars, in their best diamond bibs and tuckers, are glittering at some occasion with search lights, clicking cameras and cheering populace, Bette is more likely to be going to a neighborhood movie with a non-professional friend, or cooking hamburger over a stove in an auto camp.

She says what she thinks—and she thinks plenty. She tells you without being asked that her dress cost eleven-ninety-eight in a little sport shop she has discovered—and isn't it *swell?* She has never even met many of the big Hollywood stars although they championed her cause in the Academy awards dispute. And she's far more concerned with her own opinion of Bette Davis than with what other people may be saying about her. It worries her not at all that the public might, and did, confuse her, personally, with the selfish, soul-less little schemer she played so marvelously in *Of Human Bondage.* (She hopes to do another, even nastier little so-and-so in *The Light That Failed,* she says with satisfaction.)

"Hollywood thinks that I do as I please," Bette told me, "but the truth is I'm cursed—cursed with a New England conscience. I may be able to turn my back on Hollywood, but I can't get away from my conscience. My family still lives on Beacon Street, Boston, right across from the Sacred Codfish, and when I go home on a visit I simply quake because of my hair. Even here I shock myself when I look in the mirror. I held out for years before I let them touch it up for the screen, but it's, naturally, that light, indefinite brown that photographs simply blah. I can't help seeing that it's more becoming this way, but will my nosey old conscience let me enjoy the vision in my mirror? No! It stands at my elbow and scolds, 'no *lady* touches up her hair. Handsome is as handsome does. Aren't you ashamed? What would your forebears think? You don't look respectable!' "

She leaned forward tragically and said: "I wonder whether any other section of the country leaves its stamp on you the way those few little states along the Eastern Coast do. You can't get away from that stern, rock-bound Puritan influence. Take this California climate for example! I adore the sunshine and the flowers and it has done wonders for me and Ham, [*Continued on page* 60]

Adventure

Early 'Frisco Style

'Frisco Kid is the story of San Francisco in the gold rush days. Men killed one another to get the yellow dust. Greed was the ruling passion. San Francisco's Barbary Coast was the gambler's heaven and the criminal's haven. At last, honest men rose in wrath. The vigilantes were organized. Law and order came. The grim tale is told in *'Frisco Kid,* new Warner film, starring Jimmy Cagney. Inset, at right, shows Ricardo Cortez and Lili Damita. Below is Jimmy Cagney and Margaret Lindsay

Wide World

At left, Ann Harding is seen with her daughter, Jane, whose age is seven

ANN HARDING Talks About Her Child

Read how Ann seeks to have her daughter avoid love's pitfalls!

BY ELIZABETH BORTON

"I HAVE only one wish for my little daughter," said Ann Harding quietly, intensely. "I wish for her that she will never love anyone too much. . . .

"I hope that I can teach her, in time, the deep truth of our essential loneliness, of everyone's. We die, alone, you know. But also, we live alone."

We were talking on a summer's day, three years ago, before her divorce, the one that shattered the film colony because it seemed to blast any hope for marital security in Hollywood. Ann Harding's marriage had seemed so ideal; her happiness had been so tangible. She had spoken the words above with a breathless thoughtfulness. They had seemed to me, at the time, just a mother's philosophizing. The divorce, following so soon after she had said them, threw a tragic significance into them. That significance is deeper today, now that Ann Harding has fought and triumphed in a court battle for the custody of her adored only child.

As Ann Harding faced, day after day of tension and suspense in court, defending herself against an action brought by her former husband who was seeking custody of her child, her words returned to my memory, with pathetic poignancy. They had a new meaning.

"You see, there's little a mother can give a child that really counts, really helps," she had said. "Love? Of course. Companionship? For a time. Advantages? Who knows what they are,—really? I've thought and thought. I want to give my child a weapon."

SHE had revealed, as she had talked, her special quality as an actress. It is the impression of speaking from the spirit. It is something candid [*Continued on page* 63]

In small photos here, Jean Muir is using beauty aids mentioned in article below. Above, you see her giving the finishing touch to her manicure. She's at work, applying an emollient hand cream

Beauty in Your Hands

by Denise Caine

THE first thing that I noticed about Jean Muir, when I met her, was her beautiful hands and nails—in spite of Jean's many other beauty assets such as shimmering blonde hair, lovely eyes, and a distracting smile. Her hands were lovely.

Now I have a fixation on well-groomed hands and nails, so it didn't take me very long to engage Jean in a heart-to-heart talk and I discovered that the reason for her lovely hands was daily attention to their welfare. I persuaded her to pose for these pictures, illustrating some of her pet manicure practices, and I'm prepared to read you a lecture on making *your* hands and nails attractive. It is really quite easy.

We don't *all* possess perfect figures and faces and so we must rely on the *details* of beauty such as well-groomed hair, unimpeachable make-up and pretty hands to carry us victoriously through this everlasting battle for social survival!

If your hands and nails are naturally well-shaped, you have a running start; but even if they are mediocre in this respect, you can camouflage them marvelously by skillful manicuring. And it may be some consolation to realize that you could have fingers and nails shaped like an angel's, but they'd be a total loss if the cuticle were ragged, the nails broken and ridged, the polish peeled off and the hands, themselves, red and rough. It is the manicure that counts.

ONE of the quickest ways to make your nails ridged and brittle is to trim them with scissors. Always use an emery board (Jean demonstrates this in photo), filing one side of the nail and then the other with the coarse side of the board. Draw the emery board downward, alternately, from both sides of the nail. You'll be able to shape the nail more evenly and delicately by using this method and thus helping to prevent nail faults. (Emery boards come in dainty scents and colors for the fastidious, by the way.) That's the first step.

In the ideal manicure, a cuticle scissors is rarely brought into use. There's no need for it if you "keep after" your cuticle faithfully and don't allow it to grow like shrubbery. Jean is using a *cream* cuticle remover (in photo). Have you ever tried one? If not, then you have a pleasant surprise in store for you.

This is the way to use the cream cuticle remover I recommend: Take a bit on your finger tip and smear it well into the cuticle of each nail. Then take the blunt end of your orangewood stick and work the cream around and under the cuticle, gently but firmly, just as Jean is doing. Now [*Continued on page 73*]

BEAUTY ADVICE

Your beauty problems may seem most puzzling to you, but quite simple to MISS CAINE, *our beauty expert. Why don't you write to her today? You may ask her for advice on any phase of beauty that might be troubling you. This service is free, of course. All that is necessary is a stamped, self-addressed envelope for* MISS CAINE'S *personal reply to your letter. Simply write to* DENISE CAINE, MOTION PICTURE, *1501 Broadway, New York City.*

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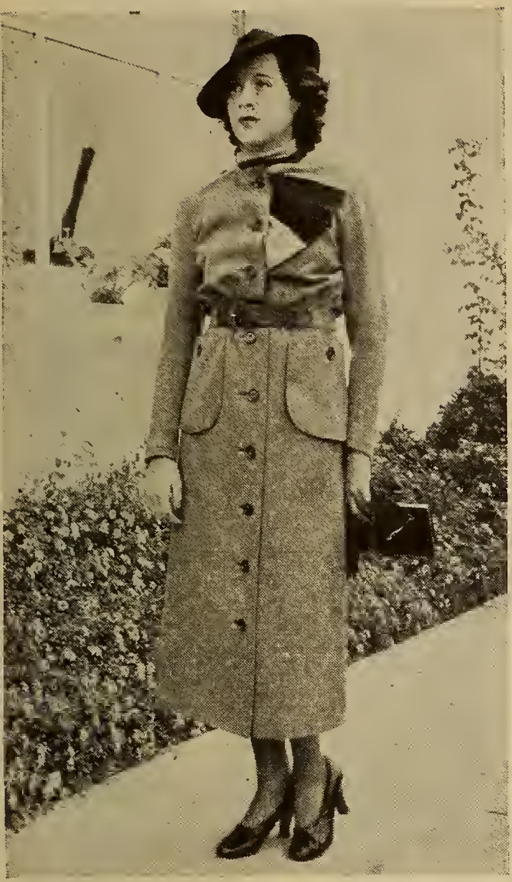
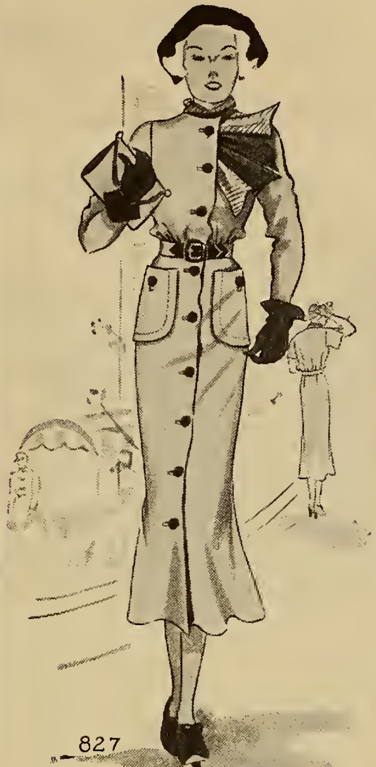
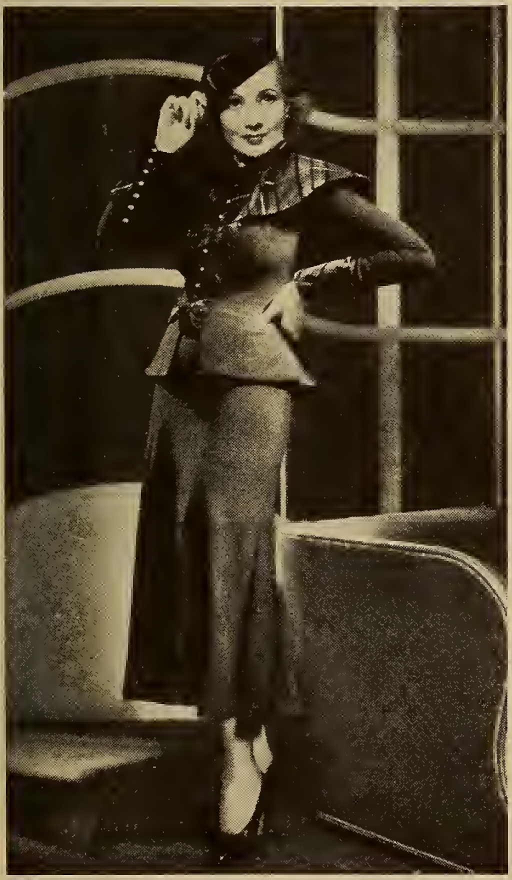


Kitty Carlisle

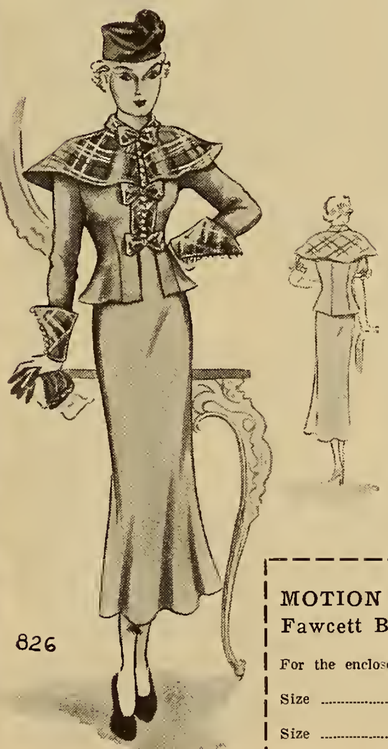


827

At left (above): Pattern No. 827—Smart Individuality. Here's a very smart-looking woolen in raspberry-red. It's individualized by huge patch pockets that button. And isn't the neck scarf tricky? It lends very effective contrast in raspberry-red velveteen and raspberry woolen stripped in raspberry-pink. Its air of smartness makes it suitable for almost any daytime occasion but a strictly formal affair. You can copy this simple-to-sew dress exactly at a very minimum cost. Worn by Kitty Carlisle. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inch bust.



Ann Sothern



826

At left: Pattern No. 826—A Darling Two-Piece Dress. Here's a dress that will have especial appeal to the busy woman, who so frequently has several engagements in one day and no time to change. Carry it out in bottle-green crêpe that shows new novelty in its weave, with matching velvet trim. It will be appropriate for any time of the day, besides "after 5 o'clock" dates for cocktails, and for those informal evenings at bridge. This model is also stunningly carried out in black crêpe with metal trim in rich-looking silver and paisley. It consists of skirt and jacket-like blouse and is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. This lovely model is worn by Ann Sothern.

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All pattern orders are filled promptly. If you enclose twenty-five (25c) cents with this coupon, you can get a pattern of **either** of the two dresses described. For fifty (50c) cents you can get **both!** Place check marks in the squares provided above to indicate what you wish to have sent to you. You can purchase these patterns directly at any store handling Screen Star Patterns, if you wish. If you reside in Canada, mail this coupon to Motion Picture Pattern Dep't, 133 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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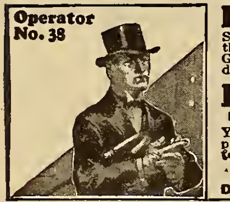

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Devastating Daytime Styles

[*Continued from page* 45]

wool blouse and a skirted dress, this ensemble is the perfect example of daytime luxury at its height—elegance on its way to the matinee.

FOR the cocktail hour, Ann again comes luxuriously into the picture in this stunning sheer wool suit, practically dripping with its beautiful silver fox trimming. The stand-up collar is brought down the front to completely outline the flare of the jacket. A tiny skull cap of black velvet, trimmed with a pink ostrich tip, is all the hat there is . . . there isn't any more. When we saw Ann on the set of *Grand Exit* (incidentally she was wearing this ensemble), she said:

"I have never worn such completely devastating daytime clothes!" She laughed, "Really when I go home to my personal wardrobe of sports clothes and plain little tailored dresses I feel so shabby! But I do believe these luxurious models are much better adapted to the formality of the East than to California wear. However, I do adore fur trimming, so I'm going to compromise by using it extravagantly on my coats this winter!"

More formal in mood, but still decidedly "daytime," are the alluring cocktail pajamas of flowered silver lamé worn by Billie Burke in Columbia's *She Couldn't Take It.* The little jacket is very full-skirted in the back, with sapphire-and-diamond buttons accenting the front. Plum-colored velvet daisies are worn for contrast on the shoulder, and panne velvet in pink and blue forms the cravat. Here is lounging luxury at its peak of elegance, and while the beautiful fan-shaped white fire screen, before which Miss Burke is posed, is not really a fashion note, it is well worth your attention for its lovely decorative effect.

IF IT weren't for Joan Bennett's "cocktail wrap" worn in *The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo,* we might have to give the palm of distinction for the most original cocktail gown of the season to the Gaumont-British player, Gina Malo. Certainly we must call Gina's the most *distinctive* dress! Can you imagine anything more delightful than her pleated and shirred white chiffon with its silver-trimmed black velvet jacquette and smart chiffon Ascot at the throat? This charming model, inspired by the Bavarian peasant, is nothing less than the designer's dream. The pleated sleeves that tie-in at the wrist repeat the swirling grace of the fuller-than-full skirt. Silver sandals and the off-the-face hat, trimmed with a silver buckle, complete the effect of *the* cocktail dress of the season.

Joan Bennett, however, introduces a brand new effect with her "cocktail wrap" in the Twentieth Century-Fox picture, *The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.* Not for too formal wear, and yet removed from street wear, it is a luscious model in black velvet, patterned closely after the flowing hostess robe—only Joan's wrap goes out of doors. The skirt has a brief slash in front, and in the train at the back. Little satin bows mark the back seam for a distance just above the train, and at the back of the bodice, a slightly larger bow shows where the collar of the jacket is slashed. The sleeves are luxuriously draped with silver fox.

And last, but by no means least, pretty Rochelle Hudson, Twentieth Century-Fox player, models an exquisite matinee coat in black velvet and ermine. Notice particularly the extravagant use of ermine in the cuffs that begins above the wrist and extends almost to the shoulder. Surely, Fashion has never been so lavish with her beautiful effects in the daylight!

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 47]

INEZ COURTNEY, colorful little musical comedy ingénue of stage and screen, eloped and married a young wine merchant of Hollywood, the day following the report that she and Cy Bartlett, former husband of Alice White, would soon hear wedding bells. Love in Hollywood is as changeable as the weather.

IF THE Academy gave an award for genuine good fellowship, the award would go, this year, to Lily Pons. For being "regular folks" with everyone with whom she came in contact, Lily Pons was a marvel. And she topped it all, when her picture was finished, by inviting the crew—juicers, gaffers, property men and everybody else to her home for a party. And it was a party! Stars like Pons don't come to Hollywood often.

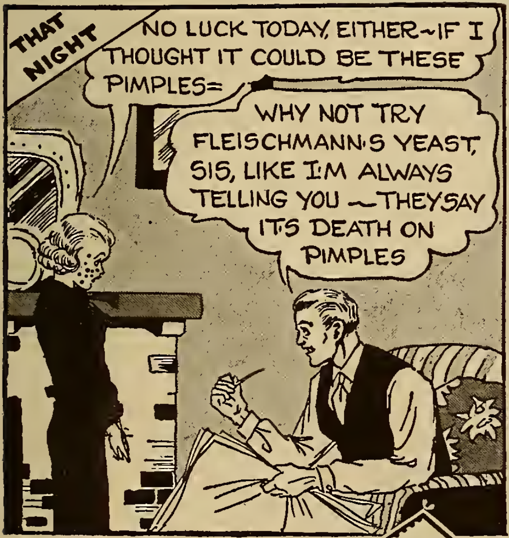
ONE of our best-known and most popular young leading men in films has been having the time of his life lately. Hollywood has been cluttered up with a group of people, posing as scions of nobility in England. Well, a real, honest-to-goodness scion of nobility arrived in Hollywood and was introduced to the aforesaid young leading man by Fred Perry. The leading man took the real noble in tow, brought him around to the different night clubs and introduced him to the pseudos and had a great time showing up the phoneys by his questions.

JUST LIKE A MAN—TO CHOOSE A PRETTY FACE

Yet in her heart she knew her bad skin was no asset for any job

WISH MY SKIN WAS CLEAR LIKE HERS — BUT THIS IS NO BEAUTY CONTEST - BET I'M TWICE AS GOOD AT THE WORK
ADS

I WOULD HAVE HIRED THAT BLONDE GIRL JUST NOW. FINE REFERENCES.. SOUNDS CAPABLE — BUT HER SKIN!


THAT NIGHT
NO LUCK TODAY, EITHER—IF I THOUGHT IT COULD BE THESE PIMPLES=
WHY NOT TRY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST, SIS, LIKE I'M ALWAYS TELLING YOU — THEY SAY IT'S DEATH ON PIMPLES

2 WEEKS LATER
OH, I'D LOVE TO GO! CALL ME AT THE OFFICE TOMORROW AT 5:00. YES, I'M WORKING NOW!
NOW THOSE UGLY HICKIES ARE GONE!

Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU out of a job!

Between the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes over-sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin—and pimples are the result.

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Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935, C.M.Co.

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Bill Powell Turns the Spotlight on Himself

[*Continued from page* 28]

Powell's the kindlier of the two. The gleam in the eye of the delightful Mr. Charles was likely to prove barbed. It amused him to drop a glittering curtain of irony between himself and his diverting fellow man. The gleam in Bill Powell's blue eyes, curiously full of light in his sun-tanned face, is warmer, friendlier. If the world amuses him, it's an amusement tinged with compassion. He looks at you as though he saw you, listens as though he heard what you were saying—with no film between. The detective enjoyed disconcerting people. Powell has an instinct for putting them at their ease, quicker to turn his mockery against himself than against any other target.

"I'm an actor," he explained, "by reason of my nerve and my great-aunt. First, I was one of those prattling babes—the kind that bangs his rattle for an audience, and won't shut up till he gets it. That was the ham in me coming out early. Then came the day when I rose in my high-chair and babbled something world-shattering—like goo, with a couple of bubbles thrown in for effect—which left my family with the fond notion that I was destined to be a young Demosthenes, firing the world." The note of laughter in his voice broke into a genial guffaw, which I defy anyone to hear without a responsive tickling of the ribs. I've never heard that laugh reproduced for the screen, and I call the attention of Mr. Powell's directors to the fact that they're losing out on a valuable asset.

"SO", he continued, "I grew up, then, with the idea that I was going to be a lawyer—the family's idea, you understand, my own ideas on the subject being non-existent. That led me into the boy-who-says-pieces phase—you know, with motions—" He sketched a motion or two that should have been worth a prize at any school assembly.

"Well, then I got a part in the annual Christmas play, and that was where the law and I went our separate ways, both laughing. For I knew what was itching me then. I was God's gift to the stage, and I had to find some way of letting the stage know it. My first step was to renounce all studious activities, that I might the better devote myself to my Art. Then, after managing somehow to wangle my way through the rest of my school career, I had to finagle around to get some money."

His parents had been laboring under the delusion that young Bill was preparing for matriculation at the University of Kansas. Young Bill, meanwhile, had been in quiet communication with the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York, an intensive study of whose catalogues had convinced him that what his soul needed far more than a college education was seven hundred dollars—four hundred for tuition fees, three hundred to starve on, till the producers should start fighting over him.

Came registration day at the University. Bill started off, detoured, got himself a job with the local telephone company at fifty a month, and went home to spring the news. To the Powells' experience, an actor in the family was something a little less extraordinary than a dancing giraffe. Yet Bill's father received the announcement with only mild surprise and no sign of annoyance at all. "I was much surprised," his son recalls, "that he wasn't."

THAT hurdle cleared, the rest was a simple matter of mathematics. Fifty dollars times fourteen months, with no expense at home, would at the end of a year and two months pile itself up to seven hundred dollars. But somewhere the financier's calculations missed fire. At the end of six months, he owed his father fifty dollars. The reason? "Well," he said in sepulchral tones, "it was this way—I had a girl—" and he stroked the place where his beard would have been if he'd had one.

"So, having ditched myself," he continued briskly, with the familiar tilt of the brows, "I had to cast about for someone to pull me out. And after some brooding, I decided that the logical candidate was my great-aunt, the one well-to-do member of the family. We were not, I may add, on terms of intimacy.

"To her, I was just one of those bright young boys that cumber the earth; and to me, she was hardly more than the name of a forbidding relative who, for reasons of her own, had cut herself off from the rest of the family. But I had the gall of my years and an earnest faith in my star, so I sat myself down and composed a twenty-three-page document, in which I endeavored to wash away the imaginary sins of the other relatives, to set forth my own points with modesty but vigor, to suggest that she consider me a $700-investment at 6 percent, and to indicate that, by her failure to do so, she would be depriving the world of a second Salvini."

He mailed the letter and, long before an answer could possibly have come, started haunting the mail-box, trembling at sight of a postman's uniform. Days passed and nothing happened. Weeks passed, and hope died a reluctant death. "Well, that's cold," he assured himself, finding what comfort he could in the thought that he was hiding a blasted heart under a Spartan smile.

HE was taking a snack of lunch at the office one day—a practice which made it possible for him to spend his entire lunch hour in a movie theatre, dreaming of the glory he'd missed by seven hundred dollars. One hand (plus sandwich) darted from the open desk drawer to his mouth, while one eye was fixed on the auditor in charge of the department. An alert man.

"Powell!" snapped the voice of authority. It was a stern voice.

Powell, bolting a mouthful of food, turned an attentive, if somewhat sickly, gaze forward, putting all his soul into the part of a conscientious clerk, torn from the fascinating task of checking accounts.

"Phone call for you," the auditor told him glumly.

His mother was on the phone and her voice was tremulous. "There's a letter here for you," she was saying, "from Aunt Lizzie's attorney."

The ground reeled. He heard himself asking her to open the letter and read it to him. It was a formal communication, couched in elegant Victorian phraseology, addressed to William Powell, Esquire, and beginning: "Dear Sir." He was in no condition to register the separate words his mother read to him over the phone, but his whirling mind did manage to grasp the fact that his dear Aunt Lizzie, through her attorney, had agreed to underwrite his career to the tune of seven hundred dollars. To his own horror, the tears sprang to his eyes. After all, he wasn't in those days the urbane Powell we know, but a youngster who'd been hopelessly watching his visions recede, only to have them come catapulting back at him with dazzling speed and force.

He stood at the phone till his eyes dried, carrying on a one-sided conversation with his mother who had long since hung up. Then he turned back to a world that had changed from dun to rose-color, marched to the locker for his hat and coat, and approached the boss' desk with the air which financial independence alone can bring. (Remember the Laughton episode in *If I Had A Million?* Then you know just how Powell felt.)

"WELL," he remarked airily, I'm quitting."

The auditor looked up. "Yes?" he said. "Well, that's fine," and returned to his work.

"Which made it nice for everybody," commented Powell. "But it would have taken a couple of auditors to flatten me out that day. I raced home with the idea of leaving for New York the same night, but the family persuaded me to stick around long enough to collect my shirts from the laundry."

So the boy went to New York and dramatic school. And if the producers didn't start fighting over him at once, it came even to that in the end. And if he didn't return his aunt's seven hundred dollars in one grand gesture out of his first week's salary, he proved a sound investment nevertheless, paying his 6 percent meticulously until he was able to return the sum in full. Better still, he kept her in touch with what he was doing, so that she learned to know him as something more than a "bright young boy," so that she had the satisfaction, before she died, of seeing him make a going concern of himself in the work he loved.

NOW-NO BAD BREATH
behind her Sparkling Smile!
AND THEY USED TO PITY HER AT PARTIES
YOU CAN'T FOOL ME, MISS ALLEN, I'D KNOW YOU ANYWHERE!
WHY MUST SUCH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL HAVE SUCH A BREATH!
POOR PEGGY–ANOTHER PARTY SPOILED
HE WAS HORRID TO ME–I HATE HIM! AND WHY DO YOU TALK ABOUT MY TEETH–YOU KNOW HOW CAREFULLY I BRUSH THEM!
JUST THE SAME, THEY SAY BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. IT WON'T HURT TO ASK DR. MOORE.
YES, MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM–ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE...AND MAKES THE TEETH BRIGHTER, TOO!
I'LL TRY IT, DOCTOR. I'LL GET SOME COLGATE DENTAL CREAM TODAY.
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..YOU SHOULD SEE PEGGY NOW
COME ON, PEGGY... JUST ONE DANCE!
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The Girl the Whole World Raves About

[*Continued from page* 34]

that Joan Crawford wanted to see me. I didn't know what to think—perhaps I'd done somethin' wrong or somethin' (Eleanor has a way of dropping her g's). Anyway, I hurried back to the last row of seats. There was Joan, and the first thing she said was, 'Can you ever forgive me?'

"Forgive her for what? Why, for not recognizing me! I laughed at that, but I knew right away that Joan really meant it. She said she had been looking at 'rushes' on my dancing every day and had wanted to meet me. Not until someone told her of the incident in the cafe had she realized that we had already met."

Eleanor Powell wanted to talk about the other stars she had met, but I led her into another path. I wanted to know about the famous Broadway Powell and her dancing. Temporarily, at least, I had my way.

"DANCING for the screen is easier and more fun than stage work," she confided. "Back of the footlights, you always have to remember the audience out front. Maybe you noticed in *Broadway Melody* how I danced in circles, up and down and in any old direction. I couldn't do that on the stage—it's always back and forth, being careful that you don't turn your back to the audience. The movie set is different, with several cameras watching everything you do from various angles."

Eleanor illustrated with a neat twirl and sweeping gestures, then rushed on. The sound of her voice was like the music of a mountain brook.

"Did you notice how clear the taps were in the picture? We had an awful time with that. I danced on concrete, on a dozen different kinds of wood, on mats—*on everything!* Then we'd sit in a dark projection room and listen to the taps—no film on the screen or anything—trying to get just the right sound. Most of the taps made more noise than a stampede of wild horses. Finally, when we were about to give up, someone suggested water. That sounds funny, but there were about seventeen hundred gallons of water beneath the floor I danced on. The water kept the taps sharp and clear—without an echo."

A delicious rippling laugh punctuated Eleanor's last remark. "You know, Fred Astaire said the taps in *Broadway Melody* were the best he'd ever heard, and wondered how they got the unusual effect. I imagine somebody has told him by now!"

Eleanor wanted to get back to the subject of her friends. There was no stopping her. *She has more friends than a star has relatives!*

"Do you like Bill Robinson? Everybody does—Bill is one of my best friends. A few years ago, I wanted to give Bill something for his birthday. I'd kept three four-leaf clovers pressed in a notebook, so I had the bright idea of putting them in a locket for Bill. He's carried that locket ever since as a good-luck charm. His wife tried to get him to sew it into the mattress of his bed. But Bill said no—he wanted it right in his pocket so he could rub it for good luck before each performance."

THE famous colored dancer is but one of the hundreds who think there is no one in the world quite like Eleanor Powell. There are famous people who treasure her friendship. And there are many others—obscure persons—whom you do not hear about and never will.

When Eleanor was waiting to go on for the first performance of her new play, *At Home Abroad,* in New York, she received a telegram from fifty orphan children. She had danced at a benefit for them and captured the heart of every child in the place. They were going to see that she had a proper send-off. Even the gloomy interior of Sing Sing prison has been illumined under the spell of Eleanor's charm. "Bill Robinson used to appear up there, and he always told them he'd bring up a girl friend of his some time to entertain them. So I went up, and we all had a glorious time. After that, I went back several times. I couldn't help but want to make their lives a little easier if I could—no matter what some of them had done. Even now, I still correspond with a couple of the men, although I'm so busy I haven't time to appear at their benefits."

"What about that grand impersonation of Katharine Hepburn in *Melody?* How did you become such a perfect mimic?" I interrupted.

"Why, I don't know." Eleanor dismissed the flattery with an embarrassed grin. "I'm really not so good at it. I've always liked Katharine Hepburn. One night I went to see her in *The Lake.* The critics weren't very kind to her in that play, but it was the sort of play that made it necessary for you to be one of her ardent admirers—her rôle was so important. I couldn't see anyone but Hepburn that night. I felt as though I were on the stage with her, and that night at home while I was telling my grandmother about the play, she noticed that I was unconsciously imitating Hepburn. One thing led to another, and then Mr. Considine, the producer, heard about it, and gave orders that it must go into the picture."

MODESTY is an admirable thing, but the suspicion lingered that Eleanor Powell had more than one imitation in her repertoire. After a considerable amount of urging, she consented to do Mae West, just as she had with Georges Mataxa on the stage. Eleanor's long lashes fell languorously over her eyes. She tilted back her head. Her hips swayed in the approved Mae West manner and from her lips came a voice that was all Mae West:

"S'matter, big boy, y'wanna wrestle?"

Then, pretending to slide seductive fingers through the unseen male's hair, she murmured, "H'mmm, guess I've struck oil."

Eleanor doesn't want to say which actor she likes best. With so many friends, it wouldn't do to discriminate, but she does have a screamingly funny anecdote to reveal about Fredric March.

"I was in the make-up room one day," she began. "A number of us were talking and kidding each other when I noticed a fellow with long sideburns seated in front of a mirror being made up. He'd been chipping in on the conversation, so I nudged somebody to give me an introduction. He was presented as Mr. Brown, but he didn't turn his head around. Right away, he began to wisecrack at Frank Morgan and me.

"Frank and I have a standing joke. Every time he sees me, he asks, 'Am I still Number One Man?' And I always reply, 'Darling, of course you are!' Well, this Mr. Brown broke in to remark that Frank wouldn't be Number One Man as soon as *he* got to know me. I didn't pay much attention. Then Mr. Brown got up, bowed low and as he walked away, pinched my cheek and said, 'I'll be seeing you, my sweet!'

"I was pretty peeved for a minute, and all I could say was: 'That Mr. Brown isn't *very* conceited, is he?' Then came the payoff. They told me the man with the sideburns was nobody but Fredric March!

"IT WASN'T until some time later that we met again at a Mayfair dance. Fredric March asked me for two dances, and I was really thrilled. Once he stepped on a woman's train and tore her dress off in back, almost to the hips. With exaggerated courtesy, he bowed, handed the woman her train and said, 'Madame, permit me.' I thought there would be fireworks, but she laughed and replied that he was the only man in the world who could amuse her in such a situation. There could never be a dull moment with Fredric while he's acting the courtly gentleman in that funny, absurd manner he affects as a joke."

Conversation is like a tap dance to Eleanor Powell. She swings into it and whirls away at breakneck speed. One never wants her to stop, for there is the feeling that she could, with perfect ease, meet the haughtiest dowager or the most reserved old patriarch and be chatting with either one like a childhood pal in just a few brief moments.

But it hasn't always been that way. Her mother, Mrs. Powell—who had come in—told about that.

All good things have to come to an end. This interview did in an abrupt fashion when Eleanor looked at her watch and realized she had but ten minutes to catch her train. With a "Good-bye, darling," and one of her special smiles, she disappeared, seemingly, into thin air. She probably missed her train, but she did get where she was going. She always does!

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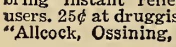

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Her Conscience Is Her Guide

[*Continued from page* 49]

too, [Harmon O. Nelson, Bette's husband] but I've never been quite easy in my mind about living out here. I figured out why, the other day. It's too darn comfortable! It doesn't seem quite right for a dyed-in-the-wool New Englander to be so surrounded with roses and rapture without any snowdrifts to put up with. That's one reason why I'm still living in a rented house—I don't believe I could ever settle down in such a pleasant climate!

"ANOTHER reason why I'm living in a rented house, 'below the railroad tracks' as far as being in a fashionable neighborhood is concerned, is that I'm saving my money. Not all of it, of course. I'm not stinting myself as we say in Boston. But I'm not buying a lot of things that Hollywood seems to think go with movie stardom. I furnished my house, myself, out of second-hand shops and antique stores,—not the grand ones that call spindle-legged tables 'amusing,' but a cross between them and a junk yard. I had a decorator at first to look at it, but when he brought a fifteen-hundred-dollar crystal chandelier dripping with prisms for my twelve-foot square dining room I sent him away—when I could stop laughing. Even if I could imagine wanting such a thing my conscience wouldn't have let me buy it. It stands between me and a swimming pool.

" 'Do you want to work all your life?' it keeps reminding me. 'Do you want to be dependent in your old age?' You know that's the inherited terror of all good New Englanders, being 'beholden' to somebody. My ancestors spent their lives wresting a living out of those stony acres and trying to save up a few dollars for their last years, so I must do the same thing, even though I haven't any real reason to fear the poorhouse. A good thing, too, no doubt—if it will let me stop working and enjoy life on my savings later. I want to travel—when I can take a year—for my first trip abroad. But, knowing myself, I'm afraid I just can't loaf when I'm ready to. Eugene O'Neill—and does he know my New England!—once wrote a short play called 'Driven.' That's me—*driven.*

"Ever since I can remember I've been getting ready to earn my own living. Now, thanks to the nagging of my conscience, I could support myself in several ways. One year I took a secretarial course. I've studied interpretive dancing, too—though I suppose the market value of that may be a bit low at the moment. I can cook and wash dishes—yet, I've washed as many as one woman is called on to, in a lifetime. Mother sent my sister and me to a girl's school that guaranteed to turn us out as trained housekeepers. At night, we would sit around the fireplace with our darning baskets while a teacher read Shakespeare to us. Now I won't even go into a kitchen to have publicity pictures taken. I'm not domestic, naturally. When I say *that,* my conscience prods me and reminds me, tartly, that, if I'm not, I should be ashamed to admit it.

"But I can't stand muss. Between maids lately, I had a few days free from pictures and I pitched in and did a grand job of house-cleaning. While I was at it, sleeves rolled up, dust cap on, hair every which way, the doorbell rang and, without stopping to think, I answered it. A beautifully dressed lady stood on the steps. She looked startled at the wild figure that greeted her, but said politely that she was an ardent fan of Bette Davis and wondered whether she might have the pleasure of just speaking a few words with her. 'I'm Bette Davis' I said. You should have seen her face. I'm afraid she'll never believe anything she reads about Hollywood again!

"I DON'T want to complicate my life just now. Being a screen actress is a twenty-four hour job. There may be some super-girls who can run their houses, shop for artichokes and raise families as well as star in pictures—in fact, I see them all around me, but Davis isn't one of them. I leave housekeeping up to my housekeeper. Another thing I'm obliged to postpone is—children. I never was one to go around peeping into baby carriages and cooing, but someday I want children—under the right circumstances. Hollywood isn't my idea of the right circumstances. There is time enough to begin to bring up babies when you're certain to have a real home for them. Hollywood may call me the star who does as she pleases, but, if I do say so, as I shouldn't, as we say down East, I usually have a reason of my own for everything I do.

"If I don't live as luxuriously as some actresses," Bette continued, "it's because I want to live on my husband's financial scale instead of Hollywood's. We share expenses and I'm happy. I don't miss knotty-pine playrooms with bars and blue-tiled swimming pools. I happen to be married to an especially swell guy who's earning a good living and who's got a lot of New England pride and what we call 'gumption.' Every now and then the Nelsons go into executive session and figure out things to accommodate both of us.

"I'm contented to wait for my jewelry till Ham can buy it for me. That's a weakness of mine. At least my conscience sniffs that it's a weakness to want diamonds and sapphires. But I can't imagine getting any kick out of buying them for myself. Jewels mean gifts to me—gifts from a man who loves me. It would be like buying myself a Christmas present!"

Cary Grant Wins With Four Queens

[*Continued from page* 39]

were listening attentively. She stayed two hours, and so did they, while we sang for them."

CARY was Dietrich's leading man and lover in *The Blonde Venus.* The world and Hollywood have tossed many critical comments at the exotic German blonde, but Cary has nothing but the highest praise for her.

"I loved working with her," he said, "and I'll tell you why I admired her then and always. We made *Venus* during the time of her great kidnapping scare when she had her house protected with iron bars and armed guards. Still, Marlene felt that her little daughter, Maria, could not be left at home so she came with Dietrich to the set. Little Dickie Moore was Marlene's child in the picture. And, it would have been difficult to tell, if one had not known, which was actually her own."

"A HAPPY little clown," is Cary's title for Sylvia Sidney with whom he made *Thirty-Day Princess* and *Madame Butterfly.* He recalled pleasant memories as he spoke of these two productions with real sentiment.

"There's a grand little trouper for you,—Sylvia Sidney. She has the heart of a lion, too. Let me tell you about her. In *Madame Butterfly,* she was a Japanese girl and she had to have the corners of her eyes taped back as far as they would go, all the time she was working. Still, she was as gay as ever, full of childish pranks, making the set ring, between takes, with her wonderful laughter. But that night, I happened to pass her dressing table when the make-up men were removing that tape and I almost keeled over. Beneath the tape and the makeup, were huge, inflamed blisters. And she hadn't whimpered!"

LAST, but not least, Cary spoke of the exotic Myrna Loy. He once played the part of her lover in a thrilling air picture, *Wings in the Dark.*

"I was a blind aviator in that film," said Cary, "and in a great deal of the action, my eyes were actually bound with bandages. As a sort of climax, I made a blind landing, using only instruments. Myrna was great to work with. She took her own time, when she should have been resting, to teach me to go through the next scene's action, blinded. We had to make scenes in which we were both drenched with artificial rain and mud. Yet she didn't mind, as some of them do, smearing her makeup and letting her hair get wet and stringy, to secure the right effect."

Cary looked at his watch, and leaped to his feet.

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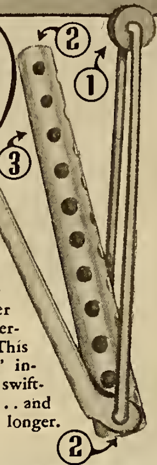

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Looking at Life with Helen Vinson

[*Continued from page 29*]

Now let us look at Helen's life in England. She encountered Fred Perry almost as soon as she landed. It was the "social season" in London; the year of the "Jubilee celebration." London was gay, excited. So was Helen—and Fred Perry. Soon, Hollywood's child-abroad was racing hither and thither only with this one man rather than with the dozens who had swarmed around her from the moment she had landed.

ONE day, at the races, a reporter asked Fred Perry if he was going to marry Helen. He answered quickly, "I hope so." When she returned to her hotel, reporters barricaded the entrances. "Was *she* going to marry Fred Perry?" Poor Helen.

That evening was madness. She ducked down back stairways to avoid reporters. She didn't know what Fred had said. She didn't understand the reason for the reportorial excitement.

Because Helen is so beautiful, she doesn't look like a philosopher. Beauty is often deceiving. Helen learned long ago the futility of trying to answer, in advance, life's questions.

Helen's a Southern lass, you know—from Beaumont, Tex. She was always interested in the theatre. When she attended the University of Texas, she performed in college shows. Later when she married Harry Vickerman, Philadelphia manufacturer, she really did plan to become what most Southern girls are usually trained for: an entrancing wife and an adorable mother. However, in 1934, they were divorced because of incompatibility.

"IF Harry had bought a farm house outside Philadelphia, I'd probably be there yet. I wanted a country place and I *think* I'd have been perfectly happy," Helen said once.

But Harry Vickerman didn't want such a place. So they came to a parting of the ways.

Leaving Philadelphia, Helen went to New York to see if she could turn her amateur acting experience into professional advantage. Although stardom didn't come overnight, parts did. She played on Broadway in *Death Takes a Holiday* and other, not so-successful, productions. Then she was signed for films by Warner Brothers. After that, she became a very busy free-lance player.

Then she came to London! London with its haunting mists, its ancient towers, its crooked streets which always seem lonely even when overcrowded with people. Was it London that called her? Or was it some mysterious unknown message from Fred Perry, whom she had merely met but wouldn't have recognized on the streets—no matter what publicity-to-the-contrary you may have read.

I DON'T want to give the idea that Helen waits for mere chance or just trusts to it. She doesn't. For example, when she arrived in London, she could find no one who could do her hair properly. She didn't sit down and *wait* for a hairdresser who could coil her blond locks properly for *King of the Damned,* her first Gaumont-British picture. Her hair was important. She was the only woman in the Conrad Veidt production. She visited ten shops before finding the right hairdresser.

"I do not have to act to be happy," she said just before leaving London. "I like acting but it isn't all of life. It takes a lot out of you. It can give you gray hairs before your time. I could stop being an actress without dying *from* it. I can go on being an actress without dying *for* it, I hope! I think it's so foolish to say we *can't* do this; we *can't* do that."

As Helen whirled away to her airplane—to Paris—to the boat—to Fred Perry, I had this thought about her: There's a girl who's learned to handle this mysterious thing called life. She doesn't scratch against it; she doesn't swoon before it. *She tunes in with it!*

Wide World

Like her husband, Fred Perry, Helen Vinson enjoys a good game of tennis

Ann Harding Talks About Her Child

[*Continued from page* 51]

and clear, having little or nothing to do with the surroundings or activities of the moment, but only with feelings and thoughts. It is, simply, a spiritual quality.

Kenneth MacGowan, co-producer of *Becky Sharp*, the technicolor feature film, says that Ann Harding will come into a new popularity in color pictures. "Her special spiritual intensity is heightened by her natural coloring," he adds. "Her shining, silver-blonde hair, her luminous gray eyes, her pallor, her look of dignity and kindness . . . "

It was disturbing to hear Ann speak of the necessity of providing her child with a weapon.

"No, I don't mean anything which will hurt people," she explained quickly. "I mean, a sort of protection. I want her never to live with a longing to love and be loved. I believe the wish for love, and the hope of love, is the cause of most unhappiness. Especially woman's unhappiness. . . . I've wondered about it. It's caused by thinking that love cancels loneliness, and none of us can bear loneliness . . . "

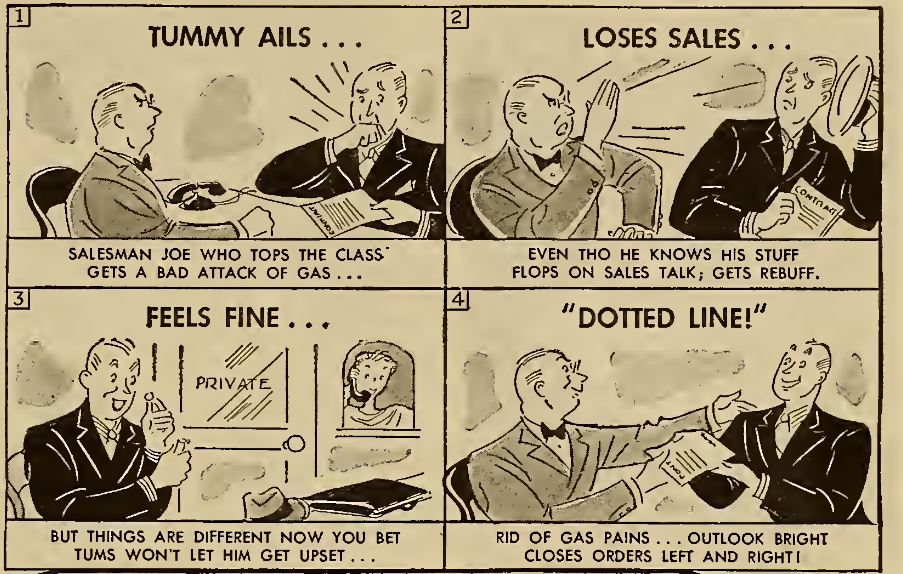
AT THE thought that she had to endure a long court struggle in California to retain the custody of little Jane Bannister, Ann Harding had rushed quickly to Nevada, where she secured Jane's custody for ten months of every year, after her divorce there from Harry Bannister, and instituted an action which gave her Jane for the full twelve months of every year. But California courts ruled that she must appear and show cause why she should retain her child in this state.

Miserable, she rushed away to Hawaii to regain strength for the ordeal on her return. Soon, she was in the midst of it. While she fought, inch by inch, to keep her child, in California courts, she was playing the dream heroine, Mimsy, adorably tender and intangible, in *Peter Ibbetson*.

She spoke of loneliness. Her divorce, heralded by that pathetically well-meant note to the press, became news some weeks later. I had no notion at the time of how her words must have been distilled from many hours of anguish and unhappiness. But when that anxiously unselfish letter of hers, about how she and Harry Bannister would always remain the best of friends, was given out to the press, I recalled what she had said, as I recall it now, when it is yet more revealing.

"I WANT my Jane never to put her trust into a fleeting thing, like love . . . I want her to know that there is only one person she can really always count on . . . only Jane, herself."

Ann wasn't talking sadly. She was too fair, at the time, to hint of personal disillusionments. But no one turns to solitude as a refuge, who is not scarred.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28x5.25-18	2.60	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.60	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.60	1.15
31x5.25-21	2.90	1.15
5.50-17	2.95	1.15
28x5.50-18	2.95	1.15
29x5.50-19	2.95	1.15
6.00-17	3.10	1.15
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31x6.00-19	3.10	1.15
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What Is Your Chance in the Movies?

[*Continued from page* 31]

told of this great Search for Talent. MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is carrying the word to its readers every month, and local newspapers in cities included in the tour will carry day-by-day news of the progress of local tests. Universal theatres carry the good news on the screen, too!

This is your golden opportunity—cash in on it! All that is needed to enter is to fill out an application blank (or facsimile) and attach your photo. Send this to Search for Talent Headquarters, 1918 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Here all the entries are sorted and care is taken so that each will be considered for a free screen test when the truck reaches the contestant's home town.

Entry blanks, for your convenience, are found in this magazine and also on the cards containing Hold Bobs. It is to your advantage to visit the store handling Hold Bobs and obtain the free pamphlets describing the methods of making the tests, how to make up, how to make your hair beautiful for the tests, and so on. So fill out or copy an entry blank without delay, and enter the Search for Talent! You may send in your friend's photo, if you wish. Who knows but that you might be the means of bringing fame and fortune to some friend, if you yourself do not wish to enter?

IN discussing the chances of young people for success in pictures, Mr. Laemmle pointed out the present group of newcomers at Universal who have already achieved a promising start in pictures. For example, there is young "Pinky" Tomlin, who hit Hollywood riding the hurricane deck of an ancient flivver. Pinky breezed in from Oklahoma a year ago, with a song in his pocket called *The Object of My Affections.* His hundred dollars didn't last long, but it did last long enough to win him a job.

Today, Pinky receives a check in four figures every week from Universal, and the flivver has given way to a high-priced car. That hasn't changed this likeable young man, however. He is rather shy, but always obliging. Pinky's recent picture was *King Solomon of Broadway,* starring Edmund Lowe and Dorothy Page. Miss Page, like Pinky, is another newcomer. She came to Universal from the radio, where she had made a hit as a singer. A screen test proved that she should be seen as well as heard, and Universal gave her a contract.

Then there is pretty little Priscilla Lawson, too, who was discovered by chance when a Universal executive happened to see her in a news reel. This unexpected screen test was enough, and Priscilla was brought to Hollywood. She will be seen with Margaret Sullavan in *Next Time We Love.*

Rosemary La Bie came to Hollywood for a vacation, and happened to get a job doing a small dance bit in a night spot. Carl Laemmle, Jr., saw her and gave her a screen test. Now she has a rôle in *Spinster Dinner,* starring Carole Lombard, which Universal will film.

Then there is young John King, who hails from Cincinnati. He entered pictures via radio. After hearing John on the air as a singer, Ben Bernie added him to his orchestra and came to Hollywood. Universal saw John and gave him a contract. John has had no previous acting experience, but a film test showed that he has the kind of personality that registers on the screen like a million! You'll see him in *Sutter's Gold.*

DON BRIGGS is a stalwart, good-looking blond who has just been added to Universal's list of newcomers. Don attended Senn Lake High School in Chicago, where he fell in love with the leading lady in a school play and decided to become an actor. The romance didn't take, but the resolution did, and Don went into road shows. While a Universal scout was in Chicago negotiating with Edgar Guest, he saw young Don doing a radio broadcast and asked him to make a screen test. Now, Don is in Hollywood where he will make *The Adventures of Frank Merriwell* for Universal. A good friend of his, Clark Williams, is teaching Don the ropes. Clark is already a veteran of a year in Universal pictures, and his work in *Tailspin Tommy* and other films has brought him success.

Jean Rogers, another newcomer, is enjoying the fruits of a movie career after being graduated from Belmont (Mass.) high school. Pretty little Jean, who is blonde, had planned to enter art school. A friend sent Jean's photo as an entry in a beauty contest and Jean won a contract to appear in *Eight Girls in a Boat.* That was just a bit. Still it was enough to give Jean her start. Universal selected her for a lead in *Stormy,* and after viewing the rushes, the casting office decided they had a real find. Now Jean is on the highroad to fame, although she had no previous acting experience.

Will some friend send in your photo and start you on the road to fame? Why not send your own, yourself—today?

The rules of the Search for Talent contest are simple. At least *six* persons will be brought to Hollywood with all expenses paid! However, there is no limit to the number who may be selected, *except that there will be no less than six!*

Simply send in your blank and photo to contest headquarters, and we'll do the rest! In the months to come, the sound truck will reach your territory, and you will be notified if you are one of those selected for a screen test.

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 11]

The New Garbo

FROM Sweden come assorted items about Garbo, all of them darned interesting to the Tattler. For instance, she's gone suddenly ultra-feminine, forsaking raincoat and sloppy-clothes for the smartest of gowns! Too, she's posing and talking to and for all reporters. Besides that, she's completed a play about a saint's life, and would like to play the saint herself. And finally, she's not coming back to Hollywood for months!

Where Was Marlene?

WHEN Adrian recently gave a big garden party for Ina Claire, one of the invited guests who attended was Virginia Bruce. Both are ex-Mrs. John Gilberts. And they are on the most cordial terms. But *not* present was Marlene Dietrich, with whom Jack's been going here, there, and where, lately!

Up in the Air

GAIL PATRICK did what Hollywood considers the almost-impossible: she devised a new kind of party. She invited fourteen guests, chartered a huge airplane, and then took a "sky-cruise to nowhere," flying here and there over Southern California for a few hours, while she served refreshments from the plane's pantry.

Nothing Stops Errol

ERROL FLYNN, who's going to sky-rocket to film fame, take it from the Tattler, isn't having an easy job of it. In making *Captain Blood,* Errol was sliced several times on the face in a duel with Basil Rathbone, and—the very next day—fell twenty feet from a cliff into the sea at Laguna Beach while on location. Neither accident, however, kept him from driving the hundred miles to his home each night, to be with his wife, Lili Damita!

Narrow Escape

WHEN you see *So Red the Rose,* you'll see a scene in which Randy Scott stabs a man with a bayonet. That scene almost turned into real, not mock, tragedy. Although the extra player was padded with bayonet-proof material, something went wrong, and when Randy stabbed, the bayonet pierced the man's mouth! It came out through his cheek; an inch the other way and it might have killed him. Randy was *so* unnerved that they had to suspend production for the time being.

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the Answer
in the
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Ginger Rogers' Advice to Girls

[*Continued from page* 25]

preview of *Top Hat* in a black wig.

There's no doubt about it: this girl will always be herself, without pretense. And she advises every other girl to be likewise.

"It seems so silly to me for a girl to change," explains Ginger. "I mean herself, her attitude, her manner. It is perfectly natural to improve yourself physically and mentally—but not to change your own self. And especially is this true of anyone in public life. I have always felt that if the public gives you success that means it likes you—*as you are*. It doesn't want you to change, to try to be somebody else. It is buying a certain commodity, and it doesn't want a substitute.

"THAT'S the way it is in private life, too. We have friends because they like the type of individual we happen to be. If we change, they may continue to be fond of us in spite of ourselves, and again, they may not. Improvement and development is not change. The trouble is so many of us feel we have to change in order to display that improvement. We feel we have to let the world know we are getting bigger and better. And instead, we are really getting smaller personally.

"Far be it from me to set myself up as an example of what to do, or try to tell others how to run their lives. Except that I can say, and know I am right, *be yourself!*

"Nine successes out of ten are due to people being themselves, and thus having real personalities. We're made to a certain mold or type, and within that mold or type lies our chances for happiness and success.

"If God intended you to be a happy-go-lucky blonde, you'll have a tough time finding success and happiness as a slinky, exotic Spanish menace. You can change your hair and your complexion and develop an accent, but your outside and your inside will never agree.

"That's drawing a rather broad picture to illustrate what I mean, but I've seen it tried. Also, I've seen the much more common error, of pretending to be what you are not, tried many times without success. I've a few examples of that in mind now. I have seen girls fail in pictures because they assumed airs and manners foreign to their personalities, and I've seen them fail in other walks of life because they would not be themselves.

"IT ISN'T only success, or the striving for success, that makes people change. And it isn't only the people whom fortune has favored that do the changing. Not by any means. Mother and I discovered *that* on a trip back to Fort Worth—and *how* we discovered it! And since then I've learned that almost every star in Hollywood has discovered the same thing, in one way or another."

The Man Romeo Might Have Been

[*Continued from page* 35]

may sound facetious. But there is nothing facetious about Nino Martini. One of the first impressions he gives is that he is intensely in earnest. That earnestness gives meaning and depth to his smile. When he says that he has not had time for romance, he is stating a simple fact—not intimating, with a touch of irony, that romance is a waste of time. He is stating, with a touch of wistfulness, that he could not, unfortunately, have both music and romance. And he implies that, now when success has come, he hopes the gods may continue to aid him.

For—he would have you believe Fate determines what a man will be and what a man will have—and all that any man can do, if he senses what Fate intends, is to help it do for him what it will.

Nino, for example, was the only boy in a family of four children. (His very name means "boy.") His father and mother were not professional singers or musicians; his father was the custodian of the legendary tomb of *Romeo and Juliet,* and his mother, early widowed, was a genius of practical economy—raising four small children and keeping their little home together on slender means. Of the four, Nino was the problem child.

"I did not like school," he explains, reminiscing. "I was always playing hooky, running off to the hills above Verona and lying under trees, dreaming and watching the sea. I remember dreaming of going someday to America—far-off America—on a big ship. And my mother was always finding me out, and shaking her head about me, and saying I would come to a bad end. I dreamed too much; I played too much.

"But one day, when I was about ten, I was playing near the church with some other boys," he adds, and pauses significantly—as if to say, "You must realize how important luck is!" Convinced of your attentiveness, he continues, "In the excitement of the game, my voice rose above all the others. The choir-master—who was always looking for new choir boys, new voices—heard me. He asked me if I could sing. I didn't want to say 'Yes,' because I thought being a choir boy might be like being a school boy. But I was afraid to lie to him. I told him, 'A little.' He took me inside, stood me beside a piano, and played a scale, making me sing each note. I did not know it then, but up and up I went—to high C. Then D, and E—and then the F in alt. He was amazed. He told me I had a voice I should treasure and develop. Few singers, he told me, could sing as high a note as I had. That decided the matter. I became a singer—a choir boy in the church of San Fermo Maggiore. And now my mother began to worry that I was studying *too* much. I was living just for music.

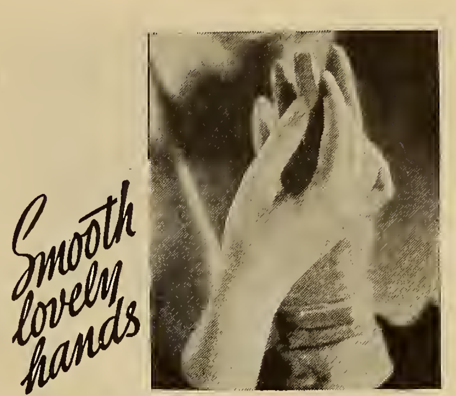
"I WAS lucky to be born with a throat made for music. And I was lucky to be born in Verona—for there lived two former opera stars, Giovanni Zenatello and his wife, Maria Guy, who had a school. They heard me sing solos in the church and took me into their home, teaching me all they knew, even several languages. When I was eighteen, they decided I might become an operatic tenor. For three years, they trained me. Then, finally, at Treviglio, I made my début—as the *Duke* in Rigoletto. Again I was lucky; I was not a failure. La Scala in Milan invited me to sing there—and there they revived Bellini's *I Puritani* in its original key for me. No tenor in ninety years had been able to sing the aria, *Credea si Miserere,* in its original key of D flat, reaching F above high C. They wanted me to try it, young as I was—and again, somehow, I did not fail, though my knees were shaking so I could hardly stand.

"I sang *I Puritani* sixteen times. Then I went on concert tour all over Europe. In Ostend, Belgium, I had my greatest success. I sang there, for the first time, the night after Grace Moore, who had received a great ovation. Perhaps it was my voice, perhaps it was my youth, but they gave me an ovation, too. I received many concert offers. One, I accepted, was in Paris. And that was how I happened to come to America.

"At a party, I was introduced to Jesse Lasky, the movie producer. He asked me to sing for him a couple of arias. He liked them and signed me to come to America. That was in 1929. I sang in a few movie shorts and did not become a great movie star or make great movie money. I could not speak American well. I went back to Italy to sing opera—until the Philadelphia Opera Company asked me to return to America as their leading tenor. That was how I got on the radio. From radio, I went to the Metropolitan Opera. And from the Metropolitan Opera to Hollywood—for Mr. Lasky. I hope to go back, if this picture is a success."

THE votes from the first few hundred precincts, already polled, indicate that Nino Martini has been overwhelmingly elected Tenor No. 1 of the American screen. The Hollywood preview audience, though the star was not there to hear them, cheered and applauded him wildly. Critics, almost unanimously, agreed that his rendering of *Ridi, Pagliacci,* was the greatest musical thrill that the screen has yet given the world. He will be going back—and very soon at that.

He is not sure that movie audiences are yet ready to hear a complete opera, but thinks that they will be soon. He feels that they are tiring of jazz—that they want to emotionalize deeply to music once more. And he may be right. One scene in *Here's to Romance* shows him forced to sing a "hot-cha" modern melody in a five-and-ten cent store, and it is a burlesque on all jazz.



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Why I Like to be in the Movies

[Continued from page 27]

myself quite a lot 'cause now I'm a star. When Marilyn told me that's what I am, I asked Mommy what does it mean to be a star an' she said not so much, except that I would have my picture taken a lot. She said I must be the same good little girl as always and I would have a very nice time.

I do. Every day when we drive into the Fox lot—it really isn't just a lot, it's a great big place with houses and gardens and streets and everything—and the gateman says "Good morning, Shirley," and everyone I meet smiles and is glad to see me—why I think to myself, how glad I am to be a star.

When you're in the movies, you can go to school all by yourself in your bungalow on the lot. My bungalow has pictures of Mickey Mouse on the walls and furniture just my size and it has a playhouse in it, too. Mommy says my playhouse was a min—miniature set . . . Well, I don't know just what that is, but I know it *is* a nice playhouse.

Marilyn and I play we are two grown-up ladies and live there with our children. We have lots of children—'course I mean dolls. I get dozens and dozens of dolls because I'm in the movies. My fans send them to me. A fan is a person who likes to see you in pictures. I guess I must have a good many fans because I keep getting new dolls all of the time. 'Course I can't keep them all because pretty soon we wouldn't have any place to put them, so Mommy sends them to little children in hospitals and orphan homes like the one I pertended I was in when I played that game with Mister Boles.

WHEN I go to school, Miss Barkley teaches me. Miss Barkley is the best teacher in the world, I guess. She teaches me every morning from nine o'clock until it's time for lunch. I've read through two primers already and I'm more'n half through another. A lady came out to my bungalow one day and 'xamined me and said I knew enough to be in the third grade.

I said: "That means I'm pretty smart, doesn't it?" The lady laughed and said: "It cert'nly does." But Mommy shook her head at me and said the reason I could read so well was because Miss Barkley is such a good teacher. I think she is a good teacher, too . . . Just the same, it's me that can read in those primers . . . .

I'm glad I'm in the movies on account of I have so much money, too, 'specially since I got to be a star. I guess I have more money than anybody in the world. I have ten cents every single day, and sometimes Mommy gives me another ten cents for Marilyn.

Mommy is saving the money I get paid for being in the movies so that when I grow up, I'll have plenty to send me to college. I guess she's got about a hundred dollars saved up already. Sometimes I don't know whether I want to go to college or not, though. Sometimes I think I'll get married when I'm twelve or so and have lots of children. They could all be in the movies and have a fine time like me.

If I had boys, though, I guess I'd like to have them be truck drivers and then they could give Marilyn and me rides. I've always wanted to ride on a truck, but Mommy doesn't want me to. She says a little lady shouldn't do such things. But if you went riding with your own son, it would be all right, I think.

WHEN you're a star in pictures, you have your own telephone, too. I do lots of telephoning. I like to telephone. I know about a million numbers on the lot, I guess. One day I called up Will Rogers and we had a very interesting talk. He said we were the only two stars in pictures who are so beautiful we don't need any make-up. I laughed like everything 'cause everybody knows we aren't beautiful at all. I'm not big enough to be beautiful and, though Mommy says it isn't polite to say Mister Rogers isn't beautiful, I really don't think he is. Mommy says, though, that he makes many people happy and she says that is much better than being beautiful.

Oh, my! I almost forgot! One reason I'm 'specially glad to be in the movies is on account of my rabbits. A fan sent them to me. They're wonderful rabbits. When they first came, there were five—two gentlemen and three lady rabbits, but it was a funny thing about those rabbits. All of a sudden, there weren't just five. There were twenty-six!

The new ones were teeny-weeny and I might say they weren't very pretty at first. They didn't have any hair. But now they have, and they look so cute I would almost rather play with them than play 'Let's Pertend.' But of course I don't say anything about that because I think it would make Mommy feel bad.

I have a little goat, too. Another fan sent it to me. It is a lady goat. I don't keep her at my bungalow, though, 'cause Mommy says a goat wouldn't feel at home in such a place. So my goat lives at a big ranch not so far away from the studio and sometimes I go to see her. She is awful' cute and eats tin cans and things like that.

I guess I could tell you a lot more about why I like to be in the movies, only I must go home now and put my dolls to bed.

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What's Become of Yesterday's Stars?

[*Continued from page 37*]

thirty-five hundred a week, as one of the most glamorous figures in Hollywood. She too, like Ray, has dropped from the limelight. But, like Ray, she has not given up hope. She is waiting for the "breaks."

THEN there is Clara Kimball Young who has certainly carried her cross nobly. Recently, I saw her doing a bit in *The Crusades.* She was dressed in the habit of a nun, and was as patient as the woman that she was portraying. It was just extra work that she was doing, but she was glad to have it to do. Once, she had earned ten thousand a week. Bad advice, unfortunate investments, and the stock market crash had conspired to leave her penniless.

"I have no regrets," she smiled. "I'm just following the natural laws of progress. People climb to success. Nothing can stand still. But I do hope to regain some of my lost fortune and lost glory in featured character rôles. That's the direction in which I have pointed my new career."

Florence Turner, the original "Vitagraph Girl," still attractive, though mature, wants no sympathy.

"I'm happy as a seven-fifty-a-day extra," she said. "That is, I'm happy when I'm working. The only unhappiness that could come to me now would be if I were deprived of the chance to work in pictures at all."

Alice Lake and Betty Blythe, that exotic star, are two other great names of the silent days discovered recently in the ranks of the extras.

WILLIAM FARNUM, who, in his hey-day, was the highest paid star in all filmdom, and who is still remembered for his rôles in the old silents, *The Spoilers, A Tale of Two Cities* and *Les Miserables,* has hit the comeback trail with a bang! Badly battered by the stock crash, ill for two years, Farnum was all but a forgotten man when Director De Mille sent for him to play the rôle of *Hugo of Burgundy* in *The Crusades.* He signed a short-term contract at a salary sufficient to clean up current bills and now is in demand at other studios. Yes, Bill Farnum, the idol of yesterday, has hit the comeback trail!

Chester Conklin, out of the picture and pictures for several years, does a sensational job in Charlie Chaplin's new film, and right on top of that, was given another break, along with Ben Turpin, Ford Sterling, Hank Mann, Marie Prevost and Juanita Hansen, in Warner Brothers' comedy, *Keystone Hotel.* In this production, the famous old Keystone cops are running again! Marie Prevost was not only a Sennett bathing beauty, but an outstanding star of her day.

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Don't blame wives and mothers who get cross and irritable, worn out and exhausted trying to do everyday housework, look after children and manage the home when they don't feel right. Often a woman neglects her health, ruins her nerves and becomes impatient with everyone and everybody—and doesn't realize it. Science, however, now claims that it is GLANDS STARVING FOR IODINE that is the real cause of these rundown, nervous, irritable conditions—glands which control assimilation and metabolism and which, when they fail to work prevent normal everyday food from building rich, red, nourishing blood, calm, strong nerves and the strength and energy women usually so badly need.

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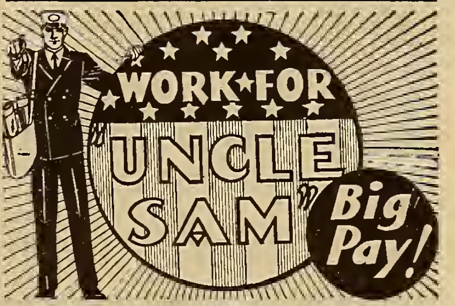
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The Secret of Gene Raymond's Success

[*Continued from page* 32]

end of his nose, resembling that of the Prince of Wales.

Everywhere Gene goes, a murmur of eager recognition follows him. Any one of a number of lovely feminine stars would be delighted to accompany this young prince a-pleasuring.

When he got up to greet me as I entered his apartment the other evening, Gene's handsome face looked strained and his eyes were blurred from excessive reading.

"How about a little relaxation tonight?" I suggested.

He interrupted with a wave of the hand to indicate a pile of blue-backed typescript on the floor. "I've got to go through these before I can play," he told me.

HE WAS engaged in reading dozens of movie scripts. It was evident that Gene Raymond understands what it means to be on the verge of stardom: *Hard work!*

"You were on the set at nine o'clock this morning," I reminded him. "Don't you think you've done a pretty good day's work already?"

"That's nothing. It's not the physical labor of acting that gets you down. It's the mental strain!"

He tossed aside the script he had been reading.

"You see, we know in this business how much every decision counts. What we decide today may start us on the toboggan tomorrow. Suppose you let yourself be persuaded to do a story you know is wrong for you. Well, it's the actor who'll take the rap. Not the studio or the director. People will only remember it was So-and-So in Such-and-Such a picture—and that the picture was rotten."

"Listen, you have the reputation of scoffing at Hollywood. But it seems to me you're taking this business pretty seriously."

His face became grave. "I do take it seriously, yes. I love acting as work—as an outlet. Naturally, I want to do characters that mean something. I'd like to do historical characters that people know. What a story in Nathan Hale for example! People remember what they see better than what they've merely read. I'd like them to remember me in something important. That's why I take the job seriously."

NOW Gene can be frivolously sarcastic under some of the petty annoyances connected with his job of acting. He's been accused of not taking some of the sacred traditions of Hollywood seriously enough. But the real pattern of his life stands out conspicuously when we begin to explore the causes of his success as an actor through the medium of Individual Psychology.

Gene was born in New York City. He is descended from a French Huguenot family that came to America in the seventeenth century to escape religious persecution. This is a good racial heritage for any young man. It's the surroundings that count in forming the man that is to be—not the heritage of blood and not the advantage of wealth. In Gene's case, it is not so important that his father was a well-to-do building contractor and that he never had to fight poverty. It was his mother's influence that had most to do in molding his life while he was still a child. What we become later in life depends far more on the events of our infancy than most people imagine. And Gene was lucky chiefly in having a most advanced woman for a mother. She deliberately exposed her small son to various influences so he could make his own choice of a life work. It didn't take him very long to decide.

"When I was only five years old," Gene told me, "my mother took me over to a stock company playing in New York and got me into a play. There were some very small children's parts in a stock production of *Rip Van Winkle*. I got one of those parts and I've been an actor ever since. I'm convinced now that my going on the stage at such an early age was due to an experiment on the part of my mother.

"It certainly worked. I was fascinated by the theatre. I wouldn't leave when I was through but stood around in the wings, getting in everybody's way—watching the grown-up actors. Pretty soon I knew their lines well enough to give a one-kid performance of *Rip Van Winkle*."

SO GENE kept on, playing in odd productions and attending the Professional Children's School. His acting took that polish that comes from constant use. Gene has an ease of bearing that suggests the Continental actor rather than the forceful but less smooth American. He developed physically at a German gymnasium—another idea of his mother's. Finally, the part of Gene Gibson in *Young Sinners* made him famous on Broadway.

Gene had been an only child. But one year after his early stage début, another boy was born. Now the oldest child in a family is first in a position of power. The parents, proud of their initial offspring, indulge and cater to the young tyrant. Then along comes another baby and he finds himself dethroned. His place as the center of the universe has been taken by the youngest. Sometimes the shock of this dethronement is so great the child retreats into a superiority complex. But, if he's able to adapt himself to his changed condition, he's really in a better situation than before.

The only child has the most serious problem to face of any member in a family. But Gene won out!

Taking heroic figures in stride—that's Wilcoxon

[*Continued from page* 42]

glint in his blue eyes. "Once when we boys were playing Indian on the island of Barbados, I ran toward an old fortress to escape from other lads who were in hot pursuit. Suddenly my spine tingled and, although I did not understand why, at that age, I stopped. Before me, not ten yards away, the gate of the ancient Spanish fort toppled after centuries and crashed into a mass of ruin. Without that mystic warning, I should have been crushed. Again it saved me while walking in unfamiliar mountain wilderness at night. I felt it in time to strike a match and find myself on the brink of a three-thousand-foot precipice. Another time, while swimming in the shark-infested waters of the Caribbean Sea, I felt it and, by swimming zigzag, I eluded a thirty-foot man-eater. I could name you a hundred more cases."

But to get back to Wilcoxon's opinion of America and its people. He was silent a moment and then he said:

"There are only two differences in the make-up of English and American people. One is this: the English are not so impulsive and so demonstrative. Watch an English crowd at a cricket match, their favorite national sport and they will applaud a star cricketer only by a modulated, 'Well played, old fellow, well played.' When you contrast this attitude with the hysteria which follows the knocking of a homer by Babe Ruth in an American ball park, you will understand what I mean. It isn't that English people *feel* less strongly. They simply do not express their feelings so *freely.*

"Another difference is this: Americans consider the appreciation of beauty by men as a sign that they are effeminate. An Englishman knows that beauty, seen in its most delicate and subtle forms or in the glorious fading of a sunset, is beauty—as well to men as to women. Men are more given to bright colors in England, especially in sport apparel, than Americans are. As more and more English stars make American films and vice versa and, as the two countries exchange more and more films, relations, customs and national psychology will become more and more alike."

WILCOXON is glad that the kind of person whom Americans once knew as the typical Englishman, the cheerio kind, is gone and also that the Englishman's conception of the average American, the uncouth, Yankee farmer type, is no longer in the picture. Living conditions in the two countries are vastly different, he says, which makes it hard for English people to believe the American film.

"A picture shows a stenographer in love with her employer. He visits the girl in her humble apartment but to the English stenographers in the London audience, it isn't a humble abode but like a wing of the royal palace."

He insists that there is nothing to be desired that is lacking in the few American men who are his friends.

"Unlike many English actors who reside here," he said smiling, "I do not seek the companionship of Karloff, Brook, Colman, Howard, and the old English gang. In Rome I prefer to do as Rome does. My friends here are Americans. That does not mean, you understand, that I shun my fellow countrymen, but merely that I do not seek them out."

He was more hesitant about comparing English and American women.

"The American woman's attractiveness, in the mass, lies in the great variety of types. Almost all English girls are blonde,—ash blonde and pale. In America, you can find anything from platinum-blonde to vivid red and blue-black hair. English girls devote more time to outdoor activities than Americans do. However, they do not have either the time, the money, or the leisure to dress and make up as their sisters over here."

Wilcoxon likes London better even than Hollywood.

"I miss London's background of ancient tradition, the impression that there in London, our British forefathers bled and died. But I find other compensating qualities here in your beautiful California which make up for it!"

SEEKING a place in the world, Wilcoxon left his native Caribbean islands and went to London where he entered business. This, he found so completely uninspiring that he turned to the stage. He had earned only a small salary on the Corn Exchange where he was employed and could not purchase a suitable actor's wardrobe. But obstacles are meat to Wilcoxon. He secured a job in an exclusive Bond Street tailoring house and built up his actor's wardrobe, one of the finest in London, at wholesale prices out of his salary. Within eight years he had played more than a hundred and fifty rôles, more than twenty-five of them on the London stage.

After turning down two offers to come to Hollywood, he accepted the third—*Mark Antony* in *Cleopatra.* He had long admired the ancient Roman warrior and lover. So splendid was his work as *Mark Antony* that DeMille cast him as *Richard, the Lion Heart,* when he began *Crusades.*

Wilcoxon is a giant of a man, six feet two inches tall, a hundred ninety pounds and of vast bulk in chest and shoulder. His hair is curly, burnished bronze and his eyes, deep-set and blue-green. He is by nature an adventurer and a man whose fine instincts make him fight for the right, win, lose, or draw. Had he actually lived during the time depicted by DeMille's *Crusades,* he admits that he would have been at *King Richard's* right hand to drive *Saladin* out of the Holy Land with mace and long-sword.

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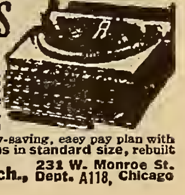

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Why You Should Know Alice Faye

[*Continued from page* 33]

mind—at least, my mother didn't. She thought it was O.K. for me to do what I liked. She's not the kind," said Miss Faye dryly, "who thinks the minute a girl's out of her sight, she's going wild." Then a smile tugged at her lips. "But my two brothers—well, you know how brothers are. They pulled long faces and told my mother the stage was no place for a kid like me. Then, when they saw I was going ahead just the same, they said: 'It's your funeral—you'll get tired of it fast enough.' Now?" Her eyes sparkled, though her face remained demure. "Now they think I'm quite the thing."

She was graduated from the Capitol into night clubs—from night clubs into revue—better trained by this time, surer of herself, but still in the chorus and still young enough to be perfectly happy there. It was just for fun that she sang *Mimi* one day at the home of a friend, who happened also to be a friend of Rudy Vallee. It was just for fun that she made a record of the song. "Come on," wheedled her friend, "I've got a recording machine."

She'd forgotten all about it when her friend phoned one morning to say that he'd played the record for Rudy Vallee, and that Vallee wanted to try her out with his band. "You're crazy," she told him, "I can't sing. I've never had a lesson in my life!" Nevertheless, she found herself not long after on the Steel Pier at Atlantic City, waiting, numb with terror, to go on. From where she waited, she could see the band-leader's pleasant face. "That's Rudy Vallee," she kept saying to herself, "and this is me. I don't believe it." Over and over again the senseless words, to keep herself from thinking. Then he was introducing her, then—never knowing how she got there—she stood at the mike. Wildly she looked about for the girls who had always stood on either hand. Wildly she sought her mother's eyes in the audience. There was her cue. She grabbed the mike to steady her trembling limbs, and sang, and stumbled off, with the sound of applause faint through the roar in her head.

BY THE end of the week, she could manage to walk out without "shaking all over the place." Or that's how she tells it. She must have managed considerably more than that, for Vallee made her an offer to go on tour. She accepted, of course. Who wouldn't? But what thrilled her most was the thought of traveling. "Just hearing the names got me excited. Pittsburgh—that may sound funny to you. But for me, who'd never been out of New York in my life, to go to *Pitts*burgh—that was *some*thing."

It was during that tour and later that you learned to listen for her voice on the radio. So many people listened that when Vallee was engaged for the movie version of the *Scandals of '33,* she was engaged with him.

But for two weeks only, and to sing only one song—*Oh, You Nasty Man.* They shot her sequence first, so they could get her back to New York at the end of the stipulated time. The act was a routine matter, and so was she. Nobody made any fuss about either. They stood her in front of a row of girls, and she sang and did a little dancing. The rushes were shown that night, but she didn't see them. Next morning, Winfield Sheehan approached her on the set.

"How would you like to play the lead in this picture?" he asked her.

She stared for a moment, then smiled obediently at the joke. After all, she could take a ribbing as well as the next one. Not until she saw them preparing for a dialogue test, did she start wondering whether this was something more than a gag. They didn't as a rule spend good money on tests for a gag. "So I sat there like a dumb-bell," she said, "not knowing whether to laugh or to cry or to run away."

"Ready, Miss Faye," called Thornton Freeland, the director.

That brought her out of her coma. "I can't do it," she gasped. "I've never spoken lines before. I'm not good enough for a lead."

HE GAVE her one look, then patted her shoulder. "Listen, kid," he told her. "If *you* don't think you're good enough, nobody will. Forget it. Go in and show them what you can do."

So, without warning or preparation or any kind of training, she went in and showed them. And what she showed them brought her the offer of a four years' contract. At which point in her story, her blue eyes clouded with remembered trouble. "I didn't want it," she said. "I hated Hollywood. I was happy just where I was. But I couldn't afford to turn down all that money, so I hoped and prayed that something would happen to make them stop wanting me. Well, nothing happened. I cried and cried the day I signed the contract. I felt as though I were signing to put myself in jail." She spoke simply, with an utter absence of dramatics, but with such intensity as carried complete conviction.

"Why did I hate it? I was so *lone*ly here." The words rushed out as though a dam had burst. "I knew a few people, but I didn't want to call them up. I couldn't impose on them. We had no car and there was no sense in getting one, because we hadn't the money for a chauffeur and neither my mother nor I could drive. George Raft lived in the same apartment house, and he used to send us out riding at night in his car—I'll never forget that. On Sundays I'd sit at home."

Beauty in Your Hands

[*Continued from page 52*]

let the fingers soak for a moment in clear, warm water, then dry them, and you'll find that the excess cuticle will literally *fall* off, as you rub your nails with the towel! This grand cream comes in jars in two sizes—thirty-five cents and eighty-five cents—and it lasts for ages! Want the trade name?

Lately, Jean has begun to apply two different shades of liquid nail polish, one on top of the other, a trick she learned at a swanky New York manicure salon. (See photo.)

Now, if you want to coax your nails back to normal beauty, take care of them as you do of your skin and your hair. Follow Jean's lead and rub oil into them twice a day, at least. I can give you the name of a fine preparation, containing all the essential oils needed to nourish and beautify the nails and cuticle. It's ruby-colored and scientifically blended, this nail conditioner, and used regularly, it positively *transforms* abused nails, making them smooth, rosy, and strong. This oil is effective even when applied *over* nail polish for it penetrates the polish and, incidentally, makes it more lustrous and durable. The price is seventy-five cents a bottle. Do write to me for the name.

Practically everyone knows what an effective skin bleach that hydrogen peroxide is. So, when I tell you that a certain cream contains this magic ingredient, you will realize, at once, that it whitens the skin quickly. Ideal for both face and hands, this cream serves several purposes—it cleanses thoroughly, bleaches safely, acts as a skin softener and lubricator and, finally, as a powder base. I can recommend it particularly for skin that is susceptible to blackheads. It shows a positive genius for banishing these unsightly blemishes, especially when it is used in connection with bland soap and water and a complexion brush.

BUT this is digressing, when I actually meant to recommend it to you as a cream for keeping the hands soft and white. Apply it several times during the day,—and, at night, rub it generously into the hands. It helps appreciably to remove vegetable and fruit stains, lightens stubborn nicotine stains and generally acts as a fairy godmother to busy hands. There are three sizes—costing twenty-five cents, fifty cents and a dollar—and if you want the name of the firm of chemists who perfected and market the preparation, just drop me a line. Did I neglect to tell you that you can bleach superfluous facial hair by applying this cream daily?

Fresh from Hollywood comes a new make-up, the result of much experiment by technicolor make-up experts and chemists. The basis of this entire line is a tube of creamy foundation matter that is impervious to water, perspiration, heat, and light. In spite of its permanence, though, this new make-up doesn't look like a thick coating of grease-paint at all. It gives the skin a smooth, lovely texture. Dab it on your freckles and they disappear—that is, until you *remove* the make-up with its own special creamy remover!

You can see what possibilities this new kind of make-up has—for outdoor sports, especially swimming, for gala evening parties and even for daytime wear when one hasn't time to renew make-up often. If you knew the name of the sponsor you wouldn't be skeptical when I tell you that the preparations are all so pure that they can be left in an open wound or in the eye with no ill effects!

THERE isn't space here to describe each of the cosmetics in the new line, but I must give brief highlights of the ones that particularly intrigue me! An indelible red pencil to outline the lips and facilitate a little Hollywood remodeling. . . . Very creamy, full eyeshadows, called "liners," in most exotic shades. . . Round, fat brushes to blend powder and rouge more naturally over the adherent foundation.

Each item retails for a dollar and the containers are smart in yellow and white. These cosmetics are being distributed at the time I write this, so you may find them on your toiletry counter. If you want the name, just drop me a line.

There's *one* advantage (and one only, I'm afraid) in being a bleached blonde rather than the genuine article—and that's having naturally dark lashes and brows! But what nature withholds, modern cosmetic chemistry can supply. I'm referring to a permanent eyelash and eyebrow darkener that has the approval of the boards of health of New York and Chicago.

The manufacturer of this particular darkener, which coats the lashes harmlessly, had to prove to these board of health people that his product contained no harmful aniline or other ingredients that would injure the eyes or lashes in any way. The term "permanent darkener" means that the liquid, once applied, will darken your lashes for approximately four weeks. A box, containing enough for eight or ten applications, costs only a dollar. Do let me send you the trade name.

The most amazing new cosmetic development is a lipstick that deodorizes lips and mouth. Although the case looks deceptively like a lot of other lipstick cases, you buy it packed in an identifying carton. It comes in three shades, —light, medium, and dark and costs fifty cents and a dollar. I'll be glad to send you the trade name.

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Between Ourselves

M-G-M is about to show *The Great Ziegfeld,* dramatizing the life and times of the late Great Glorifier of the American Girl. It should be a colorful picture. William Powell, sacrificing his mustache in the interest of art, has the title rôle. Myrna Loy plays *Billie Burke,* the Ziegfeld beauty who became Mrs. Ziegfeld. Luise Rainer, the surprise star of *Escapade,* plays *Anna Held,* who was one of the greatest of Ziegfeld discoveries. Several one-time stars of the *Follies,* such as Ann Pennington and Gilda Gray, will also be present. It should be a great show. But I am wondering if one important character in the Ziegfeld life-story will get his dramatic due. I mean the press-agent who sold the *Follies* to the public. He was important and he was clever, even though he did remain completely behind the scenes.

The studio has an outstanding example of just such a man at the head of its own publicity and advertising forces. His name is Howard Dietz. He is not the popular conception of a super-salesman; nor is he the popular conception of a press-agent. There is no stuffed shirt about Dietz. He is not blatant or boisterous; he is poised and polished, able to hold his own in any company. And he knows how to sell stars. That fact was proved recently when a nation-wide popularity poll unearthed the revelation that twelve out of the twenty-five top favorites today are M-G-M personalities. Their acting has done plenty for them, but if you had never been tempted to see their pictures, you could never have become enthused about them. And, whether you knew it or not, Mr. Dietz and his bright young men artfully persuaded you to be tempted.

BROADWAY, which is alive with press-agents, does not think of busy Mr. Dietz as a publicity or advertising man. Broadway thinks of him as a smart playwright. For busy Mr. Dietz, when he isn't selling M-G-M stars to the public, is selling musical comedies to Broadway. And, to date, every one has been a hit. He has passed the acid test of showmanship—he has turned out hits on his own account. Up to this season, he was credited with five successes—*The Band Wagon, The Little Show, Three's a Crowd, Revenge with Music* and *Flying Colors.* Now he has a sixth—*At Home Abroad,* which has taken M-G-M's own Eleanor Powell away from Hollywood temporarily. She won't be back until the show closes. Broadway likes both Eleanor and the show, so her return won't be immediate.

And is M-G-M peeved about it? The chances are that Mr. Dietz has sold the studio the idea that starvation whets the appetite—and that the public will be all the more anxious to see her second picture by having to wait for it. Who knows? Only Mr. Dietz—and he isn't talking.

P. S. A good publicity man does little talking. He shows you what he has—and lets *you* do the talking.

ANOTHER clever young personality salesman, better known to the general public, is Mr. Walt Disney. He has sold you the *Mickey Mouse* and *Silly Symphony* cartoons and has made you like them. And he, perhaps, has worked even greater wonders than Mr. Dietz. For Mr. Disney had to create his particular personalities before he could begin to sell them.

Mickey Mouse had a birthday not long ago—his seventh. And he will have many more, thanks to the vision and foresight of his creator. Mr. Disney happens to be forward-minded. He doesn't stand still, mentally. He keeps improving and seeking new ways to improve. He is constantly on the alert for fresh ideas.

Other cartoon-creators are still putting their characters through the same paces that they did years ago, perhaps on the theory that what was good enough for one generation is good enough for the next. Not so, Mr. Disney. He added color to *his* cartoons—and chose good color while he was about it. He added piquant music. He developed new characters as companions for his gifted mouse. He went on picturesque flights of fancy, re-telling the twice-told tales of childhood in mischievous new ways.

If every star had a director, a manager, and a producer as brilliant as Walt Disney, every star, too, would stand a chance of being a star forever. Or the closest thing we know to "forever."

FOUR hundred years ago, William Shakespeare said, "The play's the thing." And Hollywood—which has gone very Shakespeare-conscious—is convinced that The Bard was right. Every studio in the movie city is lining up productions based on proved literary successes.

The studio leading the way is Warner Brothers-First National, which produced *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and proved, beyond all question of doubt, that Hollywood has imagination. Look over their imposing list: *Anthony Adverse,* Hervey Allen's epic of adventure and national best-seller for the last two years, which will have Fredric March in the title rôle and a star in every other important rôle; *The Green Pastures,* Marc Connolly's great play which tells, with poetry and gentle humor, the story of the Old Testament as it lives in the imagination of the colored man—a play that has had a continuous five-year run; Leslie Howard in *The Petrified Forest,* in which he scored a great hit on Broadway, dramatizing a frustrated man; *The Green Light,* from the sensitive pen of Lloyd C. Douglas, and also starring Leslie Howard; *Three Men on a Horse*—one of the funniest comedies that Broadway has ever seen (it's still going strong, after a year); *G-Women*—a successor to the provocative, dramatic *G-Men.* And Warners have already completed *Captain Blood,* from the novel by Rafael Sabatini—one of the most colorful and satisfying adventure stories ever written by a modern.

As someone or other has said, we'll see you at the movies!

Larry Reid

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